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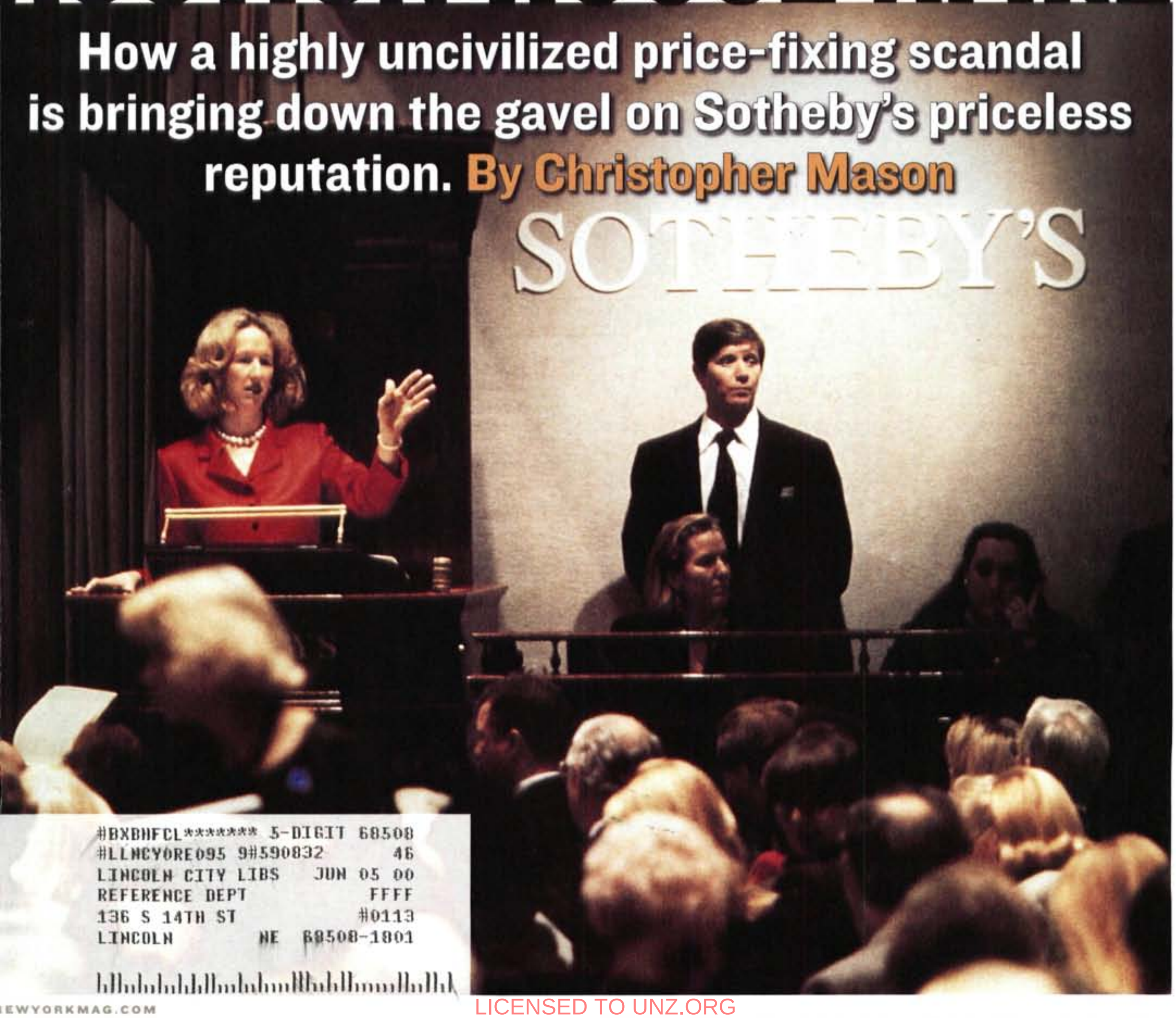
NEW YORK

AUCTION HOUSE AFIRE

How a highly uncivilized price-fixing scandal is bringing down the gavel on Sotheby's priceless reputation. By Christopher Mason



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Contents Mar. 20, 2000

"It's kind of crazy: I had dinner at Nobu on Monday, but I don't have enough money to buy socks."
ASSISTANT MEDIA PLANNER CHRIS FOREMAN, PAGE 34

26 The Auction House Rules
By Christopher Mason

The auction world's cloak of gentility was ripped away when Christie's admitted that it was cooperating with a Justice Department price-fixing probe and Sotheby's president Alfred Taubman and CEO Dede Brooks fell on their antique swords. But their old-money monopoly on taste had been unraveling for years, as the Internet began to make buying-by-bid both digital and—*gasp*—democratic.

34 Nice Work—If You Can Afford It
By Sarah Bernard

Their days are spent toiling in the cubicles of the entertainment-industrial complex, their nights sipping wine at A-list publicity parties. Meet the Poverty Elite, the junior media types who enjoy Le Cirque lunches, Vail vacations, and even Louis Vuitton wallets—without any money to put in them.

40 Post-Up Girl
By Mark Jacobson

As the NBA searches for the next Michael Jordan, the next Chamique Holdsclaw may well be a Catholic-school girl from that b-ball breeding ground by the sea, Rockaway Beach.

46 Fur-Coat Models
By William Wegman

In a portfolio from his new book, the photographer celebrates the glamorous side of his favorite models.

Vol. 33

Gotham

13 Al D'Amato and Ed Koch mouth off

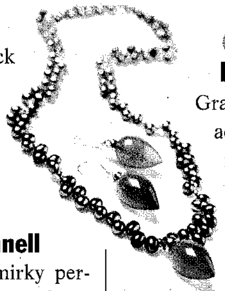
20 Gotham Style
From the fairway to the runway, golf swings

Departments

9 Intelligencer
Beth Landman Keil With Ian Spiegelman

22 Media
Michael Wolff

If CEOs are the new rock stars, does that make *Fortune* the new *Rolling Stone*?



24 The National Interest
Lawrence O'Donnell

George W.'s bland, smirky persona works like a bulletproof vest against insults and attack ads

Marketplace

52 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

TSE's cashmere spinoff; tables that are tops; laughing glasses

54 Smart City
Marion Maneker

The finer points of a made-to-measure trunk show

56 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel

April showers bring a crop of hip, affordable trenches

The Critics

57 Movies
Peter Rainer

Roman Polanski and the Devil are at it again

59 Theater
John Simon

Unstrung: Modern composer and avant-garde troupe don't mix

61 Art
Mark Stevens

The inspired work of a sculptor you've probably never heard of

62 Dance
Tobi Tobias

Paul Taylor gracefully explores the power of symmetry

63 Restaurants
Hal Rubenstein

Grand Central Terminal adds two more gems to its culinary crown

Cue

65 Joan Jett at the Roxy; Julia Roberts saves the day in *Erin Brockovich*; William H. Macy and David Mamet; Karenna Gore Schiff at the 92nd Street Y; the strange sexual habits of suburbanites; reveling in the delights of Gyroland

Misc.

Letters 6
***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden* 107
***Guardian* Crossword** 108
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 108
Classified 95
Strictly Personals 102

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Fight Club

THERE'S A HIGH-WIRE THRILL THAT comes from watching a politician speak his mind on the record. And as John McCain's campaign bus rolled onto the shoulder of the highway on Super Tuesday, a void seemed to open in the nation's political life, one that *Crossfire* just doesn't fill.

Not to worry. Right here in the city are two of the most gifted, opinionated, outspoken, controversial politicians of the past couple of decades, men who make John McCain look like a career State Department employee. And starting this week and continuing biweekly throughout the campaign, former senator Alfonse D'Amato and former New York City mayor Ed Koch—you may have heard of them—will be debating the issues and personalities of the campaigns, on the record and (if the proceedings don't get too heated) uncensored, over lunch at The Four Seasons, for a column titled "I'm Right. You're Wrong" (page 16). Both men know the players in the major campaigns well, as allies or as adversaries, and they can be counted on to agree on very little—which is precisely the point.

Another recent addition to *New York* Magazine's campaign team is also a political insider. Lawrence O'Donnell Jr., the "National Interest" columnist, spent seven years in Washington working with Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan—first running his personal office, then the Environment and Public Works Committee, and then, during the Clinton health-care debate, the Finance Committee, one of Capitol Hill's most challenging posts. Now he's a writer for NBC's critically acclaimed *West Wing*, MSNBC's senior political analyst, and a regular on *The McLaughlin Group*. O'Donnell is an acknowledged expert on the capital's cloakroom cloak-and-dagger, where high-flown values crash against the realities of power politics. His column this week explores why it might be a bad tactic for the Democrats to challenge George W. Bush's integrity—and a good one for W to challenge Gore's.

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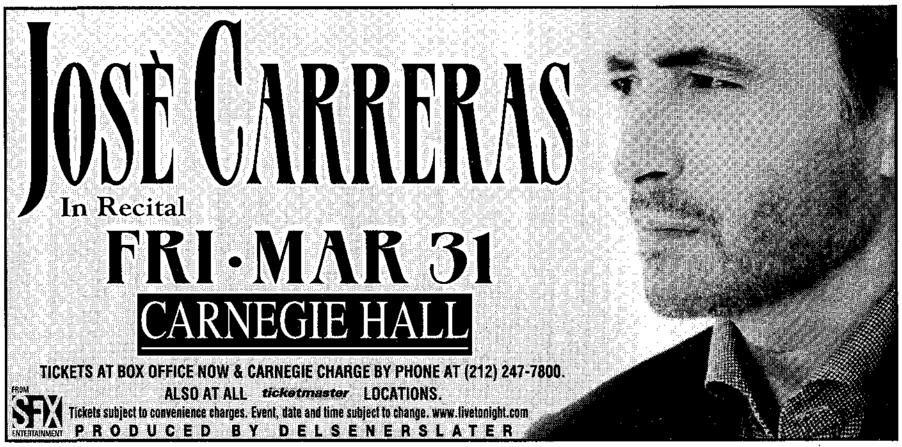
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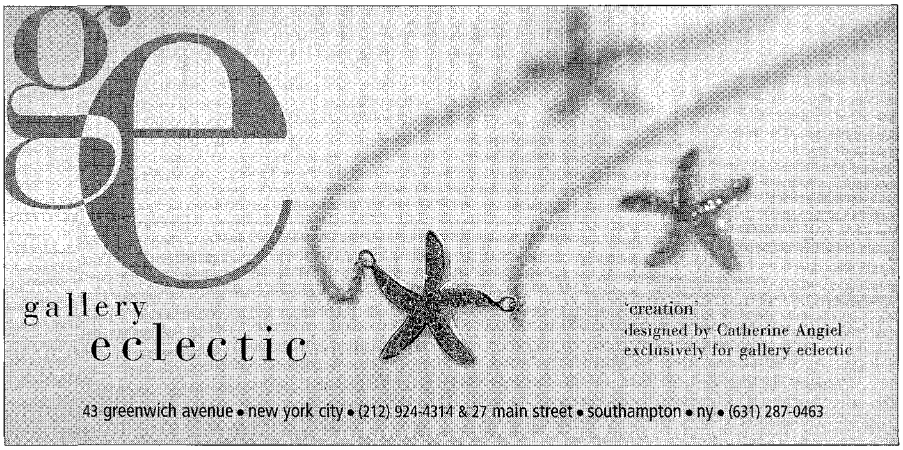
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Sick of It All

Doctors and insurers may be divided over whether chronic Lyme disease is a treatable medical condition, but these readers have no doubts.

CONGRATULATE RUSTY UNGER ON A well-written article ["The Body Politic: Germ Warfare," February 28]. This is the first time I have seen anyone explain the political situation concerning Lyme and actually give both sides of the story. There are many people out there getting incomplete information from their doctor but not questioning it because he is a physician. It would be nice to see more written about this subject so that people may begin to understand that they might be getting one-sided answers from their medical providers and that they should not take any advice at face value.

Rae Siemssen
PORTLAND, OR.

AS A LONGTIME LYME PATIENT WHO HAS suffered greatly, losing my job, my health, and much more to this dreaded disease, I thank your magazine for having the guts to run a truthful article on what we who suffer long-term problems with Lyme go through. It's bad enough that we are sick with a terribly misunderstood disease, but we have to go through the trauma of losing our doctors and the hassle of being unable to find other doctors who will treat us because they fear losing their livelihood.

Reid McMurray
DENVILLE, N.J.

I AM A BOARD-CERTIFIED ANESTHESIOLOGIST who is now disabled, probably permanently, from chronic Lyme disease and babesiosis. I'm on Social Security disability, as is my daughter. I am not lazy; I am not pretending or happy to be sick; I used to be a very active person. I do not get my jollies by sticking a needle into my chest every week in order to run in intravenous antibiotics. Thanks to Dr. Joseph Burrascanos's guidelines, I was able to diagnose my daughter and my husband and get them appropriate care. Yes, my family is angry. We have a disease that takes on average seven years and even more physicians to get diagnosed. It took me six years and ten physicians, and I'm not counting myself.

Eileen McInerney Glaessgen, M.D.
MANHATTAN

PAT PEPPER IS BUT ONE LYME PATIENT WHO was misdiagnosed with multiple sclerosis, lupus, Guillain-Barré, arthritis, depression, or some other disorder. The conservative Lyme M.D.'s tend to work at academic institutions, as opposed to being in the trenches, and they are the ones who get the major research grants; I believe that their clout allows them to block the findings of more aggressive Lyme M.D.'s from being published in the major journals. Furthermore, these more aggressive, Lyme-literate M.D.'s are often subjected to professional harassment. Drs. Perry Orens and Raymond Dattwyler have been at odds for years. Several years back, Dr. Orens testified in favor of a Lyme patient, and Dr. Dattwyler testified on the behalf of the patient's insurance company. When Dr. Orens's license was revoked, Dr. Dattwyler testified against him at his Office of Professional Medical Conduct hearing.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

AFTER PRESENTING THE CLASSIC LYME symptoms, I was treated with a mild dose of antibiotics by my general practitioner and apparently cured. Months later, suffering from neurological and muscular symptoms, I sought out a specialist. He told me the spirochetes had merely been dormant. After an intensive intravenous- and oral-antibiotic treatment, I felt better, for the most part. I work in the environmental sciences conducting field studies, and many of my colleagues have also contracted Lyme. We occasionally have what we call Lyme days: fuzzy heads, body aches, excessive tiredness, and occasionally a heart flutter or two. After experiencing these symptoms—and no longer having access to the Lyme specialist, after moving—I visited a number of doctors in my new neighborhood. After many tests and no conclusions, I was told I was suffering from depression and that this was normal for a 37-year-old working mother. I laughed and told the doctor I was much too happy to be depressed, and haven't been back to a doctor since. Now when I experience a Lyme day, I just take it easy and wait it out. It has simply become a part of life.

Terry Doss
GLEN RIDGE, N.J.

THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE TWO CAMPS OF extremists is of great interest to the majority of doctors who treat the majority of Lyme patients. As long as patients are not put at risk, the debate must be allowed to continue. The role of governmental bodies, such as OPMC, should be limited to the outside boundaries of this debate, not its core. The final word as to diagnosing and treating Lyme disease has yet to be spoken. It will not occur until better tools for testing for the presence of this bacterium are developed. Until then, no voice should be stifled.

Arthur S. Klein, M.D.
EAST SETAUKET, N.Y.

YOUR ARTICLE WAS A FAIR SYNOPSIS OF THE problems that Lyme-disease patients and their doctors face. It took me four years to get a diagnosis. There was no sign of rash or tick, and the doctors in California are quite ignorant on the topic. After two years of oral meds—I can't afford IV—I am much improved and yet still relapse if I go off the meds. It simply isn't fair that our doctors are being targeted.

Lee Lull
CORTE MADERA, CALIF.

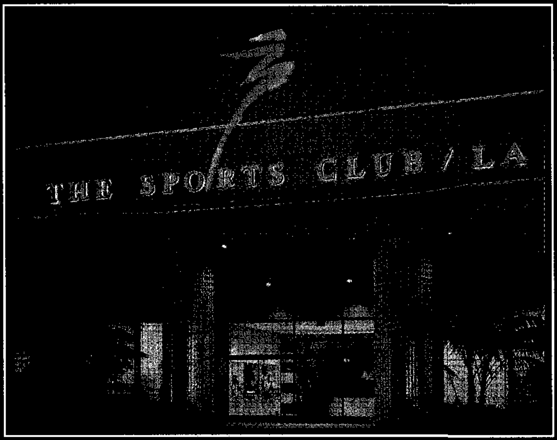
I HAVE BEEN SICK FOR MORE THAN TWENTY years and have dealt with many doctors who told me it was "just depression." Of course I was depressed. If you had doctor after doctor telling you he couldn't find anything, or that you had the flu, you would be depressed, too! How many times a year can one get the flu? Making matters worse, I have always wanted to be an organ donor when I died, but I can't now because of my "nonexistent" disease.

Helen Ruland
CAPE COD, MASS.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Correction The angler pictured in the photo on page 54 of the "52 Weekends" issue (March 13) was using not a fly rod, as described, but a spinning rod—an entirely different kettle of fish. ■

THE FUTURE OF FITNESS HAS ARRIVED.



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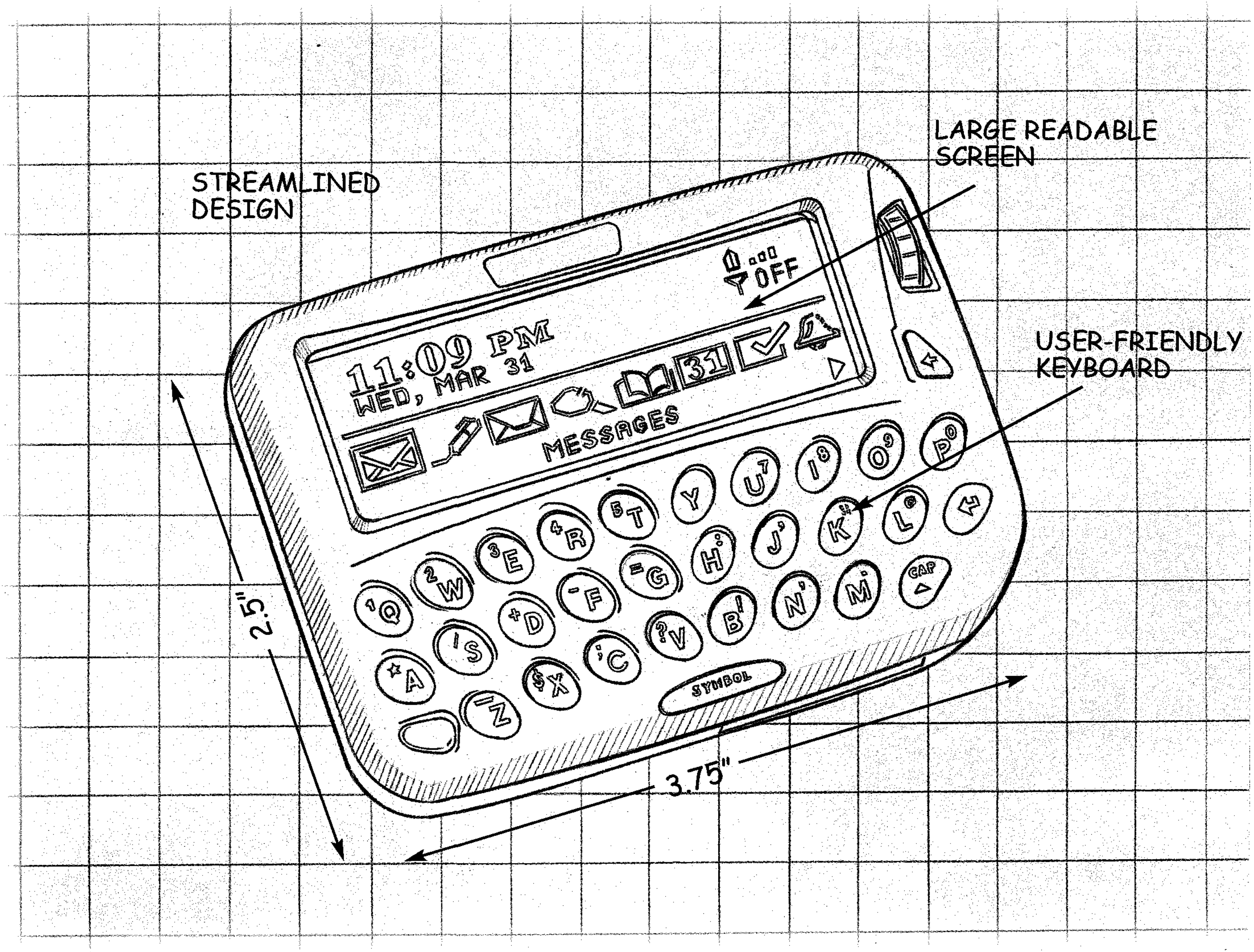
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INTELLIGENCER

UNFRIENDLY ACT AT BROOKLYN SCHOOL?

Parents and faculty at the preppy Brooklyn Friends School were recently stunned by a $900,000 deficit uncovered by auditors—a discovery that has led to the dismissal of the popular head-of-school, **James Handlin**, who was sacked last month after a second audit cast a cloud of doubt over his fiscal management. According to interim head-of-school **Michael Nill**, the Brooklyn Friends School board decided "enough questions were raised that they were duty bound to ask for this resignation." Handlin's attorney **Louis Pechman** strongly denies the rumors of financial impropriety, calling the allegations a smoke screen from the trustees. "The real story is political, not financial," he says. "There is no one who loved BFS more than Jim. He should have left the school with a tribute, not a public hanging." Pechman says no lawsuit has yet been filed but promises to "take whatever steps necessary to restore Jim's impeccable reputation." The trustees, Nill says, lent the school close to $1 million to make it through the school year, and parents have rallied to the rescue with anonymous donations of up to $100,000. Nill says a detailed investigation is ongoing—but despite the crisis, he's looking forward to a rosier future: "Next year, we're expecting to open with the most students we've had in our history," he says.

WILL *SPORTS NIGHT* BE TRADED TO HBO?

Is ABC's *Sports Night* due to get the *Sex and the City* and *Sopranos* cable treatment? According to a Hollywood source, HBO is in talks with Imagine Television about snatching up its critically praised (but viewer-challenged) sitcom after this season. While ABC still has first dibs, the source says that the Disney-owned network gave up on the show in the wake of this year's piddling ratings, adding that *Sports Night* creator **Aaron Sorkin** has all but signed on the dotted line with AOL Time Warner's HBO. If the deal goes through, the show would be revamped into a darker and more cutting-edge program, closer to the show's original prospectus—which a leery ABC tried to soften with the last-minute addition of a laugh track. ABC is keeping its intentions close to the vest. **Tony Krantz**, co-chairman and CEO of Imagine, isn't: "We are looking at all of our options," he said. "If HBO wanted us, we would be excited and pleased to join their network."

RALPH LAUREN'S OSCAR ACE

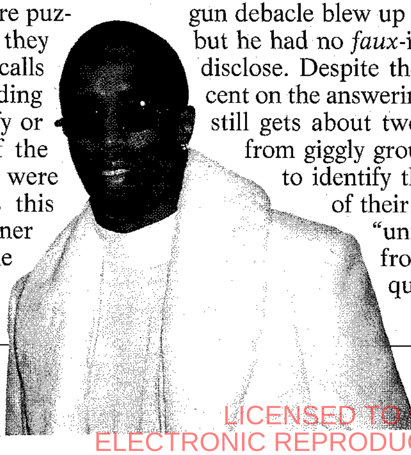
Does **Ralph Lauren** have a secret weapon in Hollywood? Best Actress winner **Gwyneth Paltrow** looked pretty in pink dressed in a Lauren ball gown at last year's Academy Awards, even though, up to the last minute, she had been expected to wear an Armani dress. It turns out Lauren's West Coast rep, **Crystal Moffett Lourd**, is married to **Blaine Lourd**, brother of **Bryan Lourd**, a CAA managing director. And coincidentally, Gwyneth is a CAA client. This year, fashion watchers will be looking to see who among CAA's trio of Best Actress nominees—**Annette Bening**, **Julianne Moore**, and **Meryl Streep**—will glide down the red carpet in Ralph Lauren on March 26. But unfortunately Lauren may not have the front-runner in the palm of his talented hands—**Hilary Swank** recently left CAA for the William Morris Agency.

ETHICIST AND EGGHEADS

Readers of *The New York Times Magazine* simply aren't troubled enough for columnist **Randy Cohen**. Disappoint-

CALLING "PUFF" PASTRY

Cops still digging for dirt on **Puff Daddy** may want to give up that daily Krispy Kreme for a pain perdu. Owners of Frère Jacques, a new Murray Hill bistro, were puzzled last November when they began receiving close to 50 calls a day from people demanding to speak with Sean or Puffy or various other monikers of the troubled rapper's. "We were all like, 'Who the hell is this Sean guy?' " recalls co-owner **Michael Pica**, who assumes he has Puffy's old digits but can't find out because of Bell Atlantic's privacy clauses. Pica adds that the phones rang off the hook in December when the gun debacle blew up in the Bad Boy's face, but he had no *faux*-insider information to disclose. Despite the thick Left Bank accent on the answering machine, the eatery still gets about twenty calls daily, some from giggly groupies with a tendency to identify themselves by the size of their bust or derrière—but "unfortunately no calls from **Jennifer Lopez**," quips the restaurateur.



Photographs: top, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

WILL HOLLY LURE YA TO CHELSEA DIGS?

Soon, you'll be able to buy some of the world's most sought-after contemporary art just down the hall from where Sid Vicious allegedly murdered Nancy Spungen. Just weeks after legendary art dealer **Holly Solomon** organized **Nam June Paik**'s knockout retrospective at the Guggenheim, she was moving out of her cavernous SoHo gallery to open shop in a one-room office at the Chelsea Hotel. Solomon—who's enjoyed decades as one of the art world's most important voices by representing sensations such as Paik and photographer **William Wegman**—was forced to leave her Mercer Street locale after a protracted legal battle with her landlord. Solomon tells the Intelligencer that she'll meet potential buyers in her Chelsea office only by appointment and that her future shows will be held at the hotel as well: "I'll rent a room and clear it out." Some see the move as a dire omen for Solomon. "She's been one of the top ten gallery owners in New York since the seventies," says Webster Hall curator **Baird Jones**. "So it's a shame to see her end her career in such a diminished capacity." Solomon scoffs at such talk, saying, "I'm with the action. The action is in Chelsea."

ed by the paltry number of moral dilemmas sent in by devotees of his column, "The Ethicist," Cohen turned to literary darling **Dave Eggers** and the irony-clad readers of his quarterly *McSweeney's* for help. Under the droll headline PEOPLE FOR THE ETHICAL TREATMENT OF *TIMES* COLUMNISTS, *McSweeney's* published on its Website (and still publishes) a letter from Cohen asking readers "to send me a brief scenario of baffling ethical complexity, richly nuanced, and tangled with mixed motives and mitigating circumstances." But wait—is this *ethical*, especially given *McSweeney's* penchant for elaborate jokes and literary pranks? When reached for comment, Cohen raved about the crafty questions submitted by the *McSweeney's* set, which still come in regularly. "The letters I get from them are some of the smartest and funniest I've seen," he says, adding that he's "99 percent sure" that at least one has run in the magazine.

KEANU'S SMOKES; HILTON CHOKES

KEANU'S SMOKEOUT: Some people would walk a mile for a cigarette, but dedicated smoker **Keanu Reeves** sends the bartender. Reeves got peeved the other night when he discovered that **Scott Sartiano**'s still-unnamed lounge on Spring and Sullivan Streets doesn't sell cigarettes. Rather than make the *Matrix* star brave the cold—or abandon his attractive female companion for even a moment—Sartiano had his bartender make the two-block trek to the nearest deli. It was certainly worth the trip, though; Reeves tipped him $150 for his trouble.

GO AWAY, LITTLE GIRL: Underage heiress and girl-about-town **Nicky Hilton** may be a goddess to Dalton boys, but to *Dawson's Creek* star **Joshua Jackson** she's just another teen fan. Jackson was at Halo recently to celebrate his cover on the premiere issue of *Teen Movieline* when the 16-year-old socialite coyly attempted to lasso him off to Lot 61 along with her entourage of Lolitas. The heartthrob declined the offer with a polite thank-you and resumed his merrymaking as Hilton and posse headed for the door. Asked why he turned down the chance to cavort with the vixens, Jackson offered up a simple philosophy: "They're 16," said the 21-year-old. "My *sister's* 16—I don't think so."

ONLY THE (COLD AND) LONELY: The toils of daily street reporting may be starting to wear on *Eyewitness News* hound **N. J. Burkett**. The normally well-groomed Channel 7 reporter was recently setting up a live shot in Brooklyn Heights atop a news van when a strong gust of wind mussed up his hair—just as pedestrians began gathering to watch. "The wind was blowing my part *the wrong way*," a frank Burkett recalls. The reporter whipped out some hair spray and squirted the side of his head, prompting snickers from the impromptu audience. In response, the boyish Burkett blurted: "You guys think this is a glamorous job, but it's not. It's cold, and it's lonely." The correspondent insists that the exchange was all in fun—he's not disillusioned with the life of a local beat reporter, and besides, he's really just a regular guy. "At the end of that shoot," he says, "I took the subway home."

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

WHO WANTS TO BE A CITY COUNCILMAN?

Next year's wholesale turnover of the City Council is proving a bonanza for political entrepreneurs. City Council speaker **Peter Vallone** and former deputy mayor and **Rudy Giuliani** campaign manager **Peter Powers** have teamed with Baruch College School of Public Affairs advisory-board chair **Martin Begun** to teach would-be politicos the secrets of becoming successful council members. The first seminar drew 400 wannabe elected officials—a good thing, since approximately 36 of the 51 council seats will open up in 2001 thanks to term limits. "They were jammed to the rafters," reports a political groupie in attendance. Well, it sure beats jury duty.

Keanu Reeves: Nic fit

Photographs: top, Patrick McMullan; bottom, Lisa Rose/Globe Photos

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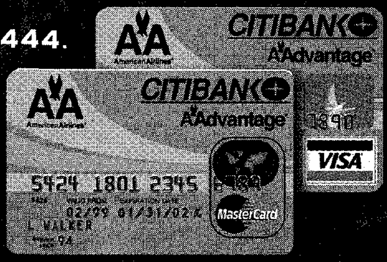

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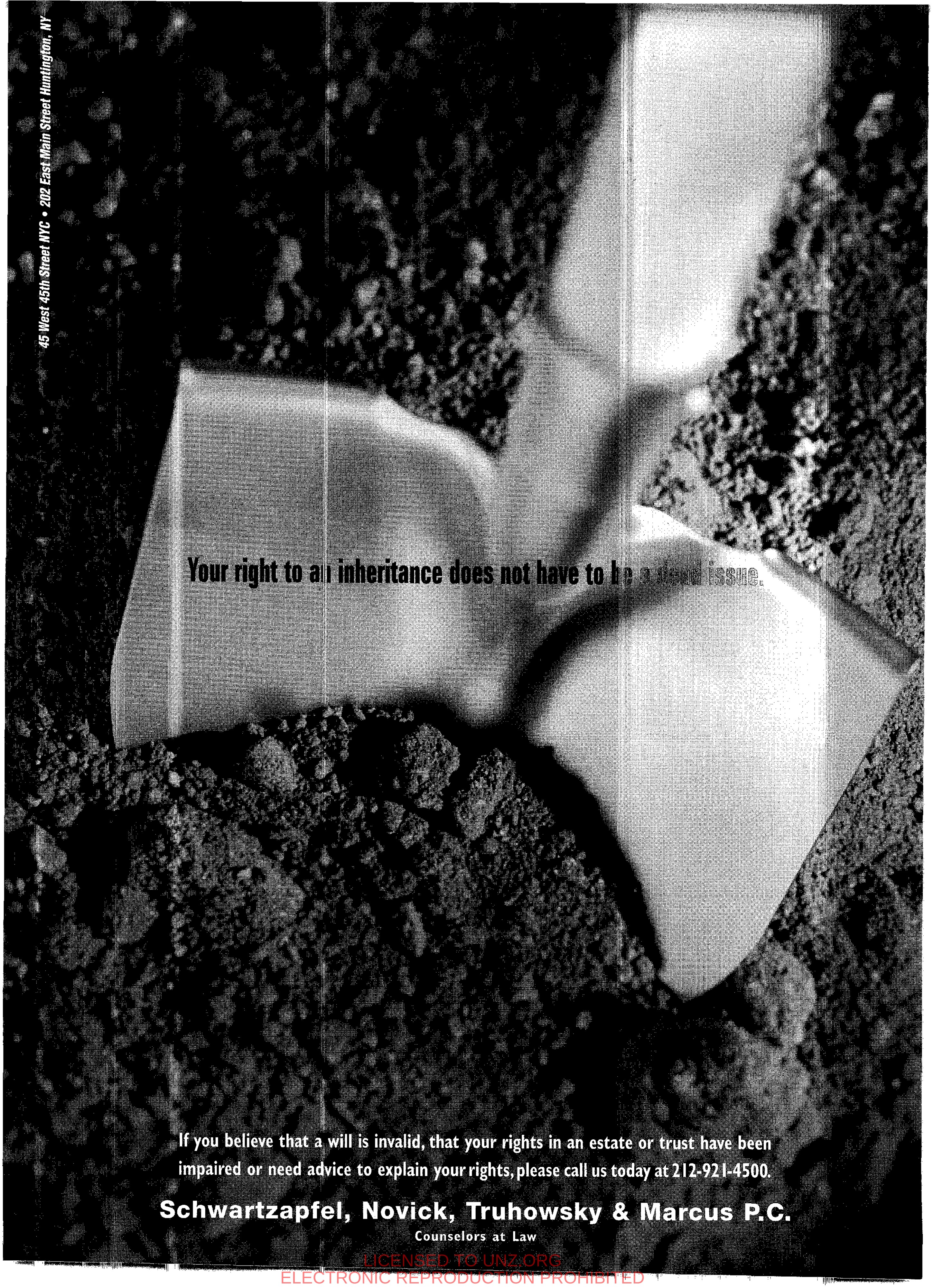
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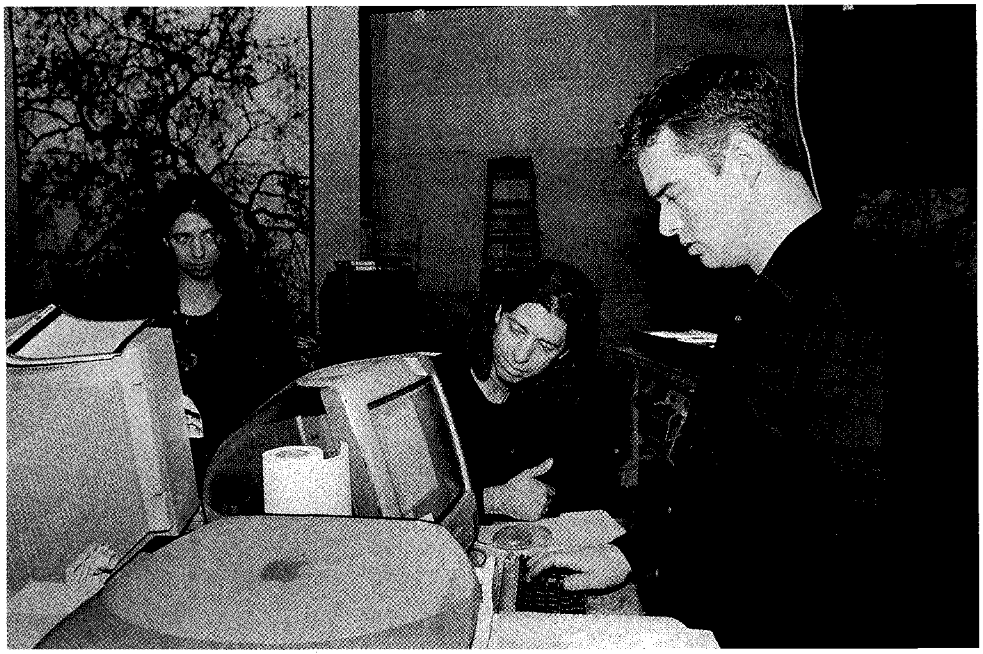
THE NEVER-ENDING ROLL OF GREAT TALENTS—*DUKE ELLINGTON*

GOTHAM

Hard Drive

On the road with the computer programmer to the stars.



DAY IN THE LIFE

"I HAD THREE EMERGENCIES this morning," says Craig Bueker, fielding calls and tinkering with a computer across town via the flat-screen monitor on his desk. "So I haven't really slept." For Bueker, 24, a soft-spoken Midwesterner with a Tom Cruise–circa–*Cocktail* haircut, sleep deprivation is nothing new. He runs his computer-consulting business, CBI Connect, out of his Houston Street apartment, and like a doctor on call, he's awakened most nights by his pager. It may be one of his corporate customers (creating a system to computerize all of Times Square's signage is a current project), but it's just as likely to be Laurie Anderson, Bob Dylan, or the Starn Twins: Bueker has found a niche market in getting brand-name artists online.

A far cry from the stereotypical ponytailed, Teva-sandals-wearing network nerd, Bueker is dressed today in *Matrix* black topped with a black leather jacket—signaling the level of comfort he enjoys with the rich and creative, who entrust him with their house keys and e-mail passwords and invite him to their openings. Until an artistically inclined ex-girlfriend introduced him to the art world, Bueker didn't know a Hirst from a hole in the wall. Now, he says, his close working relationship with artists "has changed me entirely. I'm a much more interesting person."

Shortly after noon, as Bueker is unfurling a client's floor plans across the stove—his only computer-free surface—fashion photographer Max Vadukul calls for help with his new Website. On line two, Lou Reed's office wants to know about portable MP3 players. Bueker's assistant reminds him that he's due at photographer Timothy Greenfield-Sanders's converted rectory in the East Village.

Bueker travels all over town in a year-old black Audi A4 Quatro—even the five blocks to Greenfield-Sanders's house. "I have good parking karma," he brags, turning east on 2nd Street. As if on cue, a car squeezes out of a space. Inside, Greenfield-Sanders shows off the complex database Bueker created to sort some

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POLITICS
Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Finally, Rudy endorses somebody who wins an election—George W. Unfortunately, it's an open secret that the mayor really wanted the other guy. Can you say "drag at the top of the ticket"?

"Sanitation" sensation! Whitney invites Rudy's wrath with installation comparing him with Nazis. May get him sympathy; on the other hand, do his words really look that out of place in that typeface?

Inspiration for Hillary's over-the-forehead hairdo came from: (a) Martha Stewart; (b) Bonnie Franklin, circa 1977; (c) Garth (Wayne's Garth); or (d) *If These Walls Could Talk 2?*

Sunday, marches in gay St. Patty's parade in Queens, all smiles. Wednesday, tells gay audience she'll also march in that other, very non-gay Irish parade. Well, at least she told somebody something they didn't wanna hear.

Illustration by Ingo Fast. Photographs: top, Catherine McGann; bottom left, Frances M. Roberts; right, Francis Specker/New York Post/Corbis Sygma.

Bueker *continued from page 13*

10,000 photographs. "He really—I don't want to say changed my life—but I recently had a show at Mary Boone of 700 artists, and I never would have known before how many photos I'd shot," the photographer kvells. "I mean, even Ben Stiller—there's plenty of people in L.A. who can fix his computer—but Ben calls Craig in New York."

At 2:30 P.M., Bueker is racing over the Brooklyn Bridge to Red Hook, where he parks with one wheel on the sidewalk outside the Starn studio. Before a looming black-and-white photo of tree branches, he runs down a list of the video-editing equipment for an upcoming installation. Doug Starn shows him a problem with an orange iMac they use to digitize photographs. "We've broken so many machines," he sighs. By 5 P.M., Bueker is cruising back to Manhattan with the Starns' hard drive in his trunk.

Like an eager young internist, Bueker seems to relish the particulars of each case. "It's not a money thing," he says, pulling into his garage. "I like working with artists. They don't have a traditional way of thought." He runs Greenfield-Sanders's Website out of his own home for free—"Timothy's taken my picture a few times," he sheepishly confesses—and has a barter agreement with the Starn Twins. But there's nothing on his walls yet save an old Lou Reed poster. SARAH BERNARD

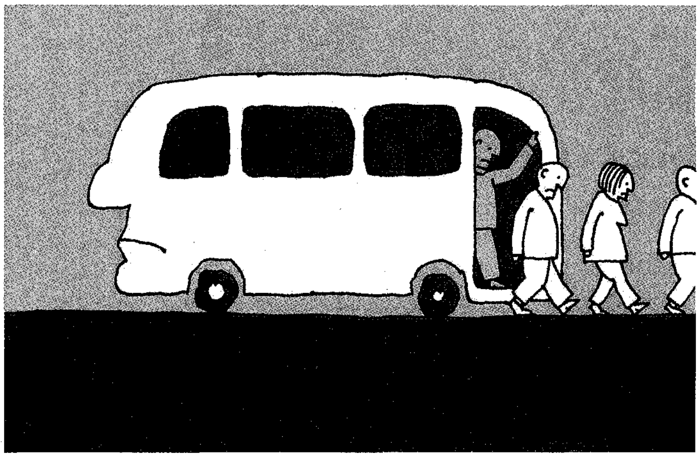
POLITICS

Going Cold Turkey

McCain-besotted reporters take his defeat one day at a time.

FRANTICALLY CLICKING CHANNELS ON SUPER Tuesday, *USA Today* political columnist Walter Shapiro (a.k.a. my husband) became so despondent as John McCain crash-landed that midway through the evening he had to switch to a Marx Brothers movie. Walter just couldn't face the fact that the primary season was over, with nothing to look forward to but eight predictable months of Bush-Gore mud-wrestling. Personally, I was hoping he'd be happy to spend a few nights at home again, but a conjugal visit apparently can't compete with the thrill of a hard day's night at a Day's Inn and the caffeinated talkathon aboard the Straight Talk Express.

Among political reporters, post-primary depression is currently epidemic. "I had four people come into my office this morning and ask, 'How *are* you?' " says New York *Times* columnist Gail Collins, who watched three hours of tapes of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* with her husband, Dan, the senior producer of CBS's Election 2000 Website, to recover. The usually cynical press corps—the *real* McCain majority—is inconsolable over the loss of the most accessible presidential candidate in history. "With McCain, there were fifteen stories crackling every day," *Time*'s John Dickerson says wistfully. "I'm depressed," admits *Slate*'s Jacob Weisberg, "but it's nothing that Prozac won't cure. Or electroshock therapy." Sounding shell-shocked himself after the primary, *New Yorker* writer Joe Klein strikes a glum note: "This whole thing ended with such a sickening thud." ABC correspondent Linda Douglass complains that returning to her beat covering Capitol Hill will be "like watching grass grow." "This is wrenching," cries *Talk*'s Tucker Carlson. "I'm in such an awful mood that I'm hiding from my wife and three kids so I don't take it out on them."



"I didn't want it to be over," Weisberg says. Though at least when he finally got home, he was relieved to discover that his 8-month-old daughter still recognized her father when she saw him—on television. MERYL GORDON

ARTBYNUMBERS

Photo Finish

IN LESS THAN A WEEK, NEARLY ALL 110 AVAILABLE PHOTOGRAPHS by Gregory Crewdson were snapped up from his new Luhring Augustine Gallery exhibition at $7,500 each, up from his 1997 high of $5,000. Collectors include three major New York museums as well as several Hollywood types who seem particularly drawn to the cinematic lighting effects of these highly staged works. Crewdson, who describes his work as "psychological realism," is enjoying rhapsodic press coverage (New York *Times, Harper's Bazaar, ArtNews*). As a graduate-school professor of photography at Yale, he has served as guru and mentor to the group of hot young women photographers now represented by galleries like Casey Kaplan (whose star artist, Anna Gaskell, just won the Citibank Photography Award in London) and Lawrence Rubin Greenberg Van Doren (which sold more than 50 works by Katy Grannan, Malerie Marder, and Justine Kurland at last week's Armory Show 2000 for approximately $2,000 each). There seems to be no end in sight to the Yale imprimatur's cachet: More than 50 people and institutions are on the Crewdson waiting list for purchase. JOSH BAER

More art-world news can be found online at **onview.com**.

Illustration by Bill Bragg. Photographs: left, Catherine McGann; right, courtesy of Luhring Augustine Gallery.

REAL ESTATE

The Pinch and Rudy Show

FOR YEARS, THE NEW YORK *TIMES* HAS HECTORED THE CITY about "corporate welfare," those tax reductions meant to keep companies, and the jobs that go with them, in Rudy Giuliani's New York. But less than a decade after getting $29 million from the Dinkins administration to build a new printing plant in Queens, the sachems of 43rd Street have their hands out again.

This time, though, the mayor isn't writing a check—at least not yet. The *Times* has asked for a plum deal to build a new headquarters tower near the Port Authority Bus Terminal. According to a real-estate developer not involved with the deal, the *Times* has "asked for the world," including tax abatements for the third of the building it plans to rent out to other companies. Another person familiar with the negotiations says the paper is asking for "more than anyone else—a deal bigger than Reuters, bigger than Boston Properties."

One reason for the city's newfound parsimony, as one development lawyer puts it, is that "they're not giving away the same packages that they were a couple of years ago." But others speculate that Rudy just doesn't like the coverage he gets in the *Times*, and this is a chance to retaliate. "A lot of people are saying that the mayor's holding the *Times* hostage on this. But that's not true," insists a person familiar with the city's position. "What's going on is negotiation. The *Times* is in the clouds. When they come down to earth," a deal could happen.

Neither the *Times* nor the city's Economic Development Corporation would comment on ongoing negotiations. *Times* reporter Charles Bagli, who covers real estate and broke the story of his own employer's wanderlust, says that he "can't say the business side has been completely happy" with his coverage, but that he hasn't been interfered with.

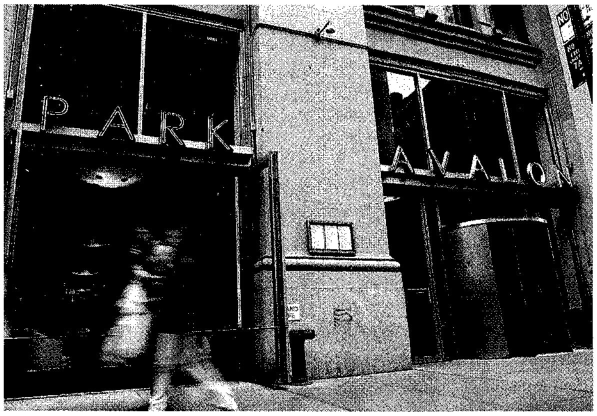
At the annual State of the *Times* meeting at the New Amsterdam Theater on February 29, publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. was willing to confirm that the paper was *thinking* of moving. But when employees pressed further, he said, "Well, look, the guy who keeps breaking the story is here, so I'm not saying shit."

CARL SWANSON

RESTAURANTS

Turning the Tables

Have restaurateurs come up with their own *Zagat*—for patrons?



BEFORE YOU COMPLAIN TO A waiter that the Syrah tastes like swill, or consider stopping by your favorite corner boîte wearing a pair of stained sweatpants, think about where you want to be seated next time. The New York *Times* has reported that an increasing number of restaurants are being outfitted with cameras and computers to document every detail of a meal—not to mention the habits and eccentricities of customers. In the dining-section piece, culinary czar Steve Hanson explained that he uses a software program, Perfect Host, to track regulars, with cross-referencing capabilities for all his restaurants, including Blue Water Grill, Ruby Foo's, and Park Avalon. He denied using the system with any ulterior motives, like rating the clientele, but a former employee suggests otherwise, claiming that the management keeps a scorecard on certain customers and their spending habits. "The place is not Pastis," explains the former Park Avalon employee. "It gets its fair share of weirdos and annoying people who ask for tons of bread, the frumpier types no one wants to serve." Hanson's director of operations, Chris Paraskevaides, emphatically defends the system: "We use it only to write if someone wants a quiet corner for a business meeting or wants a bottle of champagne waiting at the table. This gets printed out for the server, with just that information, so they know Mr. Smith has paid us a visit fifteen times. Nothing else." The ranking system ensures that good regulars will receive VIP treatment—like a prime perch on the cushy velvet banquettes at the front of the house. Those who don't make the cut at Park Avalon may find themselves aboard what some of the wait staff jokingly refer to as the "crack deck." This elevated seating area, just steps away from the kitchen, is where "freaks and geeks," as one ex-employee describes them, are usually left in the restaurant's more inexperienced hands. "They are supposed to rotate the station, but no one ever wants it." Paraskevaides expresses shock at the unsavory name, insisting, "I think they're the best seats in the house!"

MAURA EGAN

BRAND X

NAUTICA JEANS COMPAN

This Is War

BRAND: Nautica Jeans **AGENCY:** Toth Brand Imaging (NY) **CREATIVE DIRECTOR:** Mike Toth

CALVIN KLEIN—WHO'S DOMINATED outdoor ad space since last summer with his billboards featuring sexy young pop-cultural icons—is now faced with an insurgent army: the buzz-cut, dog-tag-wearing male models of the Nautica Jeans military-fetishistic "N-Company" campaign. Grinning out from suddenly omnipresent bus ads and towering over the Midtown Tunnel, the boys have arrived in town complete with back story. Nauticajeans.com reveals that they're supposed enrollees in a make-believe military academy, and the elaborate site fills out the fantasy with more pictures of the hunky recruits and supposed e-mail messages from one of the boys (a strategy reminiscent of the cK one e-mail campaign). It might seem like an odd miscalculation for a youth-oriented fashion label to embrace images of institutional order and conformity as enlistment in the U.S. armed forces continues to drop. But what Nautica's doing is engaging in counterprogramming. Since Calvin's got a lock on all the A-list rowdies, from Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes to Korn's David Silveria, Nautica had to look elsewhere for its own brand-building rebels. The strapping, prideful young men in this campaign don't exactly look like they're fighting for our freedom. N-Company looks more like reform school. It's Nautica's handsome nobodies vs. Calvin's rich and famous toughs—and everybody's more than ready to rumble.

SIMON DUMENCO

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO

I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

With the primaries all but over, New York's prickliest pundits set their sights on the Senate race.

Maer Roshan: *Admit it! Now that it's down to just George W. and Al Gore, aren't you a little disappointed?*

Al D'Amato: *Sure,* a little bit. When McCain started out, he was like Don Quixote, and at one point it looked like he might actually rescue the princess. I was living vicariously through the guy. Personally, I'm glad Bush won in the end, but with the other two gone it's going to be a boring presidential race. The real excitement is the Senate race. A real bloodfest! Everyone shooting! It'll be like the Colosseum in Rome!

Ed Koch: He's right. The presidential race is a bore now. Early on, I believed that McCain and Bradley would *both* win the primaries. Gore was such a charmless caricature. But Bradley just fell apart. He didn't like the press. I don't even think he liked *constituents*. After he gave his concession speech, he shook hands with me and said, "Sorry I disappointed you." I was so sad. But *he* didn't disappoint me; his campaign managers disappointed me! They ran a campaign worse than the one that was run for Al D'Amato last time around.

M.R.: *What's the biggest negative Hillary has to overcome?*

A.D.: Her phoniness. She's trying to reinvent herself as a New Yorker, and it's a canard on the people. Nobody really believes she was in Chicago cheering for the Yankees. And now she's suddenly discovered her Jewish heritage. Gimme a break! She's a political Dame Edna, masquerading as something she's not. Which is why a lot of traditional Democrats are not there for her. Especially white women of a certain age—they hate her!

E.K.: Those women—white, mature women who are upset because Hillary doesn't leave Bill Clinton—will return to her when they realize that a vote for Rudy undermines abortion rights. Ultimately the right to abortion is more important to them than punishing Hillary. Yes, Rudy supports abortion rights. But Rudy also desperately wants to be president of the United States, and he can't afford to betray his party again like he did when he endorsed Cuomo. So if Bush is elected and sends over a couple of anti-abortion Supreme Court nominees, you better believe Giuliani's gonna vote for them.

A.D.: You're wrong on that, Ed! Giuliani supports partial-birth abortion, which even Moynihan opposes. Trust me, if it ever comes to that vote, Giuliani will say, "I'm not going to support somebody who takes an extreme position that would overturn *Roe* v. *Wade.*" People don't resent Hillary because she refuses to leave her husband. It's because she plays the victim after watching him run around for twenty years. She's not a victim. She's an enabler!

E.K.: Well, Al, *some* people believe that marriage—good or bad—is forever. And there will be those who admire her for that. *You* should admire her for that, Al. In person, she's an extraordinarily charming, highly intelligent lady. When she addresses an audience, she doesn't have a note in her hand, and afterward they stand up and cheer. I honestly think that she's going to *cream* Giuliani. I mean, Rudy can't even get 50 percent against her—and it's because people realize, though he might be a good mayor, he's a very nasty man.

A.D.: Obviously, he won't *ever* win Mr. Congeniality. But people say, "*Yes,* he's overpowering, and he overreacts. But, you know what, he really made things better." He'll win. The only thing that may trip him up is race relations.

E.K.: Absolutely. Minorities are going to come out in full force this time. They've been insulted by the mayor! I don't quarrel with the Diallo jury's decision to acquit the officers. But the mayor has to understand that the minority community—and *much* of the white community—thinks it was an erroneous verdict. Instead of saying, "Let's put it behind us," he says, in effect, "You see? I told you so." It's like pouring gasoline on hot coals.

A.D.: Hey, Hillary wasn't any better. Those who say the mayor lacked sensitivity should take a look at Mrs. Clinton. She rushed in and basically accused the cops of *murder.*

E.K.: She was wrong. She apologized. *He* hasn't apologized.

M.R.: *What's Rudy's most dangerous vulnerability?*

A.D.: He has to overcome the appearance of being indifferent to other people's feelings. If you're in politics, you don't have to agree with everyone, but you have to at least listen.

E.K.: His utter cruelty is his biggest problem: As a child, Rudy probably loved pulling the wings off flies.

A.D.: Ed, even *you* can't deny that he's been a strong mayor.

E.K.: You don't have to be *Pinochet* to be a strong mayor, Al.

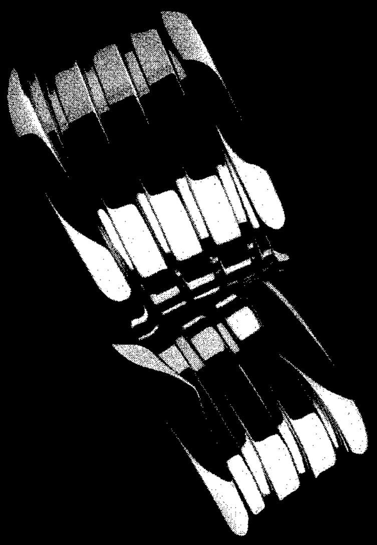
Al D'Amato is a contributing editor at *George.*

Photographed by Melanie Dunea/CPI; grooming by Nikki Wang/Sally Harlor.

BVLGARI

B.zero1

The unexpected ring



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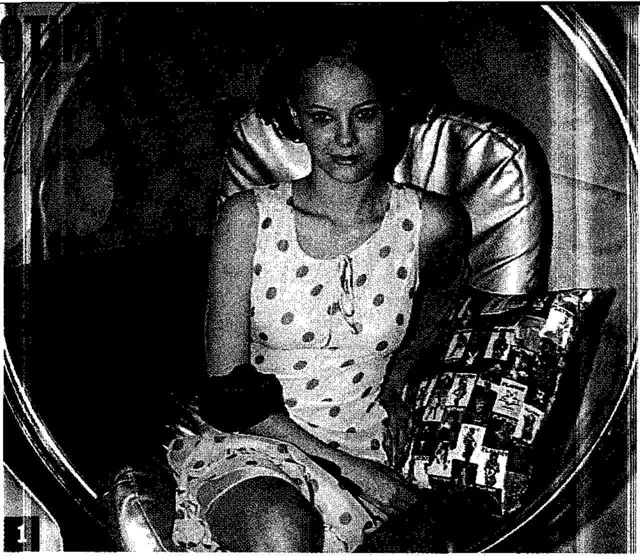
THE SCENE

Uncivil Liberty

Photographs by Patrick McMullan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BAD, BOISTEROUS BEHAVIOR RULED THE EVENING WHEN *PLAYboy* toasted its latest cover girl, Bijou Phillips, at Centro-Fly on March 7. Crude conduct seemed an appropriate tribute to the petulant party girl, famous more for her high jinks than for any hidden talents. As cocktail waitresses performed Bunny Dips to offer egg rolls, suits and slackers alike hungrily flipped through the April issue. "I don't know why anyone would read *Playboy* when there's much more hard-core stuff out there. This is all soft-focus and overexposed—I would've been turned on by it when I was 12," huffed one skinny struggling actor. His friend, dressed in a wrinkled *Playboy* Hawaiian shirt, was more inspired by the photos, stripping off his own top to reveal a dirty Boston concert tee and wiggling his posterior at onlookers. Ralph Cirella, Howard Stern's hairdresser, cursed out the bartender for failing to stock Drambuie. A coterie of rappers including Ja Rule and Cypress Hill's B-Real fared no better, grumbling that they were snubbed by Phillips, who danced alone in the VIP area. One of the wild child's acquaintances was relieved that she kept her distance, explaining: "She always sticks her tongue down my throat. Last time I saw her, she wanted me to smell her new perfume. So she sprayed it up my nose!" MAURA EGAN

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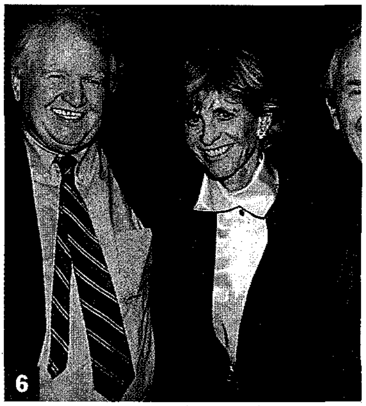
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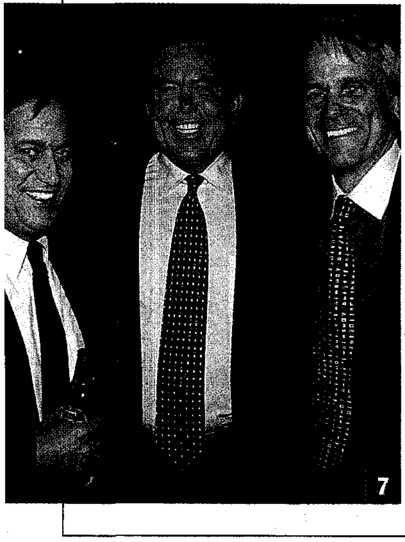
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1. Bijou Phillips at Centro-Fly for *Playboy* magazine. 2. David Collins and Meredith Etherington Smith at the *House & Garden* party to welcome new staff members at Guastavino's. 3. Lauren DuPont and Nathalie Kaplan at the Edwardian Ball at the Frick Collection. 4. Guy O'Seary, Martina Miller, and Andre Harrell at the opening of the Demarchelier Downtown restaurant. 5. Karyn and Joel Silver at the *Romeo Is Bleeding* premiere party at Mr. Chow. 6. Malachy McCourt, Jean Kennedy Smith, and Frank McCourt at the premiere party for Anjelica Huston's *Agnes Browne* at '44.' 7. Walter Isaacson, Lou Dobbs, and Shelby Coffey at *Fortune*'s party at Serena. 8. Dayssi Olarte de Kanavos at the Save Venice Masquerade Ball, sponsored by Escada and Swarovski at the Metropolitan Club. 9. Sloan Barnett, Bryant Gumbel, Hilary Quinlan, and Roger Barnett at the Whitney Gala at the Whitney Museum.

OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.

ANN REINKING
Performer, Choreographer, Director

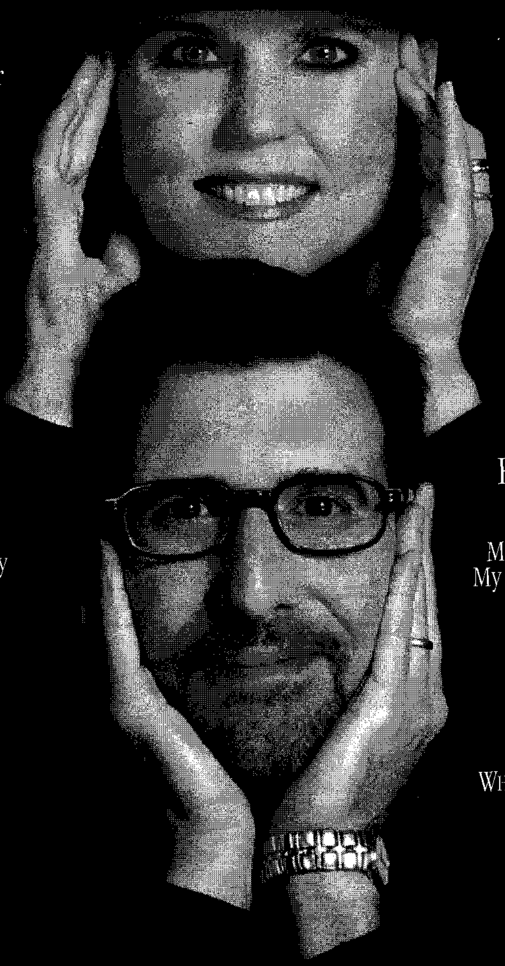
MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My 8 year old son
Doing *Chicago* and *Fosse*

FAVORITE CHARITY
Advisory Board for School of American Ballet

WHAT MAKES YOU MAD
Intolerance

NEXT GOAL
Choreographing *Pal Joey* and preparing *Fosse* for Broadway

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Treadmill, weight training with my personal trainer, stretching and *massage.*



RICHARD LAGRAVENESE
Screenwriter, Director

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My seven year old daughter, Lily
"Living Out Loud"
Surviving

FAVORITE CHARITIES
Can Cure Autism Now
Save the Children

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHANGE
Ignorance

NEXT GOAL
To write a Broadway play

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Jacuzzi, treadmill, Jacuzzi

Reebok

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GOLF EDITION

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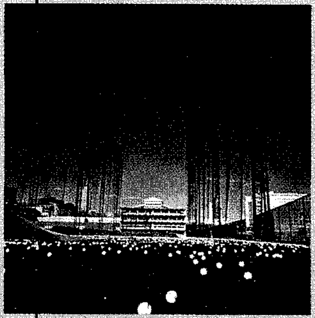
Gucci golf bag ($1,390)

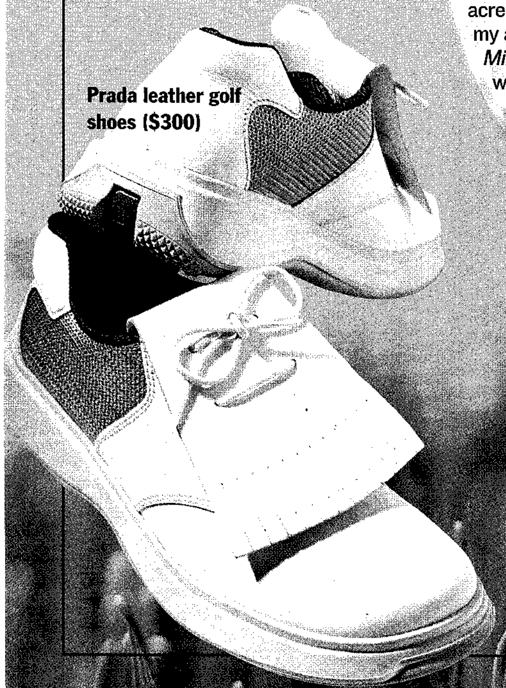
***Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* fashion spreads**

Chelsea Piers driving range

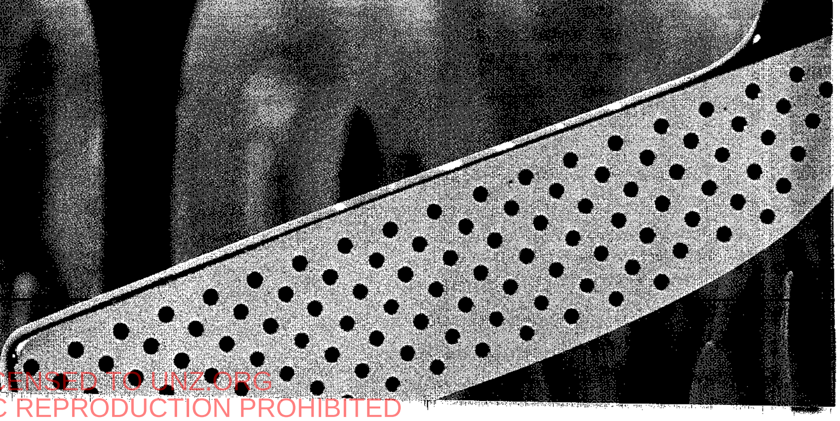


Fore Sight

Golf carts aren't yet outnumbering Town Cars, but suddenly everyone on both coasts seems to be swinging. Next month, ex–*Details* editor Michael Caruso launches *Maximum Golf,* a glossy geared to players whose skills have heretofore been limited to reciting lines from *Caddyshack.* "Matt Damon and Will Smith have taken it up," Caruso reports, "and so have Smash-mouth and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. We'll do a kind of *Behind the Music* on the green." *Esquire* devotes its April issue to the lure of the links; *Wallpaper*'s Tyler Brûlé introduces a new Time Inc. title dedicated to luxury sports like golf later this month. The New York City Parks Department has just green-lighted construction of a 175-acre public course in the Bronx, and at Chelsea Piers, golf-academy attendance is 50 percent female, including *Rolling Stone* and *Mirabella* editors as well as Catherine Zeta-Jones: "She came with her own set of Callaway irons," notes an impressed instructor. And with *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* featuring fairway fashions, Prada, Louis Vuitton, and Hugo Boss are expanding their golf-clothing and -accessory lines. Could Gucci's orange-and-black golf bag ($1,390) be this season's L.L. Bean tote? MAURA EGAN



Prada leather golf shoes ($300)



The early warning signs of colon cancer:

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You have a healthy appetite.

You're only 50.

You look healthy. You feel fine. Nothing seems to be the matter. Unfortunately, those are the same symptoms thousands of Americans had last year before they were diagnosed with colon cancer.

Colon cancer is the second leading cancer killer among men and women. Yet, as deadly as it can be when diagnosed late, when diagnosed early it's one of the most curable cancers. 90% curable. In fact, colon cancer can be prevented altogether by removing polyps before they become cancerous.

That's why we're urging everyone over fifty to be screened. It's accurate. And it could save your life.

Of course, studies have shown you can also reduce your risk of colon cancer by following a low-fat diet high in fruits, vegetables and fiber, and by exercising regularly. Remember, the best way to beat colon cancer is early detection. So please, even if you feel fine, call your doctor or the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Prevention and Wellness Program at 1-888-MSK-WELL.

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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Huey and the News

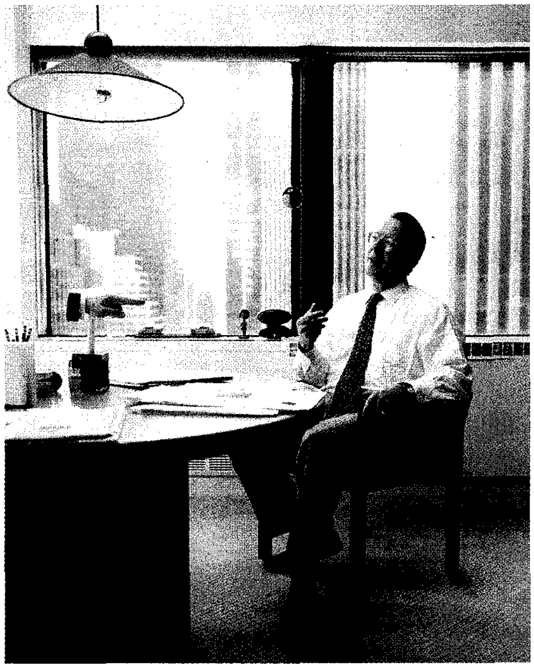
Fortune editor John Huey wanted to be a bon vivant like Esquire's Harold Hayes. But he ended up as a business weenie—and the life of the party anyway.

JOHN HUEY, THE EDITOR OF *FORTUNE* and father of its new spin-off title, *eCompany Now,* is looking out over the construction on the San Francisco skyline and praising the New York *Times.* He is praising the *Times* for the way it has responded to a suddenly competitive political season. *They're back,* he says. *They're on top of their game. They're the best.*

As it happens, this is terrifically faint praise. It's a little like saying the tabloids do a good job of covering sports. Because what Huey is really saying is that politics is just a sideshow to the real deal, which is that America is being remade by capital flow, technology development, new business models, and the titans of this golden commercial age.

Partly, Huey is getting at a significant journalistic point: Business changes things faster than politics; it is more open, more accessible, and probably more democratic than politics; it attracts better, smarter, more interesting people (all this says, of course, as much about politics as it does about business). And business is a better story. But partly what Huey is reflecting is if not downright smugness then certainly a personal victory (it's interesting to see glee on such a baggy, hangdog face), because business reporters were once a clear bottom of the journalism heap (below them came technology reporters). To the extent that the character of this business epoch has been fueled by a whole series of reversals—East to West, old to new, analog to digital, corporate fat cat to start-up entrepreneur—Huey is delighting in the fact that business journalism and business journalists are now the big *machers* in the news game. (Every age gets its editor—Hef, Jann, Tina, et al.—and Huey is definitely interested in that job. Maybe he has it already?)

When the 51-year-old Huey began his business-journalism career in 1975, at the *Wall Street Journal*'s Dallas bureau—"Do you think I really wanted to be a business weenie?"—a non-business person could easily go through the day without encountering any business news at all ("Most people would not have been able to tell you if we were in a bear market or a bull market"). Now business information is at least as prevalent and as broadly distributed as sports news; the information revolution is in fact mostly a business-information revolution. And it's not just data—business news is full of emotional narrative, hot gossip, dramatic scoops. In some sense, business coverage resembles the best kind of war reporting—the daily sense of following history, of the unstoppable march of events, of waking up to dispatches that will radically alter our lives (not to mention the kill reports and body counts).



Fickle finger of fate: John Huey keeps his eye on the ball.

"This has happened over the last five years. Over the last five years everything has changed. God, these last five years have been incredible," says Huey, his feet up on the desk in an empty conference room of the new, vast, and still-staffing-up offices of *eCompany,* in a very corporate non-new-media-ish building in downtown San Francisco (the lights, which are movement-sensitive, keep going off and Huey waves his arms balletically, and then frantically, to bring them back on—but we end up sitting in the dark). Coincidentally or not, these past five years coincide with his tenure as the editor of *Fortune.*

Indeed, *Fortune,* which is celebrating its seventieth anniversary this month, was the best-selling magazine across Barnes & Noble in January (outselling, Huey seems especially pleased to note, even *Maxim*—meaning, he implies, that Americans are more interested in business than in beer and babes, which seems obviously true) and is, per subscriber, the most profitable magazine in the *Time* stable, Huey says. Surely, business media itself is the fastest-growing content business. Now, along with the major business magazines, the personal-finance titles, television's pervasive and profitable business news, and the online business hubs, portals, chat rooms, and trading sites, there are the strictly new-economy magazines: *The Industry Standard, Fast Company, Red Herring, Business 2.0,* together with *Revolution,* which launched last week, and *Fortune*'s *eCompany,* which launches in May.

Not only is every self-respecting ambitious journalist becoming a business journalist, but the great sucking sound is the sound of people being pulled away from newsrooms everywhere by the persistence of business-press headhunters and the doubling and tripling of general-news salaries. *The Industry Standard,* which will shortly have its second anniversary and now has 200 employees, will hit $100 million in revenue this year. At that rate, it will, for instance, soon be making more than *Rolling Stone.*

Last week, a New York entrepreneur who is about to launch a well-funded business portal site remarked to a San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter (who is leaving the paper for one of the business magazines making him competitive of-

Photograph by George Lange.

fers) that if he'd really been smart, the entrepreneur would have launched a paper business magazine. Likewise, looking for real revenues, the owners of the URL Business.com (who discussed co-branding with the new *Fortune* title) are now out looking to start a print magazine called *Business.com.*

OF COURSE, THERE IS THE BUBBLE ANALYSIS. That would be that this emphasis on the drama of free-market capitalism is an anomalous version of the news occasioned by the stock market and by the enthusiasm (or mania) for the Internet, and that when such manias pass (as all do), the business press will return to its limited place. But that analysis may be, ironically, too business-oriented. What it says is that business journalism is supported by business success instead of the other way around.

But you can't have a new age without the romance of the new age. Gates and Buffett and Welch and Clark and Grove and Case and Karmazin and Yang are, of course, media creations. John Huey, arguably, bears responsibility for Bill Gates as much as Bill Gates does.

"Who do you think my hero is?" Huey quizzes me.

I reflexively guess Teddy White because Teddy White is the hero of everyone who works at Time Inc. (Although Huey, much of whose career was spent at the *Journal,* and who, in fact, lives in Charleston and commutes to New York, is not a Time Inc. regular.)

"No, that's Walter's hero," Huey says, laughing, meaning *Time* managing editor Walter Isaacson, with whom, it is said, he vies in a rivalry for the editor-in-chief job at Time Inc. now held by Norm Pearlstine, the former *Wall Street Journal* editor and lion of business journalism who made Huey managing editor at *Fortune.*

"I'll bite."

"Harold Hayes," Huey says, naming the great *Esquire* editor of the sixties. "And Clay Felker," he adds, naming the editor of this magazine in the seventies.

His point, in addition to putting himself in the best company, is that his influences have little or nothing to do with business, per se, and everything to do with pop culture—even more to the point, the packaging of pop culture.

Now, there is a kind of good old business guy who collects back issues of *Fortune.* This is because *Fortune* was a class artifact. For 65 years, *Fortune* was associated with Anglo-Saxon industry (and industriousness). The business of America was serious stuff. It was in some sense secret stuff too. Clubby stuff. You had to pass a lot of tests to get into the executive ranks (special handshakes, special ties). What's more, business was, of course, no fun. But *Fortune* is, in fact, no longer for the guy who collects old *Fortunes* (*Forbes* may still be for that guy).

A reasonable definition of the new economy has little to do with economics and a lot to do with culture. Business changed because it bled into the other half of American life; there was a right-brain-left-brain crossover. Business became a lifestyle issue; the service economy, the financial industry, the media business, and personal technology entered our homes. CEOs came to have more influence on our daily lives than politicians.

"I knew there was a breakthrough kind of change when *Fortune* put Andy Grove on the cover because of his prostate cancer," says my friend Randy Rothenberg, the *Ad Age* columnist.

Counterintuitively, Huey went the other way from niche publishing. He took his business magazine and gave it wide appeal. Business, he foresaw in 1995 when he took over the magazine, was about to become the great American pastime. The new businessman was becoming the new cultural hero—rebel, philosopher, authentic person as well as rich man (but the money itself was so vast, and so apparently easy to make, that it was beside the point; character was the issue). Business was no longer about the organization man but about expressing yourself.

> *"You can't have a new age without the* **romance of the new age.** *John Huey, arguably, bears responsibility for Bill Gates as much as Bill Gates does."*

"And Jane Amsterdam," Huey says, continuing with his shortlist of formative influences.

Which is an important missing link.

The first wave of provocative business figures (the Boesky and Milken generation) emerged in the eighties and was chronicled by Amsterdam's *Manhattan, inc.* Now, a good many of those figures were crooks, and their end, as well as the end of *Manhattan, inc.,* was coincident with the collapse of the stock market in 1987. But what remained is an analysis that pushed business figures, men who controlled capital, who could imagine or reimagine the way capital could be used, to the forefront of the culture. *Manhattan, inc.* and the *Wall Street Journal* under Pearlstine (with writers like *Barbarians at the Gate* co-author Bryan Burrough, *Den of Thieves'* James B. Stewart, Laura Landro, and Jane Mayer) made an explicit connection between capitalism and character, money and drama.

MY ARGUMENT WOULD BE THAT *MANHATTAN, inc.*'s true successor magazine—following the recessionary period of the late eighties and early nineties—was *Wired,* which moved the center of capitalistic gravity from finance to technology and further developed the new fascination with the entrepreneur as folk hero. *Wired* not only articulated a culture and a reason for being that the technology industry formerly lacked but provided a road map for the rest of the media. I'd argue, too, that *Fortune,* following this map, embraced these folk heroes and became *Wired*'s successor, spreading the entrepreneurial faith and boom belief through the ranks of upper-middle managers everywhere.

With a little critical interpretation, you might say that the rise of the new economy owes as much to magazines as to silicon chips.

Their myth-making capabilities, their pageantry of advertisements and boosterism, their singular ability to distort a reader's worldview (after a few weeks of reading *The Industry Standard*'s 200-to-300-plus-page issues, you'll surely find yourself believing that no one talks or thinks or dreams about anything but the Internet), certainly help fuel an irrational enthusiasm.

Oddly, or not, the most sought-after business journalists have no background in business—Jim Ledbetter, *The Industry Standard*'s New York–bureau chief, was a well-known left-wing journalist at *The Village Voice.* Feature writers, culture writers, political writers are all coming over. The truth may actually be that business magazines in their relentless drive to fill pages will hire nearly anyone. But what is at a premium is writerly skills. If you can make it larger than life, tell a page-turning story, make romantic heroes out of accountants, then John Huey wants to hear from you.

So you the reader, instead of feeling like some guy in a hub city commuting to a useless meeting, can pull that telephone out of the seat back and really believe, like Warren Buffett or Jerry Yang or Mad Max, that you're on your way somewhere.

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

THE NATIONAL INTEREST LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

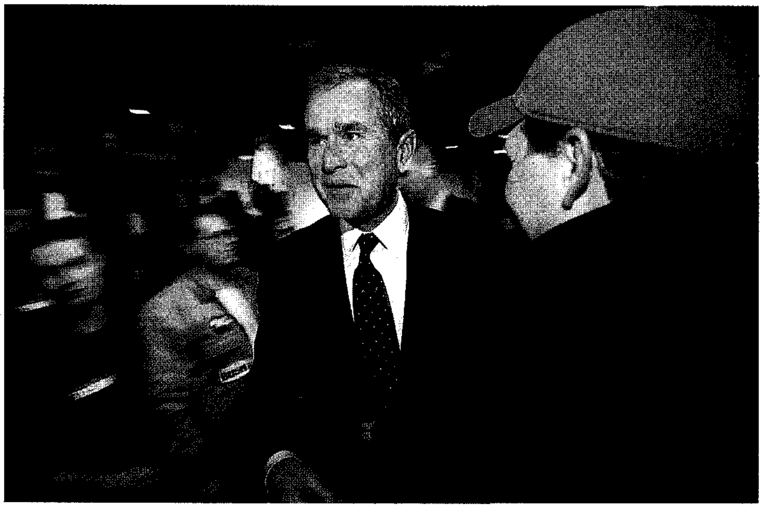
Teflon George

Questions about cocaine, a Bob Jones University cameo, and unseemly fund-raising are bullets bouncing off Bush's chest. Policy issues are the Kryptonite Gore should reach for.

ON THE LAST DAY OF CAMpaigning before Super Tuesday, John McCain chose UCLA as the site of his final event in the most important media market of the primary season. He took easy questions from an audience of friendly students before launching into his memorized stump speech, which included his well-worn denunciation of the "iron triangle" of lobbyists, money, and legislation, as well as a new rant against Texas money. "There are some billionaires from Texas trying to hijack this election," he roared, neck veins bulging. He was referring, of course, to the Wyly brothers' independently financed TV ads attacking McCain: "Tell 'em to take their dirty money back to Texas, where it belongs." McCain kept referring to Texas as if it were still part of Mexico—this from a man who was seeking the job of president of all 50 states.

Meanwhile, as McCain was repeating his distinctly unpresidential sound bites about Texas money, the governor of Texas was halfway through a tour of the nearby Museum of Tolerance at the Simon Wiesenthal Center. After the tour, George W. Bush addressed an invited audience of 200 supporters, including his most prominent show-business backers, producer Jerry Weintraub and former Warner Bros. president Terry Semel. Bush's slow read of his bland prepared text—"I am pleased to be with friends of the Wiesenthal Center, people committed to the spread of justice and tolerance"—took all of five minutes. The only person who seemed to be paying real attention was a strangely polite heckler.

When Bush said, "We must teach our children that we are one nation, one people, all American," a young man stood and said, "What about gay people? I'm sorry." With the rest of the audience in stunned silence, Bush smiled and held up his hand as if to say, "Just wait. I'm getting to that," but never stopped reading. A minute later, with the question still unaddressed, the heckler again asked, "What about gay people?" A minute away from the finish line, Bush ignored him, and the heckler gave up, apparently realizing much quicker than McCain did that trying to portray Bush as a villain just does not work.



Absolution fabulous: George W has a winning way with the crowd—and New York's forgiving cardinal archbishop.

Villains must be scary, a quality in short supply in Connecticut Yankee families like the Bushes. There is, shall we say, a simplicity about George W—which liberals wrongly interpret as stupidity. He is anything but threatening, especially in person. Most of his Wiesenthal Center audience was probably as in favor of gay rights as the heckler, but none of them needed reassurance that Bush was not a gay-basher at heart.

If Al Gore has learned anything from the Republican battle for the nomination, it should be that bullets bounce off Bush. What ever happened to the first controversy that Bush stumbled into last summer, the *Governor, have you ever used cocaine?* question? After a couple of weeks, the brouhaha just petered out without Bush's ever uttering anything as memorable and credibility-shredding as Bill Clinton's "I did not inhale."

And consider the outcome of Bush's most recent dip in hot water, after he stopped in at America's last bastion of anti-Catholic bigotry. Just when it looks like Bush will never outrun the Bob Jones story, he gets absolution of sorts, *over the phone,* from no less than the cardinal archbishop of New York—and goes on to win a majority of the Catholic vote on Super Tuesday.

In the sprint to Super Tuesday, Gore echoed McCain's complaints about the Wyly brothers' ads and squeezed a line into his victory speech about "secretly funded special-interest attack ads." Still, Gore all but begged Bush "to make this a contest of ideas and not insults." Gore, as much as any presidential candidate since Nixon, has shown that he's willing to do pretty much anything to get elected, and he'd gamely run a campaign of insults if he thought he could win. But Bush's insult writers are too good and have way too much material to work with. "I will remind Al Gore," Bush said in his victory speech, "that Americans do not want a White House where there is 'no controlling legal authority.' "

Gore wants to talk policy not just because he would lose an insult contest but because he would probably win a pure policy contest. Most voters agree with Gore that abortion should be legal, that tax cuts should be small, that the rest of the federal budget surplus should be used to shore up Social Security and Medicare, and that nothing is more important than education. Bush thinks he can hold his own with Gore in an education-policy debate, what with increasing test scores in Texas to point to and pub-

Photograph by Brooks Kraft/Corbis Sygma.

lic support growing—especially in minority communities—for federally funded vouchers that would allow poor students the chance to attend private schools. Ask chief Bush-campaign strategist Karl Rove what he wants to run on in the general election, and he says, "Education all the time, 24-7." That's an especially good answer when you know you'll lose a debate on every other important policy issue in the campaign.

The only way to get Gore off the policy talk is for Bush to continue to talk—if not 24-7, then at least 12-7—about his crusade "to return exiled honor to the White House." The "no controlling legal authority" line will probably get a permanent position in the Bush stump speech, as will the now long list of names of Clinton-Gore fund-raisers who have been indicted, convicted, or otherwise implicated in violations of campaign-finance laws. And this will invite the Gore campaign to make the only big mistake available to it in the next eight months: fighting fire with fire.

> *"Gore, as much as any presidential candidate since Nixon, would gamely run* **a campaign of insults** *if he thought he could win. But Bush's insult writers have way too much material to work with."*

The modern campaign rule book says you must never let an attack go unanswered. Presidential campaigners who have not lived by this rule have died by it—Michael Dukakis, Bill Bradley. Gore, who has lived by this rule religiously, can be counted on to return Bush's fire with attacks on Bush's own fund-raising practices and Bush's opposition to McCain-style campaign-finance reform. In fact, the first Gore press release issued after McCain dropped out of the race was about "the millions of dollars of soft money spent in the Republican campaign by Bush's Texas friends." Nothing should make the Bush campaign happier. The more mud Gore throws back at Bush (which Bush has already shown is very unlikely to stick), the more sound bites Gore will be producing that are not about Medicare, Social Security, tax cuts, the economy, and education—the very issues that can win the election for him. ■

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Robert Botti, *Oboe*
Johann Sebastian Bach
Brandenburg Concerto No.4 in G Major, BWV 1049
Krystof Witek, *Violin*
Gretchen Pusch, Tanya Dusevic Witek, *Flutes*
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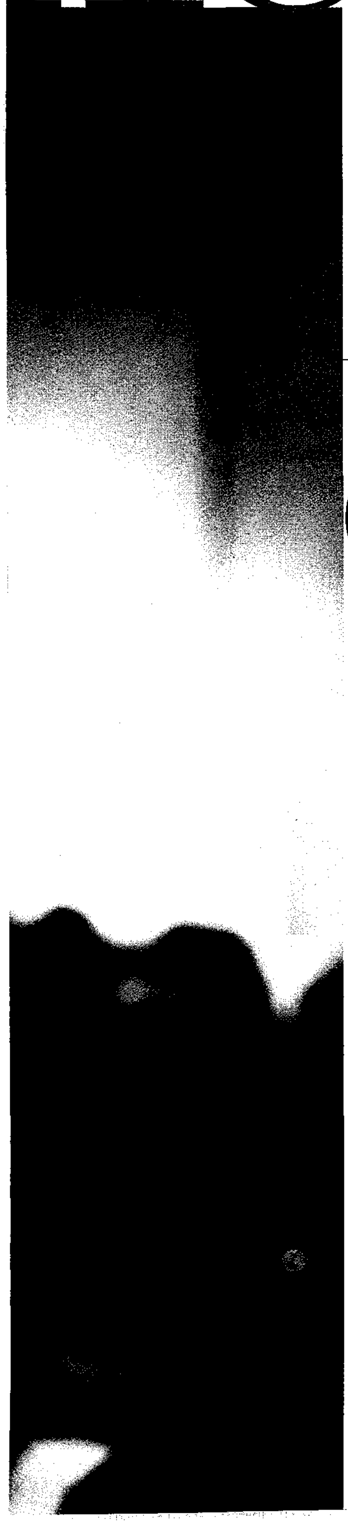
Prix E

xe?

The price-fixing scandal embroiling the world’s two most venerable auction houses is more than indecorous—it might mean actual jail time. And it also raises the question: Does a true gentleman turn state’s evidence? By Christopher Mason



“I’M IMPRESSED AL HAS THE COURAGE to show his face,” says a wealthy Fifth Avenue collector, glancing in awe at A. Alfred Taubman, the embattled former Sotheby’s chairman. “In his position, I’d be home, not answering the phone.”

As guests savor the lobster and caviar canapés at Sotheby’s elegant York Avenue boardroom on February 29, the atmosphere is eerily reminiscent of twilight cocktails aboard the *Titanic*. The party is being hosted by the former chairman’s wife, Judy Taubman, to introduce a cluster of 40 or so chicly dressed New York philanthropists to her new friends the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who are seeking to rustle up $25 million to build a public garden on the grounds of their castle in England. But the price-fixing scandal that’s roiled the auction world since late January casts a formidable shadow.

Chatting with Veronica Hearst, Taubman shies away when snapped by a photographer who turns out to be shooting for *Vogue*. “Don’t worry,” the dark-lipped socialite reassures her imperiled friend. “I’m a Hearst. They’ll never print it.”

The room is rife with tension, punctuated by a relentless exchange of air kisses and handshakes. Into this social swirl, a hapless photographer rushes to capture the spectacle of Taubman’s radiant blonde wife embracing the dignified Princess Mimi Romanoff and collides with a waiter. The crash sends a tray full of sticky sour-apple cocktails hurtling toward the 75-year-old Taubman. In a flash, there is fragrant sour-apple cocktail dripping from the left leg and elbow of his otherwise immaculate dark-blue suit.

A nervous public-relations aide proffers a tiny paper napkin to mop up the spreading mess.

“It won’t help,” Taubman says indignantly.

JUST TWO MONTHS AGO, FEW COULD HAVE predicted Taubman’s current humiliations. Sotheby’s and Christie’s, those rarefied clearinghouses of precious objects and frequent hosts to the civilized world’s most discerning collectors, have until now enjoyed a virtual duopoly, with a combined 90 percent of the world’s fine-art auction business, generating near-record hammer sales last year of $2.3 billion apiece. To signal their high hopes for the future of the auction business in these boom times, both firms recently expanded into vast new Manhattan headquarters that reflect not only their preeminence in the art world but their efforts to redefine themselves in the dawning age of Internet commerce.

But now the two archrivals are embroiled in the most explosive scandal of the auction houses’ entwined 200-year history. And Taubman has good cause to shun the press he once courted. Both firms face a slew of potentially crippling civil lawsuits stemming from an ongoing investigation by the Department of Justice into whether they illegally colluded in 1992 and 1995 to fix virtually identical commission rates. In light of these events, the firms' stupendous new premises may have been built on illegally gained profits. On January 28, Christie's sent shock waves through the art world by revealing it had turned over evidence to the Justice Department in connection with its antitrust investigation. In alerting the world to this whiff of malfeasance, Christie's deftly pointed out that the "possible conduct" had taken place prior to its current ownership by French luxury-goods magnate François Pinault (who bought the company for $1.19 billion in 1998). In a coup de grâce, Christie's added that the firm had been granted conditional amnesty by the Feds.

With disturbing new reports of documents allegedly implicating Taubman in an illegal scheme, he and Sotheby's widely respected former chief executive Diana D. Brooks (both of whom stepped down from their posts on February 21) could face the horrifying prospect of going to jail for up to three years.

This is hardly the way Taubman imagined his $38.5 million white-knight investment in Sotheby's would turn out. Because Sotheby's and Christie's have always attracted persons of wealth and social standing as clients and patrons, they have also always attracted employees and owners eager to join these exalted circles. Taubman, a Detroit-born businessman with a reputation for commercial genius, was no exception.

In 1983, fresh from a California real-estate deal that transformed him from a wealthy detail-oriented developer of innovative shopping malls into a truly rich international investor, Taubman was enlisted by David Metcalfe, a jet-set figure with close ties to the British royal family, as the man to save Sotheby's from a pair of eighties-style leveraged raiders.

Though the acquisition elevated Taubman from a relatively unknown figure to a staple of the society pages, he wasted no time in turning the snobbish auction house from an insular upper-class institution into a service-obsessed marketing machine. In his first speech to employees, Taubman informed the shabbily genteel staff that he had been snubbed by them numerous times in his previous dealings with Sotheby's as an art buyer. And he made it clear that he would no longer tolerate such condescension.

Born into a prosperous family, Taubman often said he could never shake the uncanny feeling that someday he might lose his fortune, as his father, a farmer and aspiring builder, had done during the Depression. The loss of his family's money, combined with a penchant for commercial innovation and social adventure, created in him a powerful personal drive. He once described the acquisition of Sotheby's as "buying the throne." Both he and his striking Israeli-born wife—who once worked the front desk at Christie's, a job noted more for the opportunities to meet a husband with deep pockets than to launch a career—relished their roles as king and queen of Sotheby's.

NOTABLY ABSENT from the Taubmans' late-February gathering is the dynamic and socially luminous former Sotheby's boss Dede Brooks. "Dede and Alfred haven't had a conversation in a month," reveals a source intimately acquainted with their peregrinations. "They're not allowed to talk to each other. Only through lawyers."

This is a far cry from the hard-charging years when Taubman prized the kind of creativity Brooks exhibited as she leaped at new opportunities for the ossified Sotheby's, like creating the controversial but lucrative service of financing customers' purchases.

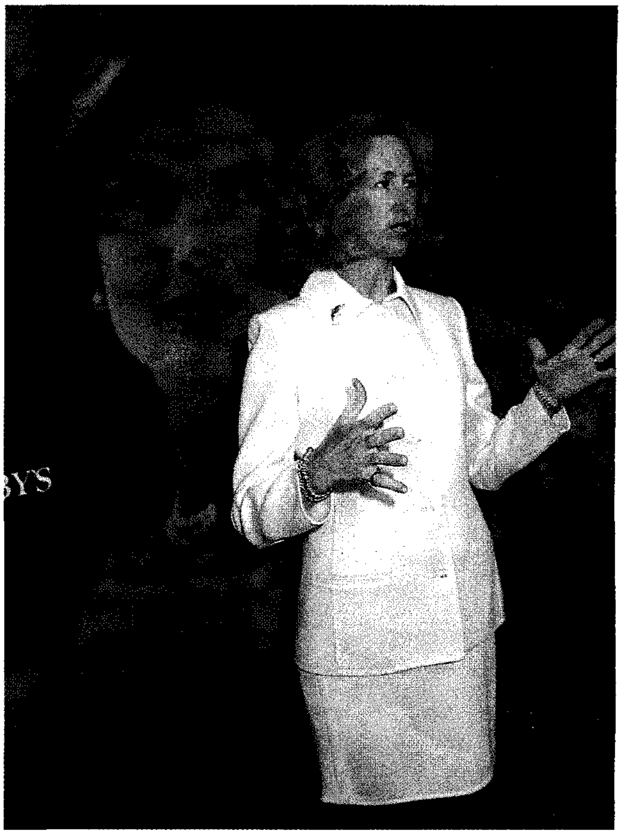
For the 49-year-old Dede Brooks, the situation can be nothing short of devastating. A brilliant financial whiz who joined the firm in 1979, she was until recently the most powerful woman in the art world, virtually indistinguishable from the auction house she helped steer from a snobbish, hidebound relic to an aggressive global brand. "Dede's obsessed by Sotheby's," one woman who has worked at both houses says. "It's her life. It's really got to be a terrible blow."

"Dede's so smart," another former colleague observes. "I can't imagine she'd do anything so stupid."

At the same time she abruptly resigned from Sotheby's, Brooks also stepped down from the prestigious board of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, where she had served for three years. Also since resigning from her job at Sotheby's, Brooks has put her Greenwich, Connecticut, house up for sale, asking $4 million for the 7,262-square-foot Colonial she and her husband, Michael C. Brooks, a partner in the venture-capital firm J.H. Whitney, purchased for $1.5 million in 1991. A company loyalist through and through, Brooks is selling it through Sotheby's International Realty.

In light of her current predicament, a story on the house due to run in the May issue of *Architectural Digest* was indefinitely postponed.

Throughout the art world, there remains a genuine sense of shock that Dede Brooks is no longer at the helm at Sotheby's. "I have the highest regard for that woman," says one prominent dealer. "And I haven't found anyone in this backbiting world to say anything seriously against her. Okay, she's a businesswoman and extremely tough. But that's to be expected."



WHAT, ME WORRY?: Above, Diana D. Brooks presides at the Jackie O. auction. Opposite: At Sotheby's cocktail party, Judy and Alfred Taubman (left) and the Duchess of Northumberland.

THE INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE THAT caused this turmoil, Christie's indicated, had come from Christopher Davidge, the firm's British-born former chief executive, whose sudden departure after 34 years was announced on Christmas Eve in a terse internal e-mail sent to the company's 2,200 employees worldwide. Distancing itself from any skulduggery, the company issued a statement claiming it had only "recently become aware" of the evidence and that it had

Photographs: this spread, left to right, Robin Plazer/Twin Images; Cutty McGill. Previous spread, photograph by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos

"immediately disclosed that information to the government."

High-minded as that sounded, the question has inevitably arisen in the art world whether Christie's disclosure to the Justice Department was calculated as a brilliant, if cutthroat, attempt to destroy its longtime rival, Sotheby's. Antitrust investigations are notoriously difficult to prove, and after three years of probing, the government's case seemed at a virtual standstill until the firm's dramatic January announcement.

Another theory propounded by a Christie's insider locates the blame in the troubled relationship between Davidge and Pinault. According to those who worked with him, Davidge was "this working-class guy who'd worked his way, through the dirty end of the business, to suddenly become Mr. La-di-da, I'm-Mr.-Head-of-Christie's."

Davidge, the employee continues, "whipped Christie's into shape and could take credit for the fact that it suddenly had a greater volume of business than Sotheby's. I have a feeling he did this as a fuck-you to Pinault. They had a terrible, terrible relationship because Pinault took over his company."

"If you break the law, you have to pay, you know what I mean?" says Herbert Black, a multi-millionaire furniture collector who's suing both houses.

So this version of events gives Davidge the final rebellious gesture to the man who bought his company: "It wasn't *his*, but he was running it. And after all, he was very, very self-aggrandizing."

It's widely discussed in the London art world that the evidence supplied by Davidge last year in exchange for immunity from prosecution is a memo written to him by Sir Anthony Tennant, an old Etonian who exudes the patrician air of an admiral, who served as Christie's chairman from 1993 to 1996. That document is said to outline a telephone conversation that took place in the mid-nineties between Sir Anthony and Alfred Taubman, during which the two men debated the commissions charged by the two firms. Sources reported to have read the memo say that it could be interpreted as a price-fixing agreement.

David Price, Davidge's London-based lawyer, however, insists that his client's abrupt departure from Christie's was not prompted by the antitrust investigation or by a dispute with François Pinault. And spokesmen for Christie's, Taubman, and Morgan Stanley (where Sir Anthony currently serves as a senior adviser) declined to comment on the memo's existence.

NEVERTHELESS, THE BLOW TO SOTHEby's and Taubman has been considerable. From a high of $47 last year, the firm's shares plummeted two weeks ago to a meager $14.50 on February 22, effectively erasing some $1.3 billion of the firm's market value and essentially putting the company in play. Reports that cash-rich upstart eBay was negotiating to buy Sotheby's pushed the price up on March 1, but eBay promptly denied it was interested.

Christie's, meanwhile, is hardly off the legal hook. Following the initial thunderclap of revelations, a succession of class-action civil suits—three dozen so far—has been filed against Sotheby's and Christie's by clients enraged to hear that they may have been overcharged by tens of millions of dollars in commissions inflated by an illegal price-fixing scheme. If successful, the litigants could recover their losses threefold. The first lawsuit was filed on January 30 by Herbert Black, a maverick Canadian multi-millionaire scrap dealer who owns what is known as an "important" collection of Georgian furniture.

"If you break the law, you have to pay, you know what I mean?" Black says, calling on a cell phone from his car in Quebec. "They're not higher and above the law." Black clearly relishes the notoriety his lawsuit may bring him. "You've talked to people—what's their attitude to Mr. Black?" he asks cheerfully. "Is Mr. Black a scumbag for doing that? . . . Okay, I might have lost a few friends and made a few enemies; so be it."

The current imbroglio is not Herbert Black's first war with Sotheby's. In 1994, he bought a pair of George III chairs at the firm's London salesroom for a record £851,000. Soon afterward, Black was understandably chagrined to discover that the chairs were worthless fakes, made in 1990 by deft miscreants who have since gone to jail. Sotheby's promptly fired the London experts who had failed to spot the fakers' handiwork and has since reached a settlement with Black, who insists that his latest suit is not motivated by revenge.

To wage his new legal battle with Sotheby's and Christie's, Black has hired Christopher Lovell, a formidable antitrust attorney who in 1997 won a record $1.027 billion settlement in a price-fixing case related to the NASDAQ market. "The highest evil in the pantheon of evils is price-fixing, according to the antitrust courts," Lovell explains. "And so far, the defendants have conspicuously failed to deny the allegations."

Leading the Department of Justice's case is John J. Greene, a Brooklyn-born antitrust prosecutor whose past courtroom triumphs include a 1991 conviction of Manischewitz, the celebrated Jersey City baker accused of fixing the price on about $25 million of kosher-for-Passover matzo between 1981 and 1986.

Beginning in 1997, Greene was also behind an investigation of a dozen or so leading private art dealers accused of "ring" bidding—an ingenious scheme for swindling sellers and auction houses whereby a circle of dealers agree not to bid against one another in the auction room so that the cheaply traded object can be sold afterward in a higher-stakes private auction among themselves. Although many dealers were investigated in a flurry of subpoenas and legal fees three years ago, the case appears to have fallen by the wayside as Greene takes on the infinitely higher-profile, bigger-stakes auction-house case.

"You didn't hear this from me," says a well-known SoHo contemporary-art dealer who is a veteran of the byzantine wars of the art world. "But when the Justice

Department was investigating the dealers three years ago, how do you think they got the idea of looking into the auction houses? You don't have to be a genius to figure out that it began with a few vindictive dealers pointing the finger at Sotheby's and Christie's."

AS THE AUCTIONEERS STRUGGLE TO put their houses in order, the art market they have labored to control for so long is rapidly changing. As purveyors of luxury goods, both firms are stymied by a dwindling supply of exceptional objects coming to market as the soaring Dow erodes owners' motivation to sell. Simultaneously, the two firms face the challenge of that great democratizer: the Internet.

Before the eighties, the vast majority of buyers at Sotheby's and Christie's were sharp-eyed dealers cheaply snapping up the heirlooms of toffs desperate to raise quick cash to handle the indignities of death, divorce, and debt.

"How do you think the Feds got the idea of looking into the auction houses?" asks a SoHo dealer. "A few vindictive dealers pointing the finger at Sotheby's and Christie's."

When Alfred Taubman bought Sotheby's in 1983, he quickly recognized the vast profits to be made by selling to collectors directly. Drawing upon his expertise as a mall mogul, he perfected the practice of turning auction houses into luxurious retail establishments, with educational programs to instill confidence, lavish receptions to lure the socially intrepid, and controversial multi-million-dollar loans to encourage astronomical bids. Ingenious as a business strategy, the plan inevitably enraged dealers, who saw their profits steadily eroded.

Dealers' fury has only intensified during the past decade, as Sotheby's and Christie's have swallowed up even more of their territory by acting as dealers themselves, privately selling to a well-cultivated global network of clients works of art that do not come up at auction.

Since the scandal broke, the overriding mood at big-ticket art-world events in New York has been a mix of exultation, rage, and bewilderment. As hundreds of collectors and dealers mingle at the Art Show at the Park Avenue armory and the so-called Armory show held at the Javits Center two weekends ago, speculation about the fate of Sotheby's and Christie's is on everyone's lips.

"I guess you could call it sweet revenge," says a well-known Fifth Avenue dealer at the Javits Center, darting nervous glances from side to side to ensure no auction-house employees are within earshot. "It's always been a weird relationship between the dealers and the auction houses," she adds. "We need them, so we can't afford to appear too gleeful. Okay, they have mud on their faces. But they're still the biggest game in town."

Uptown at the Armory, 57th Street contemporary-art dealer Joseph Helman seems altogether upbeat, predicting that the current brouhaha will break up the duopoly long held by the two leading auction firms, to everyone's advantage.

"It's a natural evolution," he says brightly. "It's not so different from the situation with Microsoft, or the breakup of the phone company. The auction business is changing, like every other business. Ultimately, I think it will make the market stronger."

But while some express unmitigated glee at seeing the powerful auction houses' reputations in tatters, others speak of shock at the devastating turn of events for Al Taubman and Dede Brooks.

"I'm no fan of the auction houses," admits a Chelsea contemporary-art dealer. "But this situation only proves how screwed up the American justice system's amnesty policy is. How inequitable is it that if two people trespass some law in a way that basically doesn't hurt anybody and one provides the dirt to the Feds, the snitch gets to go scot-free while the other gets taken to the cleaners? It's Monica Lewinsky revisited, only Christie's gets to play Linda Tripp and this John Greene guy gets to swagger about like he's Ken Starr. And no one's even getting a blow job out of this."

Yet others seem downright blasé about the matter. "So many immoral things take place in the art world," a former Impressionism expert at Sotheby's complains, "like dealers who unscrupulously take advantage of a novice buyer by convincing them to buy a third-rate piece at a top price." Price-fixing just doesn't seem to measure up.

Opinion in the art world seems universally supportive of Dede Brooks and mindful of her strong character. And the new chairman of Sotheby's, former Columbia University president Michael Sovern, confirms that she is repaying that confidence with loyalty to the firm. "She has not been involved in making decisions," he points out. "But she has been speaking to clients and urging them to remain loyal to Sotheby's."

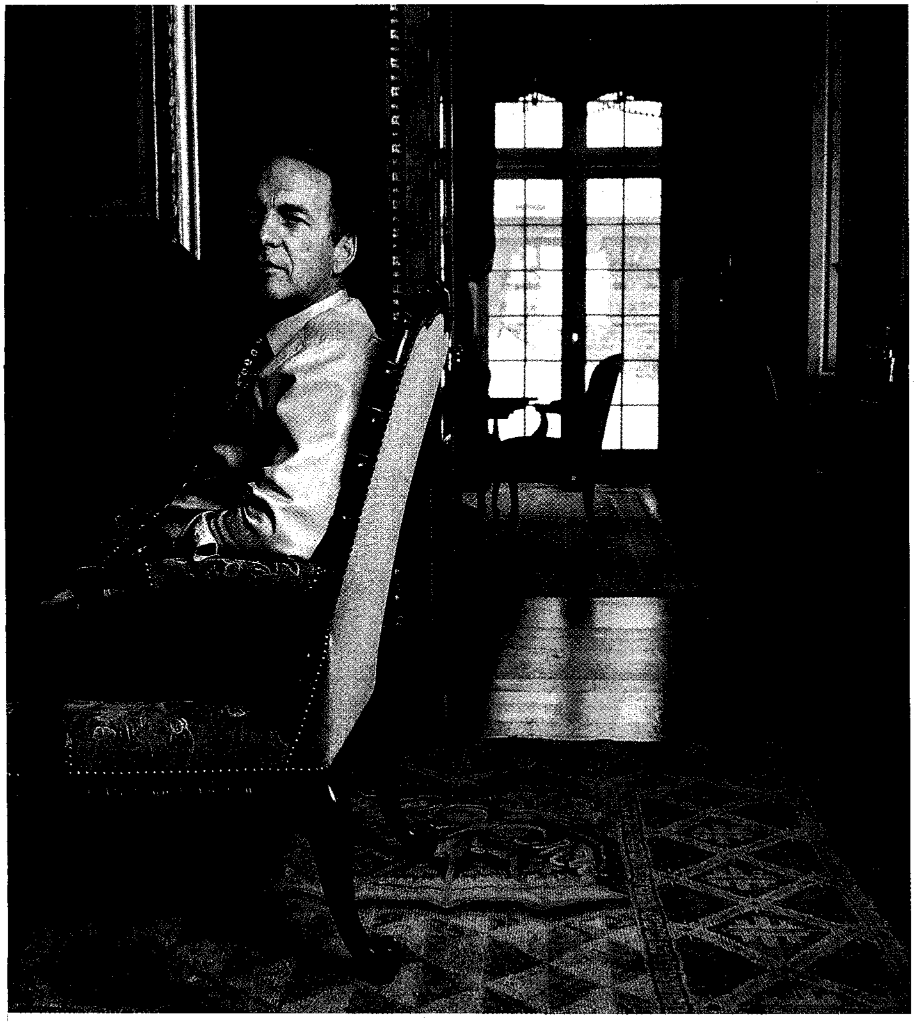
IF SOTHEBY'S AND CHRISTIE'S DID INDEED collude in 1992 and 1995, it was perhaps not out of greed but out of terror. During the record highs of the Impressionist sales in summer 1990, gasps of amazement filled New York auction rooms when a Japanese paper mogul, Ryoei Saito, paid $82.5 million for Van Gogh's portrait of Dr. Gachet and $78.1 million for Renoir's *Au Moulin de la Galette* at Sotheby's, where hammer sales for the year reached a still-unsurpassed $2.4 billion. Stalled by the economic doldrums that followed the Gulf War in 1991, however, revenues at both firms plunged a staggering 50 percent, prompting multiple staff layoffs and a seemingly unshakable aura of gloom. While the houses slogged through the art-market recession of 1991–96, income at Sotheby's and Christie's sank perilously low as the auction houses competed for major consignments by slashing the official 10 per-

HEAVY METAL: Above, the Golden Hamster of Christie' Chris Davidge; opposite, Herbert Black, scrap mercha and antiques collector, in his Montreal home.

Photographs: left; Corbis/Sygma; right, Steve Pyke/Matrix.

cent seller's commissions to zero, effectively wiping out profits.

In 1992, starved for income and mindful of restless stockholders, Sotheby's announced it was raising its 10 percent premium to 15 percent for the first $50,000. Seven weeks later, Christie's followed suit. "In the end, we really had no choice," Christopher Davidge told the New York *Times* that December. "Internally, we really were hoping we wouldn't have to raise the buyer's premium at all, but in the end, we felt it was important to be competing with Sotheby's on a level playing field." Given the grim economic climate, few questioned the motivation or wisdom of the matching price hike.



Although income was somewhat buoyed as a result, profits remained dauntingly low at Sotheby's and Christie's. In an effort to dig his house out of its hole, Al Taubman made Dede Brooks Sotheby's chief executive in 1994, having been impressed with her financial acumen and tenacity. No less ambitious, Christopher Davidge had recently ascended to the rival position at Christie's, and both set out aggressively to attract business.

Davidge, truculent and often at odds with Christie's board members, made no pretense of his determination to beat Sotheby's, whose successes Christie's had trailed for 40 years. Irreverently known as the Golden Hamster for his stout build and meticulous grooming, he was a highly effective but unlikely leader for the London-based auction house, still known for its ranks of Old Etonians with impeccable connections to cash-strapped aristocrats eager to sell off heirlooms. Raised in London, where his grandfather, father, and mother toiled at Christie's in clerical jobs, Davidge rose from the decidedly unglamorous catalogue-printing side of the business, determined to make his mark at the very institution where his parents could never rise beyond their lower-middle-class status.

"He was definitely from the wrong side of the tracks," a former colleague remembers. "You could tell by his accent and by his mane of white hair that was all swept back. It looked like he'd spent an hour every morning under the blow-dryer."

Since his departure from Christie's, Davidge, 54, has been vacationing in India with Amrita Jhaveri, 29, an expert in Christie's Asian-artifacts department, whom he has been dating since 1998. Rumored to have received a multi-million-dollar severance package, he is also said to still be negotiating with the Justice Department for personal amnesty in exchange for past and future cooperation.

BROOKS, MEANWHILE, GREW UP IN Laurel Hollow, on Long Island's North Shore, where her father, Martin Dwyer Jr., a Yale-educated lawyer turned businessman, urged her to compete with her two older brothers. Outgoing and athletic, she attended the legendary all-girls Miss Porter's school in Farmington—also the alma mater of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, whose bric-a-brac she would personally auction off in 1996 for an astounding $34.5 million. A superb student, she also went to Yale, where she remains a board member. Brooks generated considerable respect at Sotheby's despite a reputation for toughness. "I thought the world of her," says Christopher Gow, a former nineteenth-century-sculpture specialist at the firm. "She shot from the hip, but most of the staff liked her because she knew everyone's names and fought with the board to get us salary raises. Al Taubman adored her."

Initially, at least. As Brooks gained confidence and power, their strong, and notably different, personalities began to chafe. "Al and Dede used to be very close," recalls one Sotheby's insider. "Then she really started resenting having someone to report to—and he's not easy to report to—so she did a lot of things he wasn't happy about. But his view was that you can't take her power away. She took total advantage, and got free rein because she was making money for the stockholders. Over time, she kept him out of the business."

As competition between Sotheby's and Christie's grew fiercer, the practice of eliminating the seller's commission in order to win business spiraled into a pattern of increasingly extravagant inducements. Cajoled over boardroom banquets and Upper East Side dinners given by prominent socialites paid by Christie's and Sotheby's to drum up business, prospective sellers were enticed with offers of free cataloguing, insurance, shipping, or world tours of their collections, all at the auction houses' expense.

Something, clearly, had to give. On March 10, 1995, Christie's announced the introduction of a nonnegotiable sliding scale of seller's commissions, ranging from 2 to 20 percent, based on the value of each consignment. Five weeks later, on April 14, Sotheby's matched Christie's scheme precisely.

Many close to Taubman seem genuinely flabbergasted that he could have been involved in an illegal scheme. "Alfred is honorable to a fault,” says a former Sotheby’s expert. “He’s so honest and aboveboard, I find it impossible to believe he’d knowingly do anything illegal. It’s just not in his character.”

Aside from some astonishment that Sotheby’s, traditionally the more aggressive firm, appeared to be taking its lead from Christie’s, few expressed surprise at the identical fees. “Obviously, it was in both our interests to charge the same commission,” recalls Christopher Gow. “So no one seemed to suspect that anything illegal was going on.”

Legal or not, the results were notably effective for both houses. Christie’s profits leaped from $25.2 million in 1994 to $33.9 million in 1995 to $53.6 million in 1996, while Sotheby’s profits jumped from $20.3 million to $32.6 million to $40.9 million over the same period.

“If you think hearing about those kinds of numbers drove dealers crazy with suspicion, you’re right,” says the contemporary-art dealer in SoHo.

> **“It makes you wonder what Sotheby’s is thinking,” notes a dealer in Chelsea. “Sothebys-dot-Amazon-dot-com—it sounds like Hermès-dot-Kmart-dot-com.”**

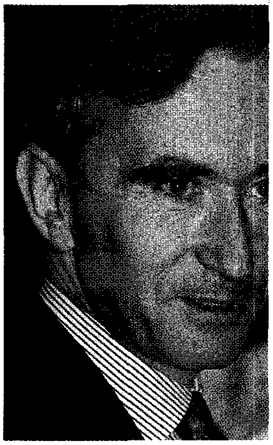
NEWS OF THEIR MONSTROUS LEGAL woes comes at a critical time for both companies, as Sotheby’s seeks to tout the viability of its controversial new online auction site, www.sothebys.com—launched in January at a staggering to-date cost of $41 million—while Christie’s hopes to justify its radical decision to remove itself from the fray of high-volume, low-value online commerce.

Fiscal prognosticators at both firms weighing their online options back in 1998 could hardly fail to notice the mounting success of eBay, whose 10 million registered users last year generated $4 billion in sales with a $215.9 million profit for the San José, California–based company. Ostensibly, of course, the traditional auction houses have very different reputations, and merchandise, to sell. Last year, the average lot on eBay sold for $40—a far cry from the $60.5 million fetched at Sotheby’s last year for Cézanne’s *Rideau, Cruchon et Compotier* and the $45 million for Picasso’s *Nu Au Fauteuil Noir* at Christie’s.

Sotheby’s, the traditional innovator of the two firms, moved first to hoist its venerable name online for Internet auctions. Behind this effort was David Redden, the entrepreneurial head of Sotheby’s books-and-manuscripts department. Last June, Sotheby’s announced a deal with Internet giant Amazon.com to launch sothebys.amazon.com, a site for novice collectors. To cement the deal, the Seattle-based Amazon agreed to invest $45 million in stock, host the site at its Seattle headquarters, and provide the technology, the site design, and half the marketing costs.

Audacious as it may have been as a business move, the creation of sothebys.amazon.com struck some in the art world as a dubious achievement, guaranteed to dilute some of the glamour of the Sotheby’s name. “It makes you wonder what Sotheby’s is thinking,” notes a leading decorative-arts dealer in Chelsea. “Sothebys-dot-Amazon-dot-com—it sounds like Hermès-dot-Kmart-dot-com.”

As a counterweight to the mass-oriented Amazon site, Sotheby’s has also established sothebys.com, an elite Website for what it sees as a discerning but untapped global audience. “It’s been a gleam in the eye for quite some time,” Redden says of the site, which consumed an alarming $40 million of capital in 1999 alone. Designed to offer fine and decorative art, antiques, jewelry, watches, and books, it was launched in January with a $15 million advertising campaign.



In order to find vast quantities of merchandise to feed the theoretically insatiable appetite of Internet buyers, along with the necessary guarantees of authenticity and quality, Redden came up with the idea of signing up thousands of the dealers around the world upon whom Christie’s and Sotheby’s depend for much of their business. Redden persuaded Dede Brooks of the necessity to sign them up fast. And to corral the dealers whose names would lend prestige to the venture, Brooks personally scurried around Manhattan’s Upper East Side in her chauffeur-driven limousine, signing up recruits.

Richard Feigen, one of Manhattan’s most exalted fine-art dealers, received one such visit. “I’d promised Dede I would participate,” he recalls, “so when she ran over to my office to sign me up, I said, ‘Okay, Dede,’ and gave her my name. But I didn’t think much about it at the time.”

Feigen is not holding his breath for dazzling online results. Asked to supply an object for the first postings on sothebys.com in January, he selected a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the eighteenth-century portraitist. “I didn’t know what to put on there, frankly,” Feigen says. “I mean, we don’t have any garbage-y Picassos or Chagalls or anything like that.”

During the three weeks the Reynolds portrait appeared on sothebys.com, Feigen received just two responses—a woman calling to report that she was married to a descendant of the sitter and a man in the Midwest offering to pony up half of the low estimate. “Those were the only two contacts we had,” Feigen says. “But we weren’t expecting anything anyway, so it really didn’t matter to me.”

Feigen’s partner, Frances Beatty, adds, laughing: “The Internet is sort of like a Pandora’s box that exposes us to the kind of people that Richard has spent 30 years trying to eliminate from our radar.”

Noting that roughly 30 percent of all the property sold at Sotheby’s live auctions goes to absentee bidders who have presumably seen the object only in a catalogue, Redden counters: “If you live in New York or London, it’s not difficult to get to an exhibition. But if you live in Chicago or Hong Kong, you’re obviously out of the running unless you can afford the time to travel there to touch and feel it.”

Christie’s, meanwhile, has taken a radically different approach to the Internet, having decided not to sign on with a major online retailer. Explaining the move, an executive told the *Times,* “We made a decision to protect the integrity of our brand name.” The idea of working with an outside team to sell high-volume, low-value merchandise, he added, “didn’t

Photographs: left, Alain Le Bot/Liaison; right, Raymond Reuter/Sygma.

CLEAN TEAM: Opposite, Christie's and Phillips's new chiefs, François Pinault, left, and Bernard Arnault. Above, Sotheby's new team: Left to right, Robin Woodhead, Bill Ruprecht, Deborah Zoullas, and Michael Sovern.

make commercial sense . . . We seek greater efficiency and market share at the top end of the business."

While Christie's decision to remove itself from the fray of high-volume, low-value online auctions may turn out to be profitable, it has prompted a considerable exodus of executives and experts from the 234-year-old company, lured by the promise of stock options and plumper salaries at online art and auction sites.

Christie's is not alone in seeing departures from its ranks because of the Internet, however. Last year, the entire collectibles department of Sotheby's in London offered itself en masse to eBay. Politely rebuffed by the Internet giant, they wound up at I-collector, a London-based auction Website.

TO FILL THE GAPING VOID LEFT BY Brooks's departure, the Sotheby's board has appointed Bill Ruprecht, a former rug expert who has nominally run the firm's North and South American operations since 1994—the year Brooks assumed control of the company's operations worldwide. Some question whether he is up to the task. "Bill's an extremely nice guy," observes one Sotheby's veteran. "But he's basically incapable of making a decision. He deferred to Dede in everything."

The problem, ex–Sotheby's staff members explain, is that Brooks was so allergic to disagreement that she purposefully stocked Sotheby's senior management with malleable executives. One former department head agrees: "She's not a good delegator."

But even if Sotheby's straightens out its affairs, an even greater threat lurks in the background. The auction houses may now be considered valuable pawns in the global luxury-goods wars currently raging. Since the recent debacle, the most ardent suitor for Taubman's controlling stake in Sotheby's is said to be Bernard Arnault, the relentlessly acquisitive Paris-based chairman of LVMH, the world's leading luxury-goods conglomerate, who last year snapped up Phillips, the London-based auction house, for $120 million. In an urgent reprise of talks the two men secretly held last fall before the current auction-house scandal, Sotheby's majority shareholder and the LVMH emperor are said to be in the midst of negotiating a deal for Arnault to acquire Taubman's shares.

"Arnault was dying to buy Sotheby's last year, but he basically didn't offer Alfred enough money," says a source close to Taubman. "Alfred's position was, 'It's not for sale, but for the right price it could be.' "

If Arnault succeeds this time around, however, the 50-year-old Frenchman may triumph in his goal of overtaking his longtime business archrival, the 63-year-old François Pinault. Former pals, the two are now said to despise each other. Each has a net worth in the billions and a fierce desire to rout his foe's ambitions for dominance of the luxury market.

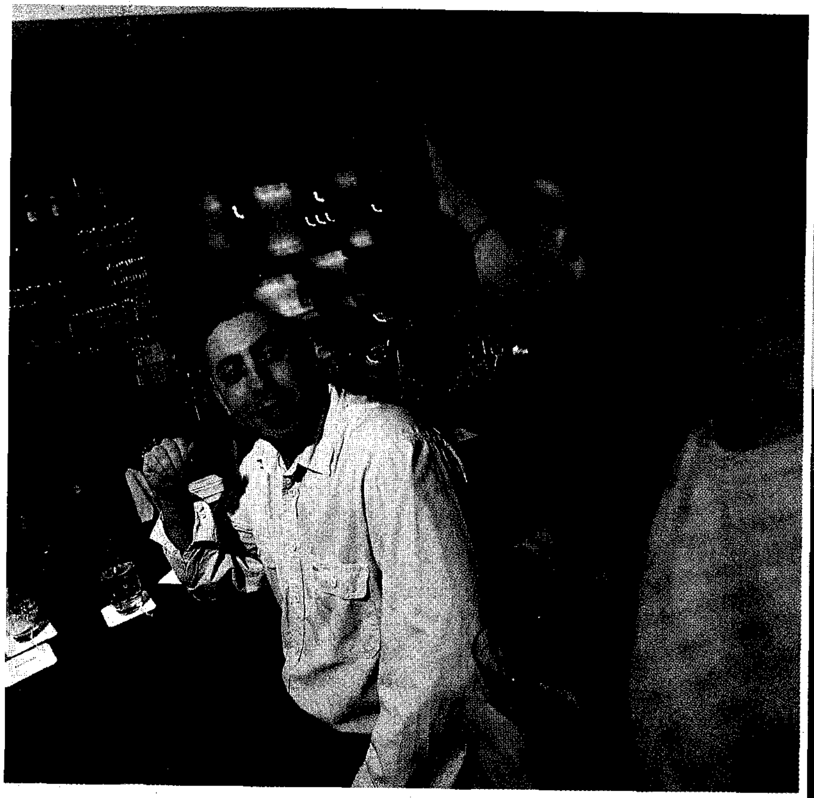
Last year, the two French titans fought an ugly and expensive duel for control of Gucci, the ultimate fashion accessory of the late nineties. Still seeking revenge, Arnault beat Pinault after another drawn-out fight in February by gaining control of Etude Tajan, France's leading auction house, which he is expected to merge with Phillips in a tactical maneuver to trump Christie's chances in the soon-to-expand French market. This spring, the French government has pledged to rescind the 450-year-old national monopoly that has prevented non-French houses from operating there.

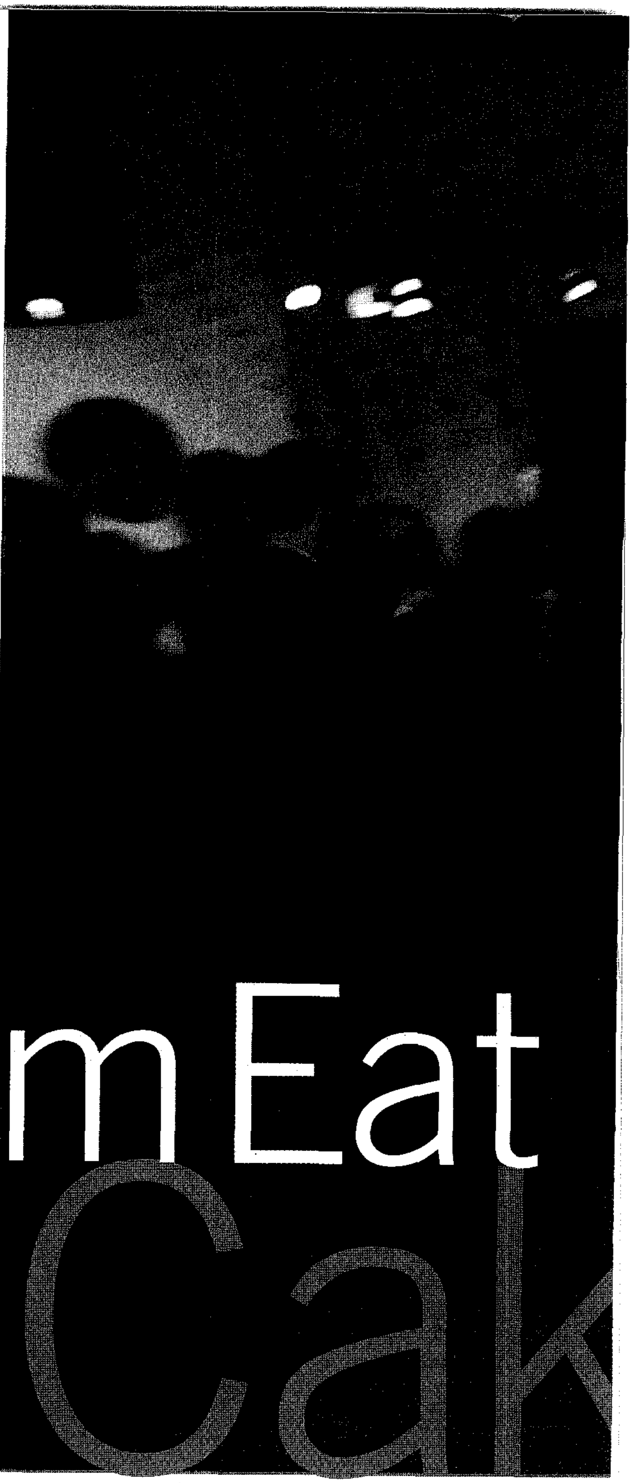
In addition to his predatory ardor for the world's leading auction houses, Arnault has also been accruing substantial stakes in online auction sites, including eBay, QXL, and I-collector, and has made no secret of his desire to take Phillips and Tajan online. Should he succeed in adding Sotheby's to his lineup of acquisitions, he would clearly be in a strong position to overtake Christie's.

When confronted with the widespread assumption that Taubman will have to sell his stake, Michael Sovern of Sotheby's responds casually. "Not necessarily," he says. "I think that's going to depend on his judgment of his own needs. And I think he believes that we have first-rate management and an absolutely terrific franchise. So it is possible for Mr. Taubman to simply capitalize on his investment."

And when asked about rumors that the Feds will soon let the auction house know its fate, Sovern demurs. He's been told nothing but adds brightly, "If you hear from the Justice Department, will you please let us know?" ■

Photograph courtesy of Sotheby's.



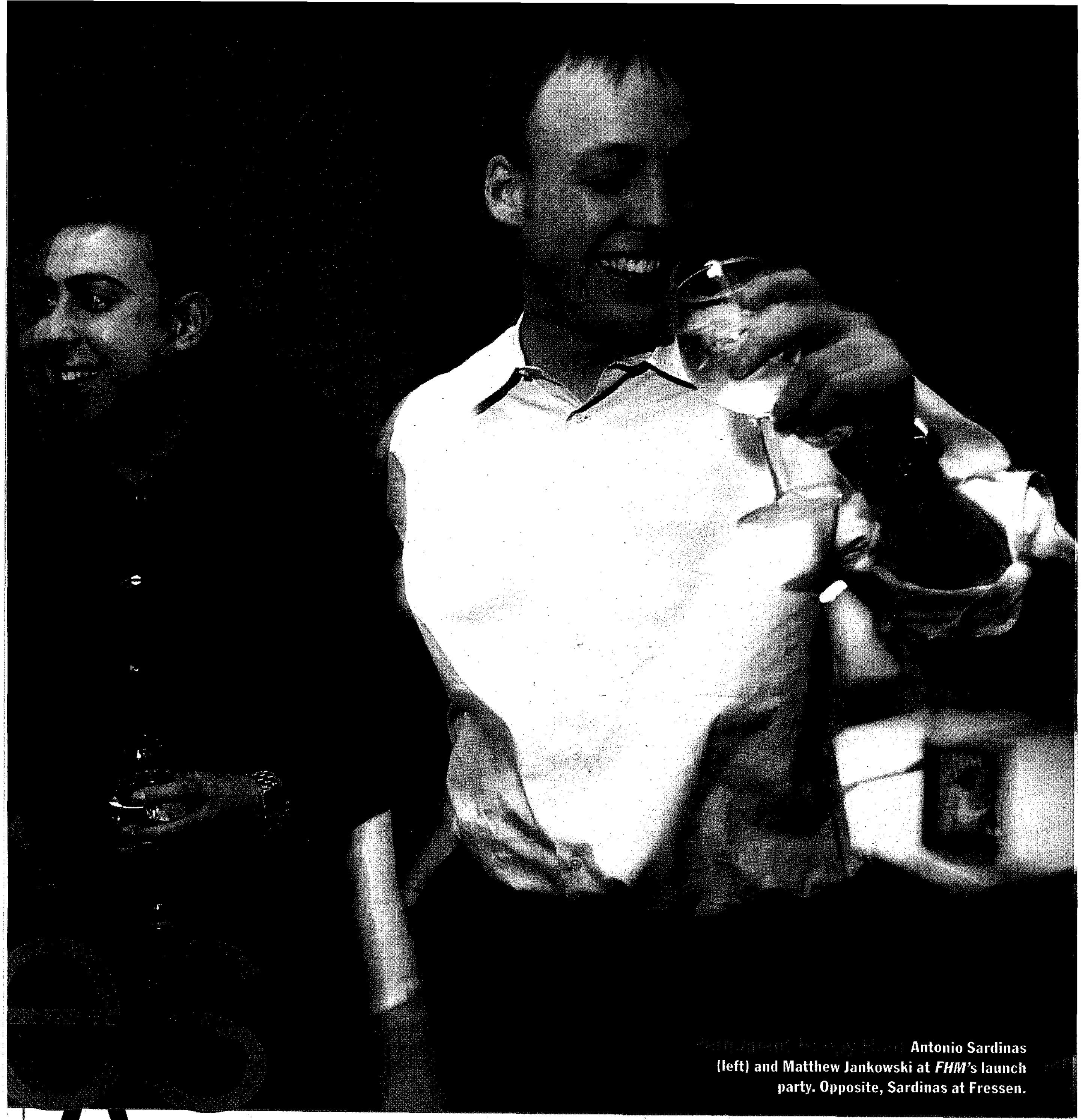


Let Them Eat Crab Cak

They can barely afford ramen, but a growing number of young media types are enjoying rillettes—not to mention Fendi bags and courtside Knicks tickets. Meet the **underpaid yet overcompensated Poverty Elite**, who get the good things in life by flashing cachet instead of cash.

By Sarah Bernard

Photographed by Erik Freeland



Permanent Happy Hour: **Antonio Sardinas (left) and Matthew Jankowski at *FHM*'s launch party. Opposite, Sardinas at Fressen.**

AS HE TAKES IN A CINEMATIC VIEW OF THE misty Manhattan skyline from aboard the *Highlander*, the Forbes family's 151-foot yacht, Chris Foreman*, 24, nurses a Ketel One and tonic at the bow-side bar. On the stern side, a few dozen revelers are trading small talk in the ship's main salon, done up like a Park Avenue living room, complete with family portraits and blue-and-green needlepoint pillows with FORBES ASAP stitched on the front. A handful of passengers step belowdecks, cocktails in hand, for guided tours of the staterooms where Margaret Thatcher slept just days before. • Foreman decides to climb above to the James Bond–esque second level, where a white leather banquette looks out on a set of cigarette boats and twin BMW motorcycles perched on the sundeck. Suddenly, a furious whirring sound cuts through the party chatter, followed by a weighty thump. A giggling guest in a jacket and tie descends, fresh from a ride in the *Highlander*'s helicopter. "Did you buzz my building?" someone asks. Around eight, white-jacketed waiters serve up roast beef, scallops, chicken, winter vegetables. And after capping off the evening with Napoleons and cigars, the partygoers are dispatched into the drizzly night with solicitous good-byes and Town Car vouchers.

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* *Some names have been changed.*

It's the perfect final touch to Foreman's perfectly luxurious evening—especially considering that he took the crosstown bus to the yacht in the first place.

An assistant media planner at a prestigious advertising agency with a sociology degree from an elite liberal-arts college, Foreman pays $750 a month to split a walkup in the East Nineties—and he can barely afford it on his $28,000-a-year salary. Taxis aren't in his budget, movies aren't, either, and he doesn't buy meat for the pasta he cooks at home. But since it's the job of a media planner to recommend which publications his client should buy advertising in—and since a full-page ad can cost about five times his yearly salary—*Forbes* invites Foreman out on the *Highlander* so often he sometimes doesn't bother to go. Other perks thrown his way include all-expenses-paid ski weekends (worth almost $1,000 in Foreman's estimation), tickets to see Serena Williams at the U.S. Open ($75 each), the *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue party, where he chatted with Heidi Klum and Rebecca Romijn-Stamos (priceless), prime seats for sold-out Bruce Springsteen concerts ($500 each), and dinners at Cité, Sparks, Il Mulino, Maloney & Porcelli, and Monkey Bar, to name a few of his favorites ($100 a pop).

"It's kind of crazy," says Foreman. "I had dinner at Nobu on Monday, but I don't have enough money to buy socks."

NAVIGATING SUCH EXTREMES IS ALL in a day's work for the Poverty Elite—the junior stylists, assistant editors, associate marketing managers, and assorted other aspiring media executives who enjoy the best of what money can buy without actually making any money. Mostly middle-class and private-college-educated, they spend their days greasing the wheels of Manhattan's entertainment-industrial complex for a modest twentysomething's salary—say, $20,000 to $40,000 a year—and their nights at Pastis, wrapped in trade-price Burberry scarves, chatting on loaner StarTACs, or in clients' courtside Knicks seats drinking expensed Bud Lights. Weekends are devoted to building walls to subdivide their studio apartments for a succession of roommates.

The Poverty Elite has existed for decades, but with the expanding media sector and the stock-market boom it's become a thriving underground economy all its own. Record-company assistants receive promo CDs by the bucketful. Publishing peons sip Merlot at book parties and recycle hardcovers at the Strand. Associate fashion publicists take the Concorde to Milan shows, where they stay at the Principe e Savoia. ("I started crying when we drove by the Duomo," admits one. "It was so cool to be in the *actual* Italian Gucci.") And just about everyone has a complimentary Coach organizer filled with invites to sumptuously catered dot-com launch parties.

What's in it for the companies sending out all those invitations? Good old-fashioned networking, mostly. A prime example is the entry-level employees, like Foreman, in the media departments of ad agencies: Just off Dad's dole, they're charged with spending millions of client dollars on ad buys. In turn, the ad sales reps who need their business don't want their boss to see them hunched over a tuna sandwich instead of plying a buyer with a Le Cirque lunch. "They come in and schmooze you, and you're *expected* to go," explains one media buyer, who went to Las Vegas for a cable network and was treated to stops at Spago and the Palm and a stay at Caesars Palace. Not that it's a chore: Another was pleasantly surprised when his rep handed over his ATM card and password with instructions to withdraw $500. "Then we piled in a cab to that strip club Private Eyes."

Since the cost of such indulgences is a fraction of a prime-time commercial or glossy gatefold ad, such glad-handing is considered a worthwhile expense, a percentage of which can be written off. "We're the gatekeepers of the Fortune 500 companies—no one at AT&T actually purchases the ads," says Jason Krumm, who worked as an account planner. "If at the end of a buying cycle, your budget has an extra $200,000, you'll throw it back to the person who treated you best."

Then there are the perks Poverty Elites collect just by circulating within their industry. Publicists throw parties to generate coverage for everything from new watchband links to new flavors of vodka. Even if guests don't actually write about the new product or place them in photographs, the events themselves can still generate goodwill and all-important buzz—and provide Poverty Elites with a light dinner in the process. "They're tastemakers," explains Nikki Gerston, head of Shop PR, a fashion-and-beauty public-relations firm. "There's a benefit to getting a product into their hands: They turn to other people and tell them about it, and it keeps going." And, of course, today's Poverty Elites are tomorrow's power brokers. "It's the associates who are doing the

"I started at $24,000," says a media planner, "bu

The Glamorous Life

Mia Harlock and Tom Phillips at the City Opera benefit. Opposite, [illegible] Phillips, and roommate [illegible] Stern in their apartment.

work, looking for what's new,” Gerston continues. “You have to get in with them now before they start running the show.”

Some companies restrict what gifts their employees can accept, but Poverty Elites need their freebies to keep up the appearances of their professions on their paltry paychecks. “Everybody in our industry is guilty of it,” says Nancy Behrman, the head of her own beauty P.R. firm, who remembers having the best highlights in town when she was 23 and making $12,000. “The young women in my office all have perfect manicures, perfect pedicures.” Many of those who travel for work take their boyfriends and call it a vacation.

“I always get a kick out of the assistants,” says Dan McCann, director of marketing and public relations at the clothing line A.B.S., which outfits Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera. “They're wearing Fendi bags they bought at invitation-only sample sales for $100—the same $1,200 bag there's a three-month waiting list for at the store.” By the end of a year, the trickle-down perks effectively lift the group into another tax bracket. “I started at $24,000,” says Antonio Sardinas, a media planner, “but it would be more like $100,000 with what I get.”

would be more like $100,000 with what I get.”

On a frosty Tuesday evening, Mia Harlock, a 25-year-old editorial assistant at a fashion magazine, is walking east on 23rd Street, fingering a pack of American Spirit Lights and dodging patches of black ice in strappy heels. Harlock and her boyfriend, Tom Phillips, a graphic designer, are on their way to a benefit for the New York City Opera. “The dress is supposed to be ‘Turkish’ or ‘opulent,’ ” says Harlock. “So I made my shirt last night.” She pulls back her coat to reveal a white halter hung on a tiny metal wire around her neck. “I went to Kmart, got a Martha Stewart sheet, and cut it up. I just got a new sewing machine.”

Black limos are stretched bumper-to-bumper in front of the City Opera Thrift Shop. Inside, Harlock and Phillips are ushered into a swirl of well-heeled committee members, including Nadja Swarovski and Eleanor Lambert. Across the room, socialites scour racks of donated couture, pausing only to nibble Turkish meatballs by Serena Bass.

Harlock crouches by a pile of Prada and Manolo heels and plucks out a $75 orange Miu Miu by the stiletto. “It's a little *too* orange,” she pronounces, dropping it back onto the heap as Bill Cunningham snaps costumed grandes dames behind her. She orders a vodka tonic at the upstairs bar, then greets colleagues and flips through the racks some more before settling on an off-white lace blouse marked at $35. “I think this is Stella McCartney,” she says.

Harlock's standing a few inches away when British fashion darlings Plum and Lucy Sykes arrive to flashbulbs sparkling like firecrackers. “You're missing the event of all fucking time!” a black-clad partygoer hisses into her cell phone.

As the crowd thins, she lines up between Marina Rust and Tiffany Dubin to pay for the shirt she selected. Reaching for her wallet, she giggles to herself, “It would be so embarrassing for my credit card not to work at this.”

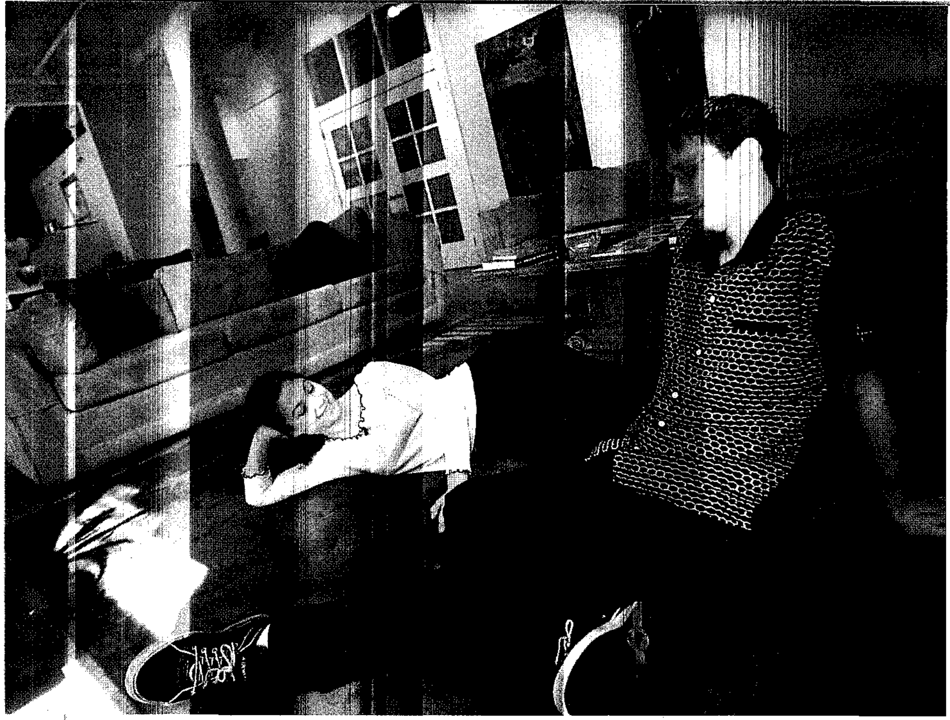
A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF POVERTY ELITES might find them spending Monday night at a restaurant opening and Wednesday night sharing takeout Chinese food on the couch (usually a futon from college). But by the end of the week, they've probably spent as many nights in the presence of real-life rock stars as watching their videos.

A 26-year-old associate producer at VH1 who makes $30,000 a year spent one evening escorting Madonna and Lourdes to the VH1 Fashion Awards. She's also dished with Susan Sarandon at Chelsea Piers and hung out with Debbie Harry during the shoot for Blondie's *Behind the Music.* “We watched *Fargo* and ordered deli food,” she says. “She has a really cute little dog.” A former assistant at Island Records couldn't believe her luck when she was asked to go to Vegas with U2.

Michael Lee Barlin, 29, a filmmaker who often house-sits a Fifth Avenue loft with his girlfriend, is still paying back the $40,000 he charged on his credit card to make his first feature. So he sees most movies for free—at private screenings. “After *This Is My Father,* I was making a cell-phone call in the lobby, and when I turned around, Julia Roberts was doing the same thing right next to me.” Such proximity to greatness can make up for distinctly unfabulous downtime. “I'm not shy about going up to people,” says Matt Jankowski, a former media planner who snapped pictures of himself with Melissa Joan Hart at a *Teen People* promotion. “That's half the game.”

Last year, Lisa Garrett was working for Halston and sleeping on her twin bed from childhood because she couldn't afford new furniture. But she jetted to Los Angeles to dress celebrities for the Oscars. “Tara Reid came in,” she recalls, brightly. “She's from New Jersey, I'm from New Jersey—we were totally just hanging out.” Then there was the *Talk* magazine party at the Mondrian's Sky Bar, for which Garrett herself received the celebrity treatment; she got to borrow a $2,000 white cashmere Halston suit. “I will never feel that attractive again,” she sighs. After sipping red wine next to Kim Basinger, Alec Baldwin, Warren Beatty, Steve Martin, and Kirstie Alley, she managed to gather up enough nerve to work the party. “We said hello to Chris Rock,” she says. “We chatted with Tina Brown. Obviously.”

THE HIGH LIFE CAN BE HABIT-FORMING, and the more Poverty Elites are exposed to its riches, the more they feel entitled to live it. Especially when they see their friends in other fields—e-commerce entrepreneurs, third-year associates at Cravath—enjoying the Hamptons shares and Hermès Kelly bags they earned



Down and Out on Fifth Avenue
Michael Lee Barlin and girlfriend Holly Denys in the loft they house-sit. Opposite, Barlin and Denys at her apartment.

“You’re invited, but you’re standing there with headsets on, goin

the old-fashioned way. “In my mind, I feel like I deserve to have more money,” says a 26-year-old network-television editor who makes $31,000. “Entertainers and TV producers work hard, but I work just as hard as they do. Why shouldn’t I be compensated with millions?”

To close the gap, what the Poverty Elite can’t get through work they get by working it. Some approach scoring graft with the zeal of a competitive sport. “Any time I want, I could get loaned a Corvette for a week,” says one broadcast journalist—with or without a story assignment. “A friend of mine borrows a different car every weekend.”

An event planner at a top investment bank, Erica Ross spends most of her time on all-expenses-paid scouting trips to the Lodge in Vail or the Breakers in Palm Beach. Her itinerary usually factors in beach time and a massage. Often, she’s allowed to take along companions—even her mother. And when she’s not on the clock, her job title has its advantages. “If I go to a restaurant or a club and tell them I’m an event planner, I’ll get nicer treatment,” she says. “I have friends who work it very well. A colleague was going to the Four Seasons in Maui on her honeymoon, so we called and got her a suite.”

What can’t be called in can be traded for. Evelyn Carrasco, who works in the home-video department of USA Films, often gets cold calls from movie-industry people on the West Coast looking to barter. “They ask me if I want to trade screening passes so if I’m ever in L.A. I could come to screenings there.” Getting friends in on the deal is also part of the challenge. “People know people who know people—I’ve seen two Broadway shows for free,” says a television editor. “I got to take three buddies to a Knicks game, and we all got loaded in the *Wall Street Journal* box,” says Jason Krumm. He adds that his biggest coup was when Samsung flew him to Seoul first class and then footed the bill for him to stop in L.A. for a vacation. The miles, plus the fact that he bought the tickets on his AmEx card, netted him two free domestic flights on Delta.

When the need for actual cash arises, there are always business gifts to return. Just days after more senior Time Warner employees were watching their stock price soar in the wake of the AOL deal, Ellen Waterman, who works in marketing at one of the company’s divisions, was spending her lunch hour at Tiffany’s returning an unsightly bamboo-imprinted crystal bowl. “I’m into renting stuff,” she confesses. “I buy jewelry, wear it, and then return it.”

Four years out of college, she lives in an Upper West Side two-bedroom apartment she and her roommates reconfigured to snugly fit four. “We built two walls,” she says. “My entire salary goes to rent, sushi, and Visa. I don’t save anything.” She makes a beeline for the $175 silver Atlas ring, then hands over her credit slip. “How much is the matching bracelet?” she inquires. “Two hundred and sixty-five dollars,” says the sales clerk. “Thanks,” she says, with a smile. “That’s next.”

HARLOCK AND PHILLIPS ARE SHARING a cigarette on their double bed. There’s no place else for them to sit, since they made the living room of their St. Marks Place one-bedroom into a makeshift quarters for their two roommates. “I feel like I still live in a dorm,” Harlock says, exhaling as one of Tom’s acid-jazz CDs plays in the background. “The dresser is a friend of mine’s. I found all the chairs on the street on garbage night and reupholstered them. I’ve had that stereo since I was 16.” The sewing machine sits on a desk. The closet boasts an impressive collection of thrift-shop finds, like the Asian silk top with embroidery, beading, and gold sequins she’s wearing today. Across the room, a handbag hanging on a wall hook has a distinctive Gucci pattern. “Four dollars,” she smiles.

They’re enjoying a mellow Saturday, a stark contrast to the second act of their evening at the City Opera fête two nights before. “The after-party was two doors down from Chez Es Saada at an old school this guy’s redone as his home. There were courtyards *inside,* snow with rose petals, a sunken living room with ceilings ten times higher than these. It’s all part of the fantastical New York I imagined when I was younger,” says Harlock. “I don’t want to say it’s like a *Great Gatsby* party, but I am aware that it’s an illusion.”

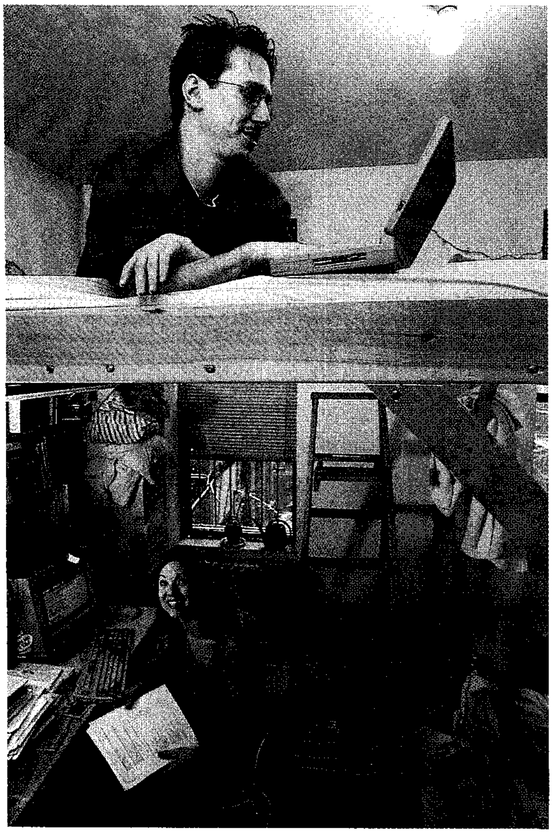
Their third-floor walkup just seems like part of the game. “I don’t understand the concept of making a million dollars when you’re 25,” she continues. “I can’t see myself making more than $40,000—I can’t see any reason to until I have kids. You can still have a great time in New York: I can pay my rent, eat out a few nights a week. It’s more romantic.”

As Harlock fixes a bowl of Rice Krispies for a late lunch, her musician roommates are rehearsing behind the curtain that separates their tiny kitchen from the living room/second bedroom. “We’re putting up a sound wall,” says Marnie Stern, 23, apologetically, describing their band’s music as “a mix of Cat Power, Built to Spill and Heatmiser, in my dream world.” During the day, she works as an assistant at an advertising agency; her boyfriend and bandmate, Alexis Arkus-Duntov, 27, D.J.’s at Sway and Magnum. But at the end of the night, as he says, they both end up back behind the curtain on St. Marks. “It’s very typical New York.”

SUCH JUXTAPOSITIONS REMIND THE POVERTY Elite that they haven't earned a place in the privileged class—only rented it. When Miramax throws a premiere party, low-level staff are always there—to help. "You're invited," says an employee, "but you're standing there with headsets on, going, 'Sharon Stone is approaching! Sharon Stone is approaching!' " Before he gave it up for a job in advertising, Jankowski's much-envied $18,000 public-relations gig with the New England Patriots found him relaxing on the team's private plane and palling around with quarterback Drew Bledsoe. During the games, it was a different story. "In Miami, I had to take photos of the field from our corner and bring them to the coaches," he recalls. It was 107 degrees that day—even the cheerleaders were passing out!"

Perhaps the biggest occupational hazard is the temptation to live beyond one's means while off-duty. On a business trip to London, Rich Whalen, a Web producer, got to fly first-class—which costs $2,800 each way. "There's this room," he whispers. "They throw drinks at you even before you get on the plane. They have these phones you can call wherever you want and leather couches. If you don't know about it, it's good—you can never go back."

haron Stone is approaching!' "



A guy could get used to that kind of treatment—and many do. "The last restaurant I went to with a rep was Gotham Bar and Grill," says Foreman. "It was phenomenal. So when I went out this weekend, I found myself saying, 'Let's go to a nice dinner—I'll pick up this round, no problem!' You get acclimated to consuming and not worrying about the money, but when there's no rep around, you're fucked."

It can be hard to keep things in perspective—not to mention stay out of debt. "I keep saying I can't do this forever," says a television editor. "That's why I have delusions of grandeur. My plan is screenwriting, but it's pretty slim."

In the end, the Poverty Elite is its own kind of aristocracy. It's a rite of passage—living a glammed up vie bohème for a few years before getting promoted out of it. "I thought about changing jobs," says Foreman, "but I decided not to. Even if they'd pay me $40,000, if you add up the costs of the tickets, trips, and everything, it's still more than that." There's a feeling of superiority, too. "When you pass by a line at a screening because you're on the list," says Barlin. "You do get that ego boost. You're thinking, *Ha, ha! I'm not a chump.*"

ON A RECENT THURSDAY evening, Sardinas and Jankowski wait for the elevator to *FHM*'s launch party. Tommy Hilfiger steps out as they get in. Once upstairs, they plop down on the leather chairs as if in their own living room. "That's Mark Ronson," says Jankowski, pointing to the D.J. whom they know from their side gig as party promoters. "Now I got to go dance, warm up the legs."

Sardinas sips his vodka and scans the celebrity-spattered crowd for co-workers, pausing to admire actress Jennifer Esposito's python heels. "Half my group got invited to dinner at the Russian Tea Room," he says. "But I wasn't real into the menu." An overzealous friend they've brought along feverishly picks through the five gift bags she's collected. When she drops them to bolt for LL Cool J's autograph, they laugh and shake their heads. "This is like two years running for us: We get in, get drinks, eats," Sardinas says, checking his watch. "Then we move on to the next." ■

Freeloading for Dummies

Let's say only one thing stands between you and the good life—money. Here are some secrets from experienced riders of the Gotham gravy train:

- **Social Circuit** In a gilded age when offline buzz grows online businesses, it's no surprise Websites throw some of the best parties: Oxygen served up mini lobster sandwiches at its launch, and DoubleClick's Willy Wonka–themed celebration featured stilt-walkers, fire-eaters, and a Lucite dance floor filled with candy. Movie premieres rarely end when the film does; after-parties offer cocktails and intimate chitchat (*Boiler Room* even gave revelers mashed potatoes served in martini glasses, with the topping of their choice). Book events are usually more sedate—just a little wine and networking—although Cynthia Rowley's literary fête at the W hotel dealt out robes, Godiva chocolates, and bottles of Piper Heidsieck champagne. And restaurant openings are always good for a free feed: Guastavino's guests were treated to a raw bar, while Métrazur tempted attendees with aquamarine martinis.

- **Supply Closet** Forget about tax-free—store parties are often price-free. The new Nicole Farhi boutique sent guests home with leather books, Sephora doled out $100 gift certificates, and Christian Dior was good for Galliano snap bracelets. But a reception at Alfred Dunhill trumped them all: Door prizes included a custom-made suit and a Hamptons weekend, and goodie bags brimmed with a Dunhill tie and a $100 Tourneau gift certificate. The most coveted bag of all is Henri Bendel's—stuffed with a gift certificate and M.A.C makeup. "They'll say, *My sister wasn't able to come, can I have another?*" sighs a publicist. "I've seen people empty out a bag into a purse and come back."

- **Big Tickets** Prime seats at the Met and sky boxes at the Garden often come with finger food, champagne—even waiter service. Standing-room-only tickets to fashion shows offer not just a chance to see the latest designs but admission to glamorous after-parties and take-home gifts like Versus sunglasses and Calvin Klein cosmetics. Not to mention fashion contacts to ask for more freebies.

ANNA RACHMANSKY

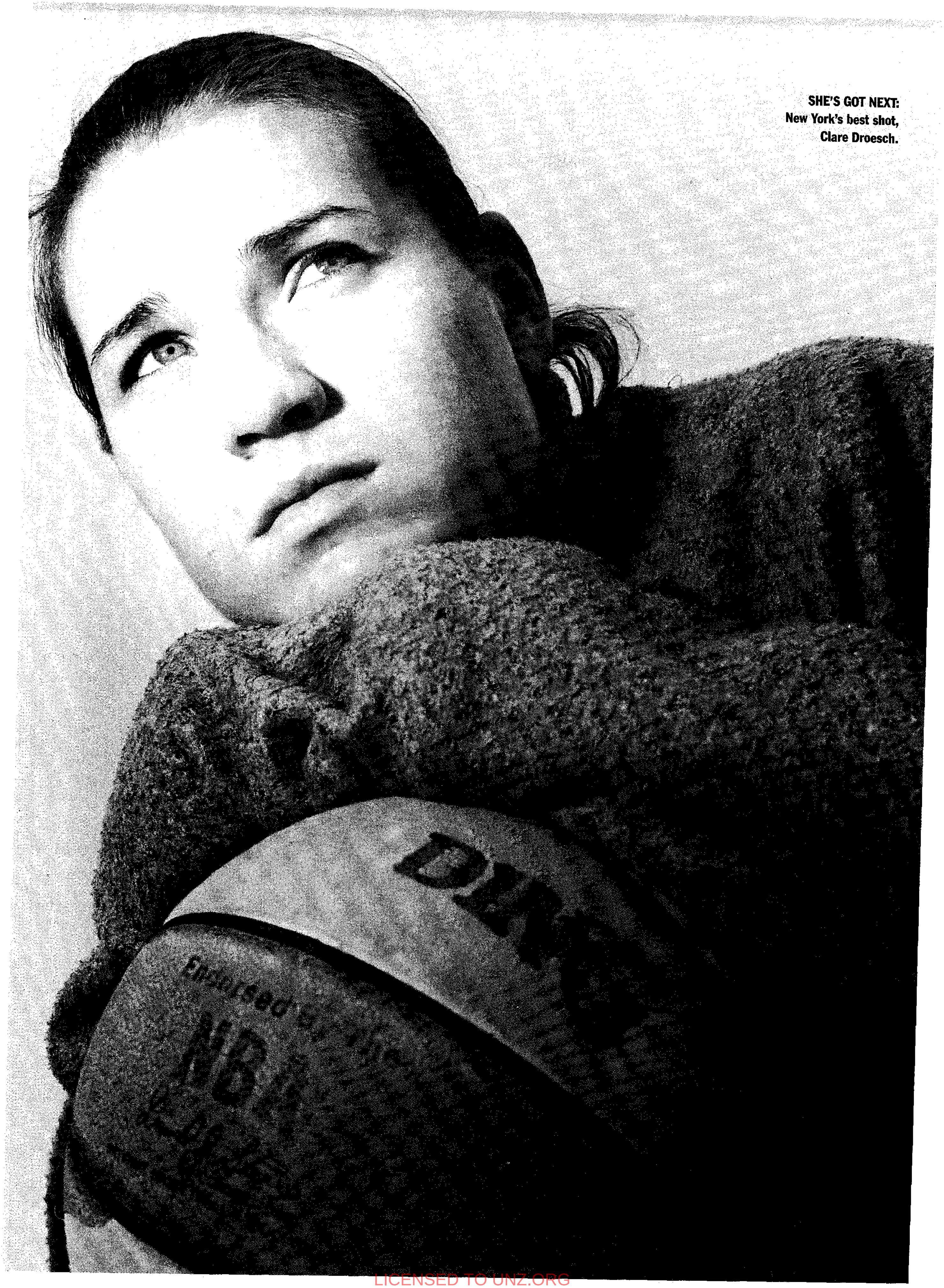
A hoop legend grows in Rockaway: 17-year-old Clare Droesch, who might just have the talent to become the next women's superstar. By Mark Jacobson

Clare Jordan

DOWN HERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CROSS BAY BRIDGE, THEY SAY YOU CAN tell a Rockaway girl by the way she walks, especially the ballplayers. Clare Droesch, 17, of Beach 134th Street, her name spelled without the *i* like County Clare, Republic of Ireland, is no different. Generally regarded as the best girl basketball player in New York City, and one of the greatest scorers ever to come out of this roundball hotbed by the sea, Clare Droesch walks like a Rockaway girl.

You can see it even 100 feet away, across the fog-bound expanse of sand. That deliberate, almost sulky stiff-legged gait. The clipped steps are nothing like the quick-foot broadside Clare uses to propel her five-foot-eleven, 175-pound body off a pick. But still, it's punky, plenty hard-nose. Her shortish, dirty-blonde hair is tied back in what looks more like a samurai topknot than like a ponytail. Clare's walk

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN


Endorsed by the
NBA

SHE'S GOT NEXT: New York's best shot, Clare Droesch.

is aloof, unassailable. An athlete's walk.

Like most of the other Rockaway girls from St. Francis De Sales parish, growing up, Clare spent her summers here on the beach, just hanging out. But then the weathermen would begin bleating about tropical depressions and worse, the skies grew dark, and the sloppy Rockaway surf began to swell. Clare would come running down 134th Street with her Challenger board, past the grammar school, the Jewish nursing home, and the upside-down END sign that marks the place where the asphalt stops.

"It was something to do." Clare shrugs in her offhand way, those clear blue ironic eyes giving playful lie to her teen insouciance. Then she laughs, thinking about the charge of catching the crest of even a Rockaway wave, and how, even for a moment, it was like being in Hawaii.

"Yeah," Clare amends, "it was *something* to do."

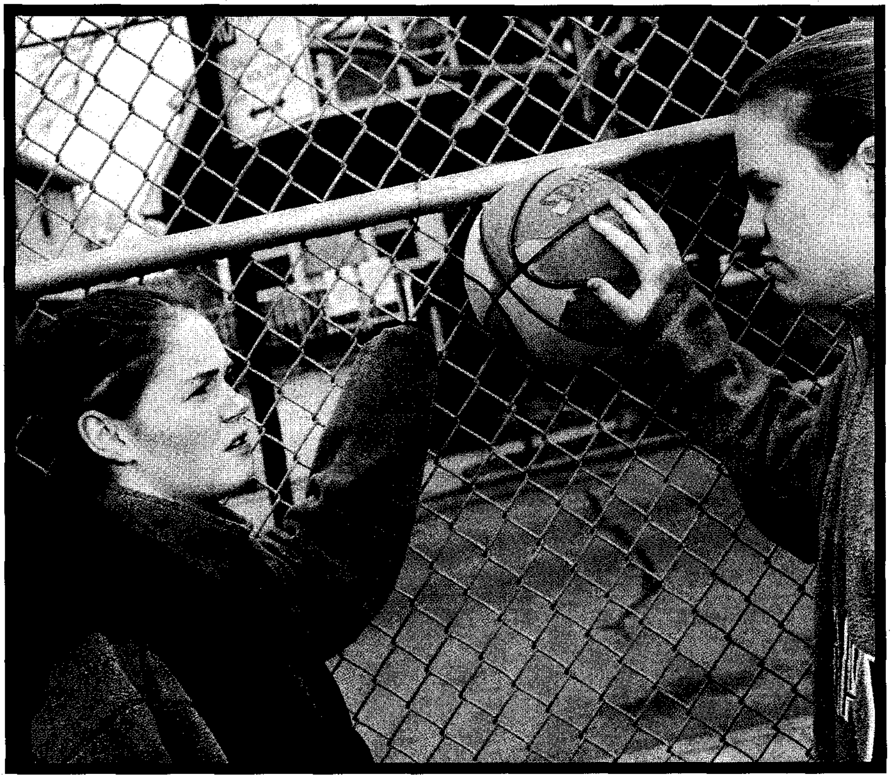
A junior at Christ the King High School in Middle Village, Queens, Clare is now one of the most sought-after high-school basketball players in the country. With hundreds of letters from colleges—"The Gators of Florida," "The Lobos of New Mexico," say the return addresses, complete with full-color depiction of the animal mascot—arriving in her mailbox every week, Clare doesn't have much time for surfing and boogie-boarding. She's often called the Larry Bird of the girls' game because of her gritty full package of court skills. Heady and wholly intuitive at the same time, from the top of the key, Clare's an equal threat to throw a bullet no-look pass, pull up for a 25-foot jumper, or steam toward the basket with near rim-rattling fury.

This coming July is Clare's official "evaluation period." Which means, in the oft-arcane convolutions of NCAA dictates, the period when college coaches and their recruiter minions will be able to watch Clare play and legally approach her about enhancing their basketball programs.

It is a serious business. Barely 25 years removed from days of six on a side (three players confined to defense, three for offense, and no one allowed to cross midcourt—it was considered unladylike to get overheated running end to end), women's basketball is among the fastest-growing "revenue streams" in collegiate sports. With Title IX (which sharply increased the number of athletic scholarships for women), schools like Connecticut and Tennessee drawing 15,000 fans a game, and the success of the WNBA—Chamique Holdsclaw, Clare's illustrious predecessor at Christ the King, just got a million-dollar shoe contract to go with her $300,000 salary—the future prospects are suddenly quite expansive for a Rockaway girl who's hellacious on the break.

Consequently, with the walls of her prim, exceedingly tidy basement bedroom covered with photos of ballplayers (Kobe Bryant and Jennifer Azzi are favorites) and dozens of trophies arrayed on the shelf, Clare isn't thinking of becoming the "secretary, mom with a lot of kids, or barmaid"—things many Rockaway girls, even those with moves, used to wind up being. "I don't put any of that down. None of it," Clare says with her usual diffidence. She is nothing if not regular. "It's just, that is not me. Not now."

The tomboy has been redefined. In Clare's case, it's not even an issue. Every morning, like all the other good Catholic girls at Christ the King, Clare puts on her skirt and tights, but no one snickers when she ditches that stuff in her locker and spends the rest of the day in nylon tearaways. When you are as good as Clare Droesch—noted scout Joe Smith says she's already got "most of the offensive skills of an all-timer like Carol Blazejowski"—you are no longer simply "a girl who can play." You are, as Omar Cook, the star guard of the Christ the King boys' team, says, "a player . . . damn, Clare is a *player.*"



FRIENDLY FIRE: Best friends Janelle McManus (left) and Clare Droesch at a Rockaway court.

CLARE DOESN'T SURF MUCH THESE DAYS, but she still comes to the beach. "With everything going on, it's good to just think, get it straight in my mind," she says. On this particular morning, there is a bunch to contemplate. In a few hours, Clare's team, the Christ the King Lady Royals, will meet Brooklyn's Bishop Kearney to play for first place in the Catholic High School Athletic Association (CHSAA) Brooklyn-Queens division.

It's weird, the Lady Royals sweating first place. After all, Christ the King, former home to the incomparable Holdsclaw and the current Connecticut star Sue Bird, has won the citywide CHSAA title every year since 1985. The school has been state champion ten times in a row. In its league, Christ the King won 232 straight games, a Guinness World Record–like streak dating to 1986. A typical score was, like, 90–22. Better teams—Kearney, or St. Francis Prep—might get within 25.

That is, until a few weeks ago, when Bishop Loughlin of Fort Greene, alma mater to Rudolph W. Giuliani, which hadn't beaten the Royals in seventeen years, crushed CK, 72–54. It happened on Christ the King's hallowed home court, to boot. The result was a state of shock. Says Bob Oliva, coach of the CK boys for twenty years, during which time such players as Jayson Williams, Lamar Odom, and Erick Barkley attended the school, "it got so I didn't even watch the girls' games, because it was always 75–0. So I look at the scoreboard, and we're behind like 16–2, and I'm thinking, What's that, a misprint?"

For Clare, the Loughlin game was a nightmare, mainly because she watched it from the sidelines, leaning on crutches. Her ankle, which she'd hurt the previous summer, ballooned up. She couldn't even walk, much less swagger like a Rockaway girl. It was the nadir of what had been a difficult season for CK. Everyone knew it would be tougher than usual, with the excello rebounder Trish Tubridy, of the Broad Channel Tubridys, as the only starting senior. But then, after eighteen years as coach, building the top girls' high-school program in the country, Vinny Cannizzarro took a college job at Stony Brook. Assistant coach Bob Mackey moved up. The transition has not been what Rockaway guy Mackey, chemistry teacher at Christ the King and son of an NYPD hostage negotiator, terms "without its bumps."

Clare has been as good as ever, recently scoring the one thousandth point of her high-school career, but with her injury, and the lack of an experienced point guard to get her the ball on the wing the way she likes it, it has been "kind of frustrating." Even before the Loughlin game, the rest of the league, so often battered that a player for Mary Louis Academy likened playing CK to "jumping off a bridge twice a year," smelled blood in the water.

"Rockaway girls play really free. Open. Not robots. They show off, but there's never that sort of brutishness you get from the boys' game."

As for the Kearney game, a whole other thing is at stake, for Clare and this whole little Gilligan's Island out here past Floyd Bennett Field. Tonight Clare goes against Janelle McManus, Kearney's magic point guard, another Rockaway girl who walks the walk. Everyone on the beach knows—as great as Clare is around the basket, pulling down the boards, starting the break, that's how sweet Janelle's shot is. Janelle might be only five feet six, her stocky legs white as snow, her hair tied back in that same Rockaway samurai topknot, but when it comes to putting it on the floor, she's the bomb. Clare, of course, knows this. Clare and Janelle are best friends. They always have been, since, Clare says, "like, from birth."

THAT'S HOW IT IS IN ROCKAWAY, A New York world apart, where everyone seems to know everyone else or at least punched them once in a bar, and if someone says you play like a girl, well, put that in your pipe, smile, and keep on shooting.

In Rockaway, where hoops line the sidewalks like L.A. palm trees, traditionalists trace the beginnings of beach ball back to the forties. The McGuires were kings then, playing on the legendary 108th courts—Al, the great coach, and his brother, Dick, the first and best Tricky Dick, whose No. 15 hangs next to Earl Monroe's 15 from the ceiling at Madison Square Garden. Great male players came from here, like NBA star Brian Winters, who was once traded for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. But the real history of Rockaway basketball is in the women's game.

Bed-Stuy has Connie Hawkins and Roger Brown; Harlem has Goat Manigault; and Roosevelt, Long Island, has Doctor J, but in Rockaway people talk about the white flashes of the St. Francis De Sales, St. Camilla, and St. Rose. First and still foremost of Rockaway girls was Nancy Lieberman, feisty and flame-haired Jewish sorceress of the corner jumper (one of the few non-Hibernian lassies in the Beach pantheon), who came to play CYO at St. Francis because no one at Far Rockaway High School could catch the passes she threw. Later famous as Martina Navratilova's lover and now running the WNBA's Detroit Shock, Lieberman in 1975 led a team of St. Francis high-school girls to a near victory against the Queens College varsity, then the No. 2–ranked college team in the country.

Many followed, people like Marianne "Noodles" Noonan; Grace Kelly and her twin sister, Bridget; Eileen McCann; Meegan McGuire; Kristen Fraser; and the great Jill Cook, who, in 1985, was the first Rockaway girl to go over the Cross Bay Bridge and travel the five miles up Woodhaven Boulevard, thereby establishing the Rockaway–Christ the King "pipeline." Now 31, Jill, who still holds the single-season assist record at Georgetown, just missed the wave that might carry Clare Droesch to fame and fortune. "It's a different world now," says Jill, who worked for Avis after college in what she calls "the pre-WNBA years." Still walking like a Rockaway girl, Jill is now Bob Mackey's assistant at Christ the King. In this capacity, she regularly screams at Clare, whom she's known "since she was in diapers," to move her goddamned feet on defense.

It is this "lineage . . . building on role models and what's gone before" that distinguishes the Rockaway girls' game, says Keith "Bugsy" Goldberg, whose mother coached CYO at St. Francis and who swears he's Irish, despite his name. Bugsy, who lives three doors down from Clare on 134th (and held her in his arms at her christening), runs the 400-girl-strong St. Francis summer league, which makes him a self-confessed "encyclopedic passionate romantic" on the topic of Rockaway girls.

He says: "Out here, its eclectic, part of the city and not. It's an island, cut off, so you feel protected and free at the same time. The game reflects that. Rockaway girls play really free. Open. They're instinctual. Not robots. They show off, but there's never that sort of brutishness you get from the boys' game. You never lose the sense of femininity."

If the Rockaway-island style evolved independently, like Darwin's Galapagos finches (Clare says, "People I'd meet ask, 'What kind of place do you live, that you have to pay a toll to get there?' "), no one has ever epitomized that game like Clare and Janelle McManus. "Clare and Janelle," Bugsy Goldberg says with reverence, "are the full flower of the modern Rockaway women's game. A source of civic pride."

Clare and Janelle. They're the queens, subjects of legend. Celebrities. Out on the beach, little girls ask for their autographs. Few hoopheads on this end of the A train don't know the story of how Clare and Janelle, like some chubbette Mutt and Jeff tandem of fourth-graders, tried to sign up to play in the St. Francis CYO and were turned down. No fourth-graders, they were told. You got to be in sixth. Undeterred, the girls walked up the beach to rival St. Camilla's, where no one cared what grade you were in. A couple of weeks later, St. Camilla blew out St. Francis, Clare and Janelle scoring most of the points. No fair, they said at St. Francis. Those girls are from *our parish*!

Then there are the more recent tales of Clare and Janelle, Ms. Inside and Ms. Outside, out by the school yard, waiting for some dumbo boys, clueless machos, to challenge them for the court. Wham, right quick, they'd lay some "white girls can't jump" hoodoo on those fools, leave them scratching their heads.

"Yeah, me and Janelle, we've got this . . . communication. It's scary sometimes," Clare yawns as she lies across the couch in the friendly living room of the house where she grew up, first upstairs while her grandparents occupied the bottom floor, and now down here. Not exactly what you'd call hyper, on the court or off, Clare suddenly looks weary.

It has, after all, been a long day, classes starting at eight and the daily two-hour-long practice. While pulling decent grades, Clare has never been partial to schoolwork. "I pretty much hate school," she says, pretty much summing up her position. She admires Trish Tubridy, who looks like Kim Novak, scored nearly 1,400 on her SATs, and will likely go to Harvard. "But I'm not like that," Clare says without regret. Most schools will only ask her for 820 on her boards, no big deal, but as for 821, that sounds like kind of a hassle. Still, with her grandmother praying for her to pass the Regents, she does the work. The WNBA, Clare's dream, generally won't let you in without a degree from a four-year college. Besides, it's $5,000 a year to go to Christ the King, and even if Clare exhibits a "you must be kidding" look when asked about the spiritual enrichment the school offers, she's not about to waste her parents' money.

Snuggling deeper into the couch, Clare closes her eyes for a moment. Her high-cheeked face relaxes, and it seems as if she has dozed off. It is kind of a sweet moment: the athlete in repose, the faint roar of the airplanes going to Kennedy out the window. Watching her, you find it hard to believe Clare's still 17. Even asleep, she looks formidable. There's an indomitable yet effortless presence about her.

PHYSICALITY, THAT'S ONE OF THE FIRST things the people who want to give her scholarships say about Clare. "She's got the body of a college junior, very advanced," says a scout from a Big East school. "Tremendous strength in her upper body." Then again, Clare, who is far larger than her mother, father, or brother, has always been big and strong. Not that she's worked at it, much. A total gym rat, she'll practice her shot for hours, even kill herself with hated rebound and defense drills. But otherwise, she does little exercise. In pregame warm-ups, while her teammates stretch out, Clare barely bends over. When she goes to the Ramshorn Diner on Beach Channel Drive, she orders a bacon-and-egg sandwich and a plate of cheese fries. "God, am I eating this?" she asks herself with a wince, and keeps on eating.

At the "next level," up against the best college players, all this will have to change, Clare knows. Things won't come so easily. At the end of the summer, Coach Mackey will come over to her house and they'll sit in the living room narrowing those thousands of offers down to five or six. Sure, she'd like to stay near home. Even when the team traveled to California for a week to play in a tournament, she got "bad homesick." But there's still plenty of time before that. Now an athlete in repose, Clare is happy, and smart enough to bask in the irreplaceable glow of being a natural, perfect in her hometown.

ROCKAWAY, THEY SAY, IS RULED BY "the three *b*'s—the beach, basketball, and bars." So it figures that Clare Droesch, surfer girl, would first learn to shoot the ball in the joint her father and grandfather owned and ran for 37 years, the Belle Harbor Tavern on 129th Street. "I'd be behind the bar," remembers George Droesch, Clare's father, now 47 and currently in the office-cleaning business, "and I'd see Clare—she was just this little thing, at least as little as she ever was, 5 years old—playing on the 25-cent Pop-a-Shot machine. She didn't miss. And it's funny, because her shooting motion then, it hasn't changed. It's the same."

For Clare, those were the days, when her dad and grandpa owned the Belle Harbor. "It was right down the street from St. Francis, so I'd come over after school, get some chips, a soda, do my homework. Pull the beers. My father was always there. Grandpa too. Lots of people. It was a really warm feeling. Maybe a lot of people got drunk. But at least it was drunks we knew."

"I can't tell you how proud I am of my daughter, the joy she gives me," George Droesch, a soft-spoken man with a soulful melancholy about him, says with unashamed pride. Their son, George Jr., was a baseball player at the priestly Cathedral school in Kew Gardens, but nothing has prepared George and Patty Droesch for the kind of athlete Clare appears to be. "She was always playing ball, but did I expect this? No," says George, who along with Pattie, Clare's grandmother, and various aunts and uncles attends most every Christ the King contest, home and away. As Clare gets antsy before a game, staring off into space and refusing to speak while Coach Mackey wraps her ankle, George Droesch is a nervous rooter. If Clare misses a couple of shots in a row or makes a turnover, he'll let out a staccato "Come on, Clare," but this is a private exhortation, rarely heard above the gym din. Clare appreciates the restraint. "I see these other parents, how crazy they are, and I look up to God and say thank you. Thank you very much.

"Then I'll do something good, then I'll look up in the stands and I'll see my dad sitting there, just smiling. That's pretty great, because I made him happy." But then, not to get too mushy, when asked if she has a boyfriend, Clare rolls her eyes and says, with endearing brattiness, "Boyfriend? No. You might say my father is the man in my life. Just ask him."

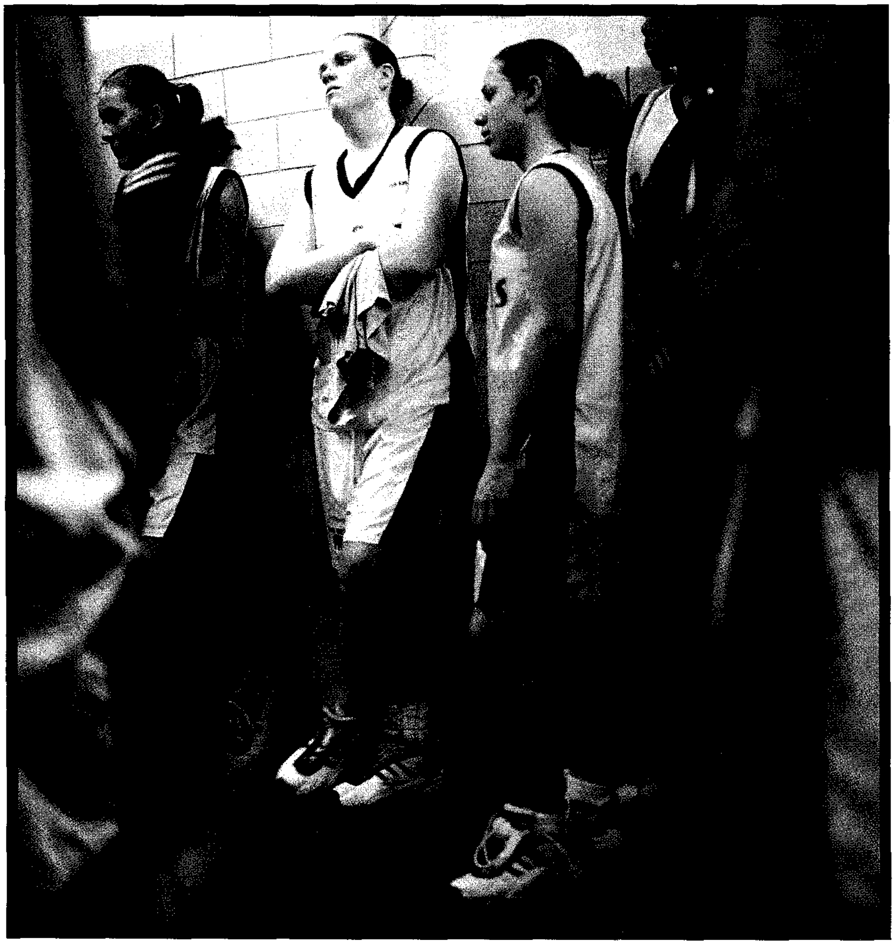
AS THE FULL MOON RISES OVER E-Z PASS lanes on Cross Bay Bridge, Rockaway people, the b-ball nuts, anyway, are heading up toward Metropolitan Avenue to the gully between the Lutheran Cemetery, the Metro Mall, and the M-train terminus, to sit in the wooden bleachers at Christ the King. Not counting playoffs, this will be the last time to see Clare and Janelle McManus in the same game as high-school players. Next fall, Janelle will be running the point for Boston College.

When the two played each other last year, Clare blew up, scoring 48, which broke Chamique Holdsclaw's Christ the King single-game record. Kearney has not beaten CK in recent memory, but tonight anything is possible, especially the way Janelle has been playing. Now the all-time leading scorer in CHSAA history, two months ago, in a performance that has entered Rockaway folklore, Janelle scored seven points in the last 8 seconds to give Kearney a one-point win over Loughlin.

> **"I'll do something good," says Clare, "then I'll look up in the stands and I'll see my dad sitting there, just smiling. That's pretty great, because I made him happy."**

IN THE CHRIST THE KING LOCKER ROOM, Bob Mackey is psyching his team. Decked out with P. J. Carlesimo–like facial hair, Mackey, who once tended bar in a place owned by Tim Tubridy, father of Trish Tubridy, has coached boys but prefers the girls' game. "They listen, they're fundamentally sound, and they care. It isn't that supercool thing," he says. Other differences in coaching the sexes, Mackey says, are that you can't curse (even though he did scream at the team the other day to "stop making girly noises") and no one wants to watch videotape. "You put on the tape and no one is watching the plays—they're all upset about how fat they think they look."

"No excuses," Mackey shouts. "No way this team stays with us on our court. Racehorse basketball! We're in better shape! Run them down." Right! The team comes together in a bunch between a row of lockers, twelve teenage girls in satin shorts and tops, shouting a Hail Mary.



JUST WIN, BABY: Droesch, in the locker room with game face, listening to the coach.

Clare is already in her zone: "It's how I get before a game. Calm, but really, really intense. Then everything opens up for me. I see better and hear better." A boom box is blaring as the players run through their layup drills. In uniform Clare looks even bigger, her shoulders slumping like a fighter's. On the other side of the court, Janelle, her hair done up with a samurai topknot to match Clare's, is popping three-pointers. It is only a couple of nights ago that Clare and Janelle went driving on the Rockaway Freeway, under the relic-like stone A-train trestle. Now that Clare's got her license, it's something to do. They drove past the old Belle Harbor Tavern. Years ago, George Droesch sold the place. Recently, it was sold again—this time, by coincidence, to Janelle's two brothers. For Clare, it was another bond between her and her friend, like keeping the place in the family. But as for now, the girls are on opposite sides. Janelle looks toward Clare; Clare turns away.

From the start, the game is no lark. Jill Cook has been yelling all week in practice that Janelle "only goes left. Everyone *knows* Janelle only goes left." Janelle goes left all right, but fantastically quick off the dribble, she breaks the press, beating one defender after another, scoring on her first six attempts. Erick McManus, Janelle's brother, famous for getting loud, is screaming "Every time! Every time!"

Meanwhile, Clare is in a funk. Not hitting from the outside, she forces things. "She's trying too hard," George Droesch says to no one in particular. "It's playing Janelle for the last time. She's emotional about it." At the end of the first quarter, Christ the King is up 19–18. Janelle has 14 of Kearney's points. By the half, when it's 37–31 CK, Janelle has 25.

In the second half, the taller CK team wears Kearney down. Janelle can't do it all alone, certainly not after CK goes into a "triangle and two" zone against her. Meanwhile, Clare takes over, dominating both ends of the court. Never hurried, she's catching the ball up top and leaning in on her jump shot. The smaller Kearney players foul her, but she's too strong; the ball goes in anyway. Then she's busting to the basket in that sneaky fast way she has, and flinging her no-look passes. When Clare makes a critical steal, the game is basically over. Janelle has scored 33 points, Clare 22, but CK is the winner.

At the end, the Rockaway people gather at midcourt, staging another kind of old-home gathering. It is the last game at Christ the King for Trish Tubridy. In honor of the occasion, which is marked by many tears, Trish's grandfather, Chick Toland, invokes the Rockaway past, talking about how back in 1944 he used to play with the McGuires on the 108th Street courts in Snug Harbor, before they all went in the Navy. "Al," Chick says, "he was a tough guy. Couldn't shoot much, but tough. McGuires had a bar then, they called it McGuire's."

Clare and Janelle, gym bags over their shoulders, signing autographs for the Rockaway kids, arrange to get together later in the week. A sleepover or something.

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, CLARE IS BACK on the beach at the end of 134th Street. It is a raw day, but picturesque, with the bells from St. Francis ringing in the background. "One part of this life will be over when I go to college," Clare says, kicking at the damp sand, walking her Rockaway-girl walk.

Will she miss it? Sure. There's no place like Rockaway. But it can drive you a little stir-crazy, those ladies with the orange lipstick talking to themselves, the guys in the bars. As homesick as she might get, it will be good to get out, Clare thinks sometimes, take advantage of the opportunity her talent has dealt her, "to see the way things are . . .

"You know," Clare says, looking out at the ocean. "The world."

Meanwhile, a half-hour later and a couple of blocks away, in the school yard at St. Francis De Sales, a boy and girl are shooting around in the wet, still-wintery air. They are obviously brother and sister, just as obviously Irish. The boy is older, and he's pissed. His sister, about 9, is standing out beyond the foul line, bouncing the ball, lining up a shot. Wide through the shoulders, her blonde hair tied back in a bump like a samurai topknot, from a distance she might as well be a miniature Clare Droesch.

"Would you shoot the freaking ball already?" her brother barks, nasal and harsh.

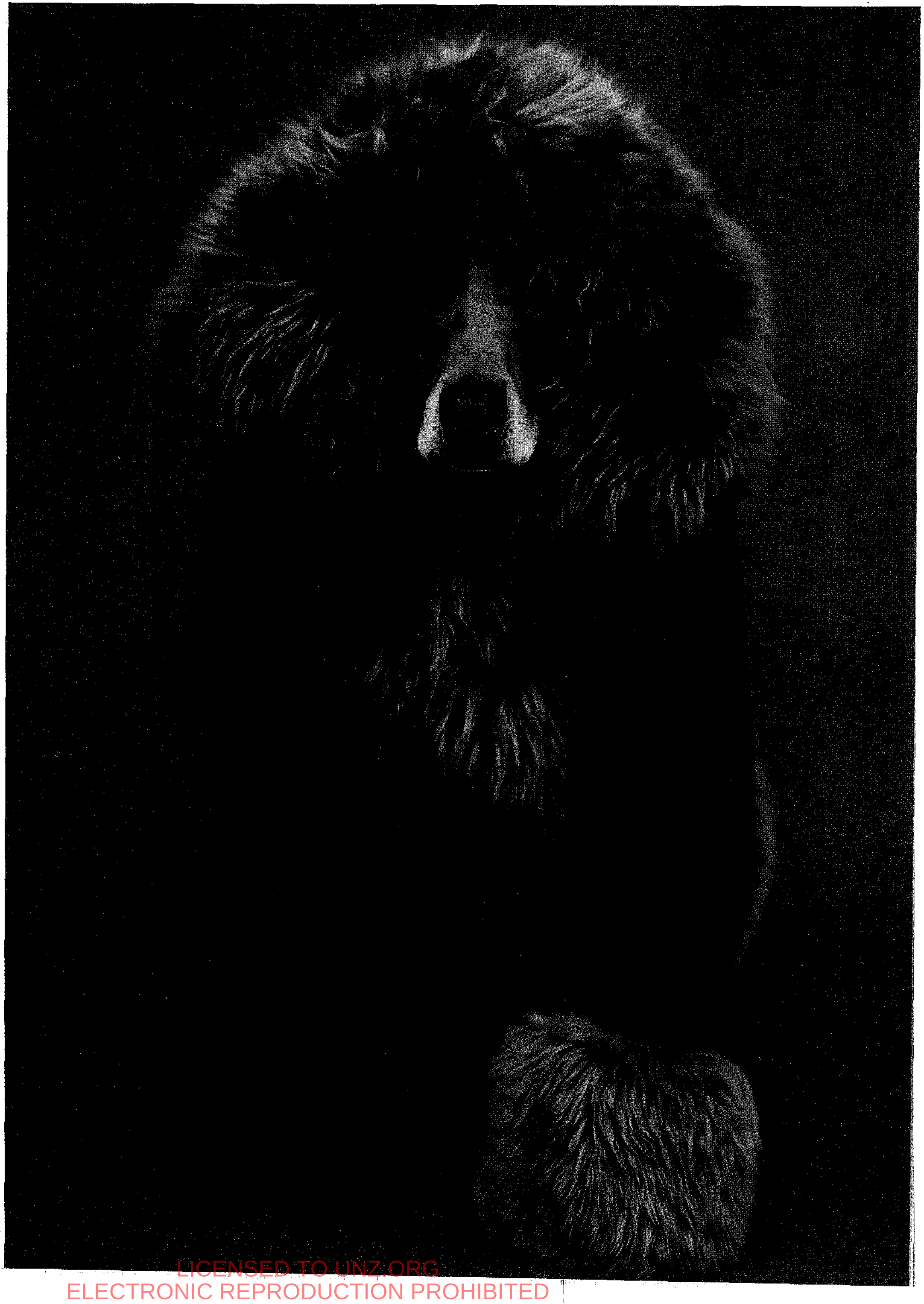
"Okay," the girl says, and lets fly.

The net barely moves. Swish.

"Ball!" the girl shouts to her brother, who is running down the rebound. ■

Glamour

"I don't really know a thing about fashion," insists **William Wegman.** "I just know what might work in a photograph." But the photographer seems to have sensed that these days, nothing's more in vogue than looking like a million bucks. Here, in an excerpt from his new book, *William Wegman: Fashion Photographs,* Wegman dresses up some of his favorite models.

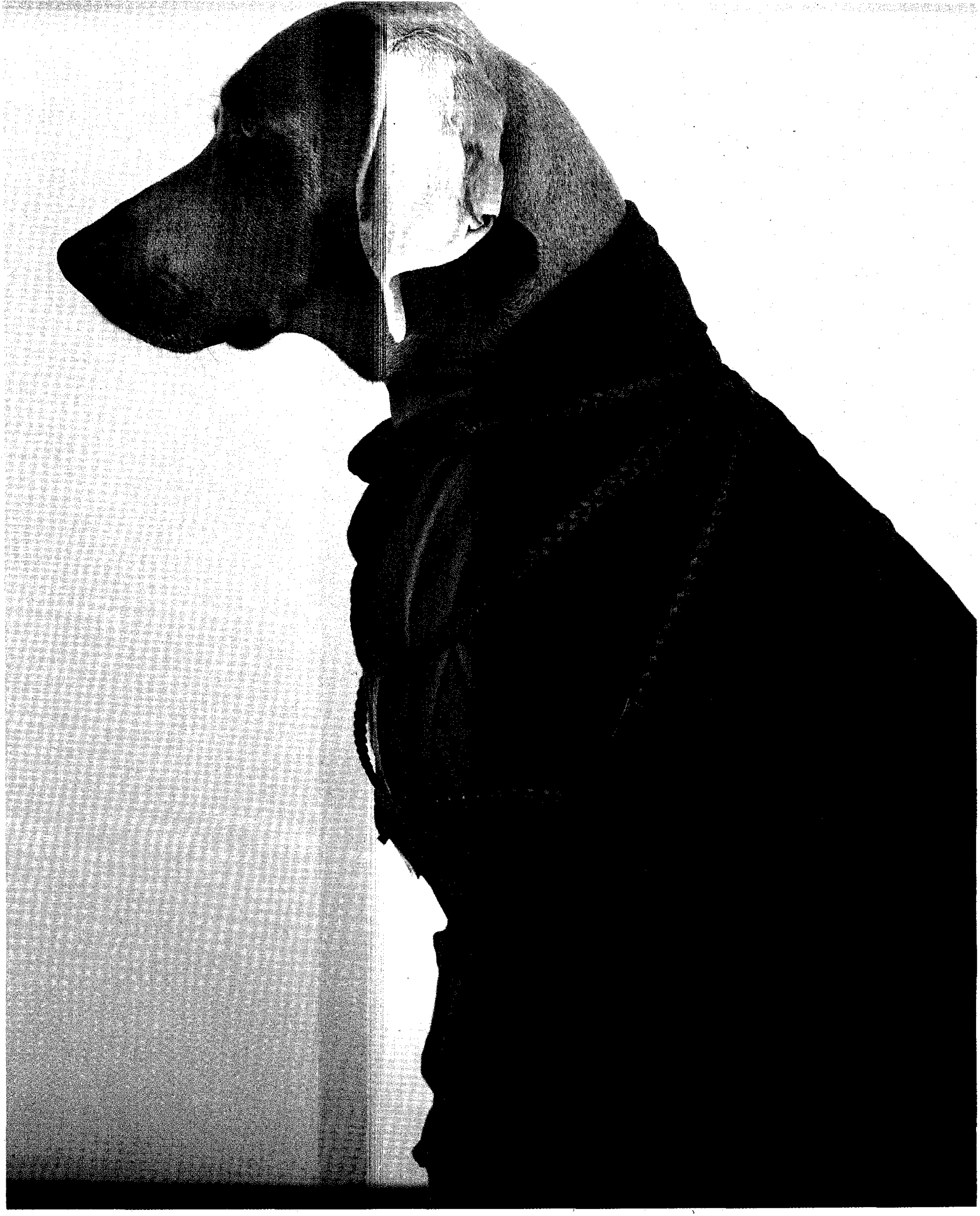


About Face

Near right, *Blue Powder,* 1994: Fay wears a coat by Isaac Mizrahi. "To make the picture work, I slightly moved the paw forward," explains Wegman. "And the most subtle little shift makes the picture come alive, makes it go beyond the dog trapped in the outfit." Far right, *Migratory,* 1999: Battina wears a hat by Miss Jones. "She looks like a lead bird—a duck, let's say—and you can imagine the fleet of other birds behind her. A little fashion bird."

Shots

Sitting Pretty **Left, *Bikini,* 1999: Battina wears a Dolce & Gabbana bathing suit. "This picture is a little weird," Wegman admits. "It's not exactly cute and not exactly creepy—it's a little of both." Some of the photographs were made in conjunction with Saks Fifth Avenue's Project Art, and the department store allowed Wegman to pick costumes from its racks: "I went in one day before the store opened and swooped down and pointed at things I thought might work," he explains. Above, *Feathered Foot,* 1999: shoes by Yves Saint Laurent. "This was photographically quite difficult; we had to figure out the angles of the presentation somehow. You don't usually think about a dog's foot, but this photo shows how different they are. I love touching dogs' paws, feeling how rough the pads get after being on the city sidewalks. And then the rest of the foot is quite soft . . ." Wegman laughs. "I sound sick, don't I?"**



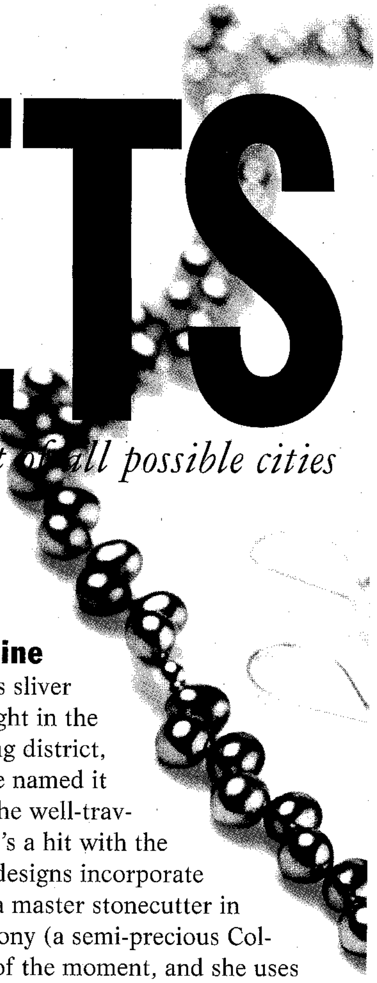
Style Classics **Above, *Dressage,* 1999: Chip wears a dress by Jean-Paul Gaultier. "It looks Roman, doesn't it?" says Wegman. "Sort of a toga. I imagine him in a chariot." Right, *Gent,* 1999: Chip in a top hat by Guerra. "I use a 20-by-24 camera from Polaroid, which has a very shallow depth of field. This means most of the photograph is very soft, but it suddenly gathers focus around the ears—and you can see every hair in a very beautiful way. Chip has really wonderful ears."**

Excerpt from William Wegman: Fashion Photographs, *by William Wegman. Published by Harry N. Abrams.*

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Pearls Before Swine

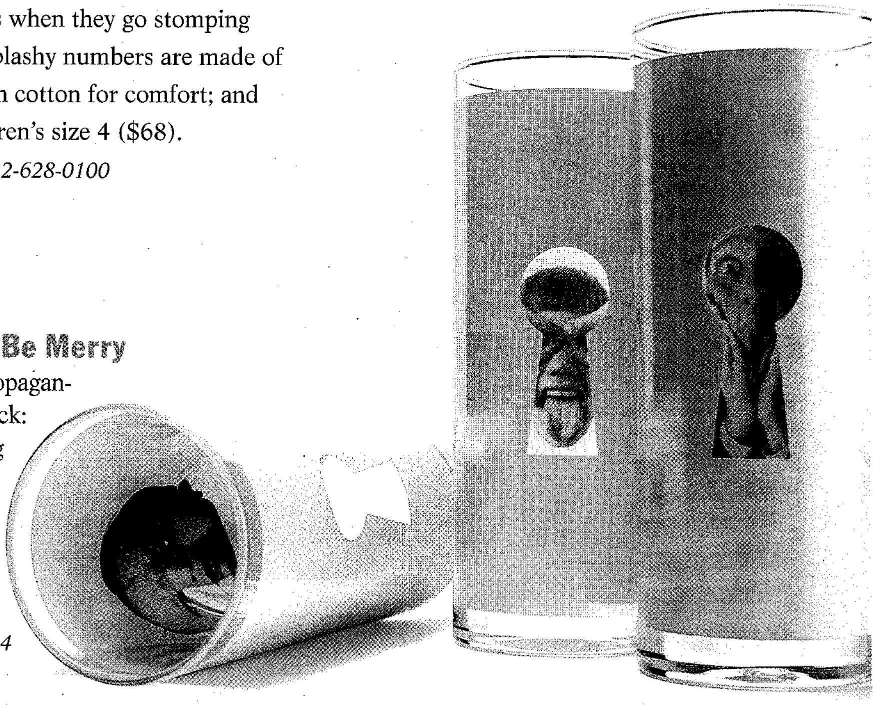
Laura Mady and Ken Cox's sliver of a jewelry shop sits right in the middle of the meatpacking district, which explains why they've named it Boucher. But it's also on the well-traveled Jeffrey–Pastis path, so it's a hit with the plugged-in crowd. Mady's designs incorporate organic shapes hand-cut by a master stonecutter in Hong Kong. Blue chalcedony (a semi-precious Colorado stone) is Mady's love of the moment, and she uses it for teardrop earrings or combines it with blue freshwater pearls for a drop-dead pendant necklace (earrings, $250 to $540; necklace, $390).

BOUCHER/*9 Ninth Avenue, at Little West 12th Street/212-206-3775*

Rain Dots

The fashion elite have decreed polka dots for spring: Not to be outdone, kids can look as cutting-edge as their moms when they go stomping around in Oilily's dotty rain boots. These splashy numbers are made of rubber, so they're waterproof; are lined with cotton for comfort; and come in sizes that range from baby to children's size 4 ($68).

OILILY/*870 Madison Avenue, near 70th Street/212-628-0100*



Drink and Be Merry

When you quaff your pisco punch from a Propaganda tumbler, you'll feel more than the usual kick: A crying baby, a clowning kid, a screaming guy appears through the keyhole as you down your drink. Since the Thailand-based design company uses silk-screened decals, these faces will not fade away ($7.50).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/212-861-2544*

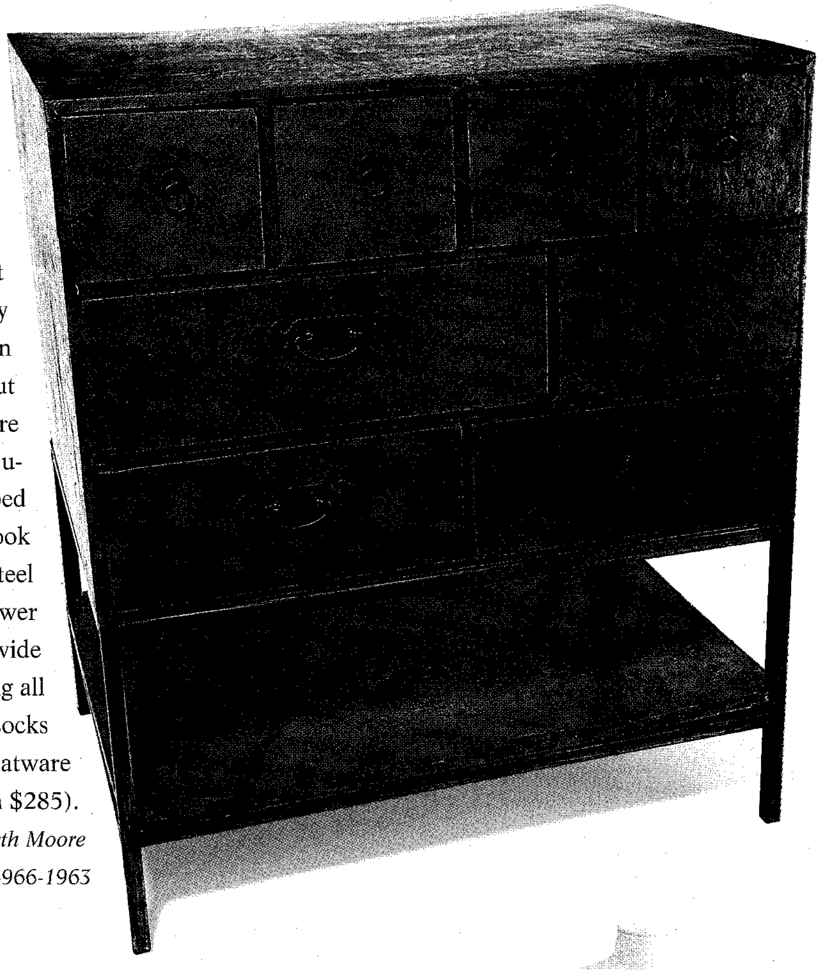


Table Mannered

On the manifestly correct theory that New Yorkers can never get their hands on as many smallish tables as they can use, Kevin Hart has put together a stash. His are handmade in China of jujube wood that's wrapped in leather, stained to look antique, then set onto a steel frame. These multi-drawer side or bed tables provide lots of room for storing all manner of stuff, from socks to sunglasses to silver flatware ($450; others from $285).

KEVIN HART & CO./*31 North Moore Street/212-966-1963*

Surface Glow

If you're addicted to TSE but have to restrain yourself because of the lofty prices, you can now indulge your cashmere jones at TSE Surface. This NoLIta outpost is a spin-off of the company's haute uptown store, and it's filled with sweaters that are younger, hipper, and, yes, cheaper. TSE designer Hussein Chalayan oversees the line, but the colors are noisier here—Crush oranges, butane reds, sulfur yellows. Among the luxurious little numbers are cashmere tanks, barely-there halter tops, and neat hooded sweatshirts, not to mention girly cotton skirts and perfect summer dresses. Owner George Casson brags that everything, even two-ply fall knits, will cost less than $500 (from $150 for a cashmere tank top to $395 for a cotton halter dress).

TSE SURFACE/*226 Elizabeth Street/212-343-7033*

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Photographed by Ted Morrison

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Just Suit Me

It's never too late to overcome sartorial ignorance. And right now, at the made-to-measure trunk shows, class is in session. By Marion Maneker

'Most men know more about their cars than they do about their clothes," fashion writer G. Bruce Boyer once complained. Which will seem not only true to most of you but also the right allocation of brainpower. But clothes and cars aren't as far apart as you might think. Both are utilitarian aspects of our lives that easily elide into artful self-expression. We may be more familiar with (and forgiving of) the gearhead than with the dandy, but both are driven by the same masculine impulse to show off. As for why most men prefer horsepower to thread count, it's probably as much nurture as nature. My high school had a class called Auto Shop that was very popular; did yours have a course in haberdashery?

Now that you've grown up and discovered the power of clothes, you may wish your school *had* offered Style 101 alongside Typing and Home Economics. If so, you're in luck, because twice a year, school's in session at local department stores. In March and September, Saks, Barneys, Brooks Brothers, and Bergdorf Goodman hold trunk shows where they'll sell you a great-looking suit, made exactly the way you want from the fabric you like, starting at around $800, often without tacking on a "made to measure" up-charge. More to the point, they'll happily teach you a thing or two about your clothes.

Unlike custom tailoring, where a unique garment is made from a pattern created especially for the client, made-to-measure suits adapt the designer's standard patterns to the customer's physique, preferred fabrics, and persnickety tastes in detailing. This reduces the choices involved in buying a distinctive suit to just the crucial and manageable few. "There is an emotional benefit to getting exactly what you want," explains Tom Kalenderian, executive vice-president at Barneys. "Once customers get a taste of it, they love it."

Most of the men invited to these events are regulars. These are the kind of guys who have their own salesmen and can be counted on to order at least three or four garments at a whack from their favorite designer every season. So a trunk sale is essentially the shopping equivalent of a VIP room. But no one will turn you away if you simply turn up out of curiosity. In fact, the sales reps will eagerly answer your questions. "We go over each measurement with a customer and explain exactly what we are doing so they will see the comparison between made-to-measure and a suit off the rack," says Patrick Young, a manager at Paul Stuart.

For each manufacturer the department stores host a special one- or two-day event at which they'll set up a refreshment bar in the designer's section of the floor and allow the tailors and their fabrics hold court. But the made-to-measure sale itself continues throughout the month. So you can go when they lay out the spread—or wait and book some time for a one-on-one tutorial.

The first choice you'll have to make is one of style. What kind of suit fits your personality, profession, and portfolio? "There's style and there's fashion," says master tailor Martin Greenfield, at Brooks Brothers. "With me, you'll develop a style: peak lapels, double vents,

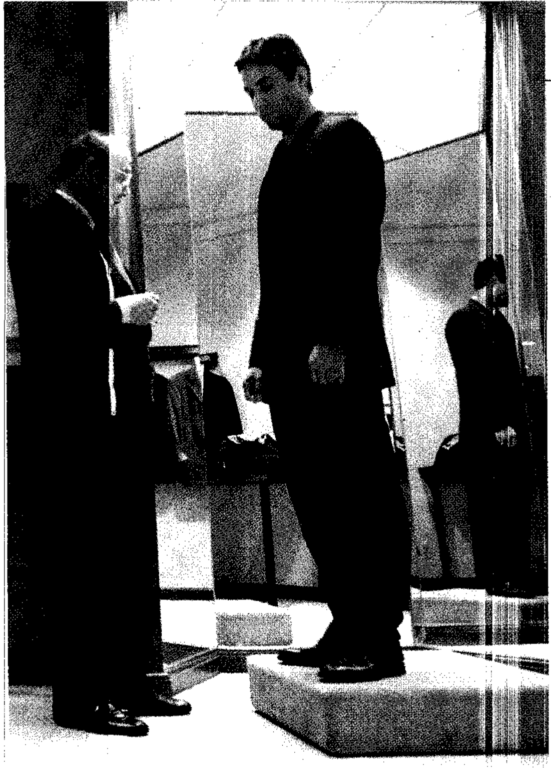
EXPERT TESTIMONY

Coffee Talk

Essential to any café latino is a dark Italian roast, says Douglas Rodriguez, executive chef at Chicama, the South American canteen inside ABC Carpet & Home. "Latin coffee isn't as pure and caffeinated as Arabica roast, which is what's in premium American coffee, because Italian-roast beans are cooked longer," explains the former top chef of Patria, the city's original mecca for Nuevo Latino cuisine. But café con leche may be an acquired taste for those stuck on skinny lattes and frothy cappuccinos; it requires whole milk ("the more fat, the better") that's heated, not steamed. "You don't want any foam at all, just warm milk and coffee," says Rodriguez. At work, Rodriguez makes his own, but for a more leisurely coffee break, he heads uptown to Café con Leche (726 Amsterdam Avenue, near 95th Street; 212-678-7000). The java is among the city's best, he insists. And befitting such a no-nonsense beverage, the coffee, at $1.50, is as easy on the wallet as it is on the palate.

Elaine Heinzman

Photographs by Tyler Hicks. Illustration by Matthew Martin.



Having it made: Above, getting a Zegna suit fitted at Saks; below, measuring for a Battistoni jacket at Barneys.

high three buttons, long jackets, whatever. Then we'll adjust it for fashion as times change, or you grow older, or you switch jobs."

Greenfield is referring to a personal style but one within the range of what he does: the loose-fitted, natural-shouldered American look. If that's not you, there are other makers out there who are. For conservative tastes, there's Brooks Brothers; Polo; Hickey-Freeman; Kilgour, French and Stanbury; Paul Stuart; Chester Barrie; and Oxxford. All make some version of a classic suit without too much flash. In the middle, you get Italian names like Zegna, Isaia, Belvest, Corneliani, Cerrutti, Battistoni, and Luciano Barbera, whose suits possess the structured nonchalance Italians are famous for. Finally, there are the unmistakable silhouettes of Ralph Lauren Purple Label (selective takes on Savile Row classics), Giorgio Armani (the master of the slouching power look), Kiton (Neapolitan flash), Huntsman (British military precision), and Brioni (Roman cool).

Once you've got a style, the fun begins. At the center of any trunk show is "the box." It contains swatches of all the various fabrics available for that line. The pickings haven't been this good in years—luxurious weaves with cool-sounding high thread counts: super 120s, 150s, and even 180s. "What's changed the most with technology is the fabrics," observes Greenfield. "For people who travel a lot, we have high-performance fabrics that don't wrinkle. For active people, we have stretch fabrics." Sadly, today's men don't get the eye-catching overplaids, rustic herringbones, or distinctive pinstripes that made the heyday of men's fashion between the wars so distinctive and dandyish. Muted patterns are the order of the day—and cashmere sells like mad.

Thanks to the fabrics, the made-to-measure business is growing at a double-digit clip. Because these fabrics are so expensive, no manufacturer dares to waste them on a suit that might not sell. "As the phenomenon of buying exotic fabrics evolves, more business goes to made-to-measure," comments designer Alan Flusser. And as the business expands, so do your educational—and epicurean—opportunities, since trunk sales offer the sort of freedom one rarely gets in a department store. "This is the next level," says Richard Bowes, men's fashion director at Bergdorf Goodman. "We let the men who come to us express themselves. It's the ultimate customer service."

For more information, call the made-to-measure departments at Barneys (212-826-8900); Bergdorf Goodman (212-339-3342); Brooks Brothers (800-274-1816); Paul Stuart (212-682-0320); and Saks Fifth Avenue (212-753-4000). ■

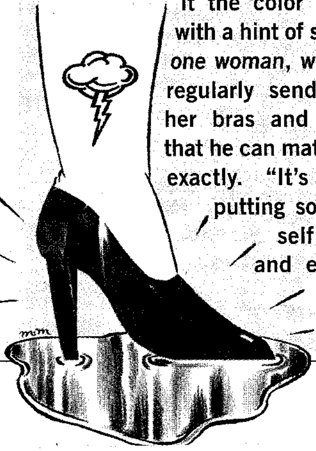
NAVIGATOR

Q: My Sergio Rossis make my legs look amazing, but after repeated wear, the shoes themselves are looking not so hot.

A: Winter is especially cruel to our shoes; the combination of snow, rain, and salt wreaks havoc on delicate leathers. But a good conditioner can salvage your shoes and protect them from future damage. Savas Masatci, a manager at **Top Service** (845 Seventh Avenue, at West 54th Street; 212-765-3190) who counts Calvin Klein, Prada, and Gucci among his customers, says it doesn't matter whether it's applied by the store or done at home. For $4, you can buy a do-it-yourself kit, such as Premier Salt Stain Remover, for ugly white winter marks. He also recommends Lexol leather conditioner and cleaner, sold for $5.99.

The Kenneth Cole store on the Upper West Side sends its customers to **Andrade Boot and Shoe Repair** (379 Amsterdam Avenue, near 78th Street; 212-787-0465) for help. Owner Galo Brito advises clients that frequent upkeep is the best way to prevent unhappy surprises, such as a broken heel during a big date or important meeting. In addition to suggesting that you keep your shoes polished so the skin doesn't dry out and crack, he also recommends bringing in wobbly heels for immediate reinforcement.

Carlos Mesquita, the owner of **Shoe Service Plus** (15 West 55th Street; 212-262-4823), whose clientele includes Manolo Blahnik and Hermès, goes further, recommending that people bring their shoes in before they start wearing them. "If you have nice shoes, you need to protect them," he says. "A little tap on the front, some rubber on the bottom, and you can keep the shoe looking new for longer." His customers appreciate the attention to detail. "Dye it the color of eggplant with a hint of silver," wrote one woman, while another regularly sends Mesquita her bras and panties so that he can match the color exactly. "It's all about putting some of yourself into each and every shoe," he says.



AMANDA MAY

SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

Dig These Trenches

Rain-gear games: *Don't let spring showers put a damper on your style. A flurry of affordable trench coats will let you* **stay dry and look slick.**

Splashy fashion: Clockwise from bottom left, coats by Jussara, Benetton, Cynthia Steffe, and BCBG.

IT'S BEEN A BANNER YEAR FOR the trench coat. With a newly flattering fit and a hipper, higher hemline, it was not only a star on spring runways, it has also finally shed its weirdo-at-the-playground reputation. We're smitten with Oscar de la Renta's denim version, a beige number with big clownish buttons from Marc Jacobs, and a lean, mean black one by John Bartlett (and that's just from this side of the Atlantic). But many we'd be just as proud to wear cost much less.

If you've had enough of that jeans jacket you lived in last spring, trade it in for **BCBG Max Azria**'s flattering indigo denim trench (pictured; $135 at Bloomingdale's). Or try **Cynthia by Cynthia Steffe**'s lighter style in indigo stretch denim or faded red twill (pictured, $232 at Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue).

A classic cotton coat in a neutral color (still the favorite with the Burberry-clad fashion crowd) will have a longer life. We love a crisp, knee-length one from **United Colors of Benetton**, in khaki or sleek black (pictured, $248). For added spark, flash friends with **Jussara**'s understated khaki style with a psychedelic silk lining (pictured, $278 at Henri Bendel in April).

To head out in anything more than a slight drizzle, pick trenches in water-repellent fabrics, like **Anne Klein**'s silky, cotton-and-nylon styles in ice blue or beige ($172 at Macy's) or **Benetton**'s featherweight nylon version in black, natural, or white ($168). For coats that predate the trend, try **Kaufman's Army & Navy**, where $50–$80 buys khaki, black, or olive-green models left over from Korea and Vietnam, as well as current surplus.

Bloomingdale's (212-705-2000); Saks Fifth Avenue (212-753-4000); United Colors of Benetton, 597 Fifth Ave., near 48th St. (212-317-2501); Henri Bendel (212-247-1100); Macy's (212-695-4400); Kaufman's Army & Navy, 319 W. 42nd St. (212-757-5670).

Picks of the Week

Foley & Corinna is taking up to 70 percent off vintagey hand-knit sweaters and skirts, funky totes, and flea-market finds. Bags and sweaters are $25–$50; coats are $50–$200. *108 Stanton St. (212-529-2338); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sun. noon–7; 3/13–3/19.*

Gail Grossman Designs costume jewels and hair accessories (at stores like Barneys) are at least 60 percent off at her sale. Think lots of flowers, pastels, and charm bracelets for $15–$78. *390 Fifth Ave. at 36th St., Suite 706 (212-629-0097); M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 11–5; 3/13–3/16.*

Gabrielle Carlson's clearing a selection of romantic, silk evening things for about 70 percent off: Metallic silk scarves are $45, dresses and wrap tops are $90–$175, ball skirts are $225. Sizes 6–10. *251 E. 10th St., Suite 4 (212-995-8063); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Thurs. 6–9, Fri. 4–8; 3/15–3/17.*

Mikiko Ino is taking 70 percent off a group of vintage kimonos (many with embroidery or painted details). Prices are $80–$250. *114 Chambers St. (212-587-1117); M.C., V., checks; Fri.–Sat. 11–6; 3/17–3/18.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photograph by Shin Ohira.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Satan Place

Roman Polanski's 'The Ninth Gate' is an old-style detective story with a dash of devil worship that's sometimes terrifying, sometimes just gimmicky.

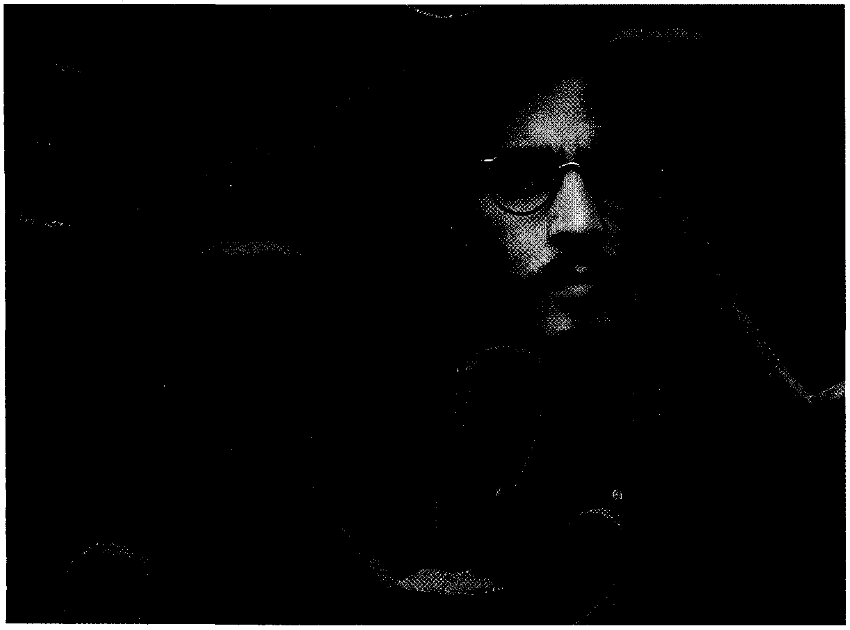
IN ROMAN POLANSKI'S **The Ninth Gate**, JOHNNY DEPP plays Dean Corso, an unscrupulous New York book dealer with a reputation for tracking down the rarities and exotica his posh clients crave. As Dean says, a bad reputation is good for business, but, job description aside, he'd probably be bad anyway. He enjoys infiltrating the world of rare books with his scamp's manners; it's a form of one-upmanship.

The best thing about *The Ninth Gate* is that it locates a relatively new setting for old claptrap. Dean is a species of detective, and in the course of his quest, we're treated to a rogues' gallery of effete desiccation: Many of the book collectors on view have a sallow countenance, the look of faded parchment. The film should be much better than it is; as is often the case with Polanski's work over the past several decades, the build-up and the atmosphere are more compelling than the end result. But cold craftsmanship is better than no craftsmanship, and parts of *The Ninth Gate* have a caustic, cackling humor.

Polanski is the kind of director who keeps one eye on his audience at all times. Every camera move and every cut is conceived in cat-and-mouse terms. Like Dean Corso, Polanski enjoys one-upping those who depend on him. The undercurrent of sadism in his films comes not just from the recurring queasy subject matter but also from the ways in which we are made to feel like puppets on a string. The story goes that Polanski, against the objections of his producers, once set up a shot for *Rosemary's Baby* in which a half-opened door partially blocked our view into an adjoining room; he argued that the shot was designed so that when the film was finally projected in theaters, everybody would be craning their necks in unison to see around the door, and, of course, that's exactly what happened. Sometimes this sort of tweaking can be pleasurable. Hitchcock, for example, turned audience manipulation into sport, and we enjoyed being fooled with: It meant that Hitchcock thought enough of our smarts to try confounding them. His relationship with his audience is based on an essentially English sense of wryness. Even in the savagery of *Psycho* there is a sense in which he is toying with our frights; there is wit in the blood. The black joke in that film is how it overturns our conventional scary-movie expectations and becomes truly gruesome.

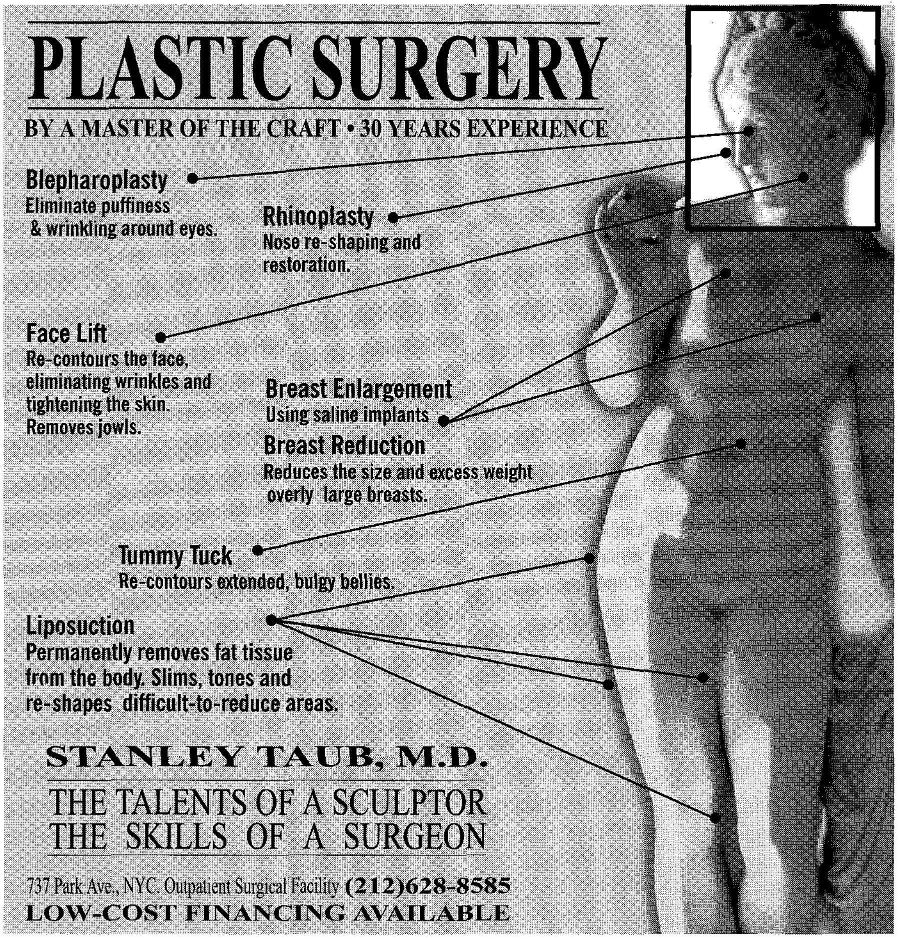
Polanski's horrors come out of a different tradition from Hitchcock's, much more Eastern European and Jacobean. His gamesmanship is closer to blood sport. Like Hitchcock's, Polanski's audience-response maneuvers have sometimes been interpreted as a sign of artistry when they're often just high-end gimmickry. But, also like Hitchcock, Polanski is a special case. His best movies have a way of blurring the line—which is mostly artificial anyway—between the manipulations of a fright-master and those of an artist. The dread that pervades, say, *Chinatown*, or even the uneven *Frantic*, which is almost intolerably anxiety-provoking for its first, seemingly uneventful half-hour or so, goes beyond pulpishness into richer realms of unease. These films are saying that while the stories we are watching are unhinged and full of fear, the real world in which they were created is even more so. (Inevitably, if unfairly, we regard Polanski's harrowing life and his movies as all of a piece.) The existential dislocation is total. Movies are not just movies; they're emissaries of a deeper disorder.

In *The Ninth Gate*, books are agents of disorder, too. Dean is hired by the publisher Boris Balkan (Frank Langella) to seek out in Spain, Portugal, and France the two surviving editions, besides his own, of a seventeenth-century tome illustrated with nine engravings that, combined with the text, are said to summon the Devil. Balkan's climate-controlled library consists entirely of books about Satan, and the man himself seems climate-controlled: Langella looks as if he were



Bookish: Johnny Depp plays a dealer who'll go to extremes in *The Ninth Gate*.

Photograph by Peter Mountain.



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preserved in formaldehyde. His oily, orotund pronouncements—"I'm entering uncharted territory!"—are a shade too regal for camp, but his performance, like most of the movie, isn't to be taken entirely seriously. The comic effects are uneven, perhaps because Polanski is too much the martinet to achieve the florid levity he's often reaching for here. In what amounts to violent slapstick, Dean evades torchings and bashings and gougings; he steals his way into a Satanic-cult gathering at a mansion in the French countryside that recalls the scene in *Eyes Wide Shut* in which a masked Tom Cruise infiltrates a mansion of incanting orgiasts. (I do not intend this comparison as a compliment.) Polanski is torn between making a horror film and a horror spoof, in the end succeeding at neither.

And yet there are brilliant, unsettling moments throughout. As Dean tracks down the editions, he crosses paths with a magnificent array of grotesques, including a wheelchair-bound baroness (Barbara Jefford) and a French-born widow (Lena Olin) who slithers sultrily and then claws at him when she doesn't get what she wants. The women in this movie all come on like she-devils, none more so than the blonde (Emmanuelle Seigner) who mysteriously turns up as Dean's guardian angel. Seigner looks like a more brutish version of Dominique Sanda, and her eroticism is hellfire. She wears flames the way some women wear Dior.

When he was no longer able to make movies in Hollywood, Polanski lost the armature of the studio system that reined in his excesses. The commercialism of the Hollywood approach had a salutary effect on Polanski's artistry that is rare for émigré directors. Away making movies in Europe since *Chinatown,* he has become a director of bits and pieces (with the exception of *Tess),* and while the oddments are still the work of a distinctive talent, the films come across less as fully realized achievements than as squanderings. That certainly holds true for *The Ninth Gate,* a movie with some fire and lots more ash.

In brief: FOREST WHITAKER CARRIES ABOUT him an air of gracious somnolence, but there's also a charge at the center of his sleepiness that works extremely well for his latest movie. In Jim Jarmusch's **Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai**, he plays a hit man who lives in a ratty rooftop apartment festooned with pigeons and pores over the precepts of an eighteenth-century warrior text. The film is by turns irritating and inviting; Jarmusch's allusive metaphysics has a sensual glide, but much of what he's doing here is also too, too hip. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Noises Awful

You couldn't tell from its rapturous reception, so let's set the record straight: 'The Noise of Time' is as entertaining and instructive as a chain saw.

IN THE PAST TWO CENTURIES, AN ULTRACONSERVATIVE spirit decried all innovation in the arts with suspicion and derision. Under the subsequent dispensation, anything new and different was hailed with blind enthusiasm, irrespective of its utter meaninglessness: One must not be the last to salute a potential classic. Of the two forms of delinquency, the second is by far the worse. Opposition forces the innovator to strive harder, resort to subtlety to circumvent intolerance. Mindless salivating at novelty merely encourages phonies to peddle their inanities to unwarranted Pavlovian acclaim.

Such is the case of the Theatre de Complicite's **The Noise of Time**, a piece of sheer pretension, ineptitude, and emptiness that elicited deafening audience ovations and two glowing features plus two rave reviews from our newspaper of record. It confirms my belief that were you to put a pair of copulating dogs on the stage, you, too, could, with the inevitable hype, pass for as great an artist as the charlatan, lunatic, or imbecile Simon McBurney, guiding light (or chief obfuscator) of Complicite, who conceived and staged this piece. It purports to shed light on the life of Dmitri Shostakovich, on how we hear music, on the place of the artist in history, on the somber meanings of the composer's fifteenth and last quartet, and, for all I know, on the price of eggs.

To be sure, McBurney pulled one clever stunt: The last 35 minutes or so of this 80-minute farrago are taken up by the excellent Emerson String Quartet's rendition of the Quartet No. 15, well worthy of applause. Especially so if you consider that the Emersons had to play in near darkness, standing, perambulating, or sitting too far apart for eye contact, and finally seated on a platform in two rows facing the audience, thus going from strolling gypsy musicians to artful posers for a publicity photograph. For much less money, you could have caught an evening of the Emerson's recent five-part traversal of the complete quartets, played, in chronological order, in full view and with unimpeded hearing.

For in the sparsely lit *The Noise of Time,* there is neither full view nor unimpeded hearing, to say nothing of sense. Those who know that the loudspeakers' oft-referred-to Slava is Mstislav Rostropovich, that the composer's bombastic wartime Seventh Symphony was broadcast on an NBC national hookup (we hear scratchy shreds of it), that the young Dmitri was a movie-theater pianist once caught in a cinema fire, that Stalin & Co. made the artist's life miserable, etc., will learn nothing new from garbled references here. The others will be left in an even greater dark than prevails onstage. The four nonspeaking performers enact mostly inscrutable maneuvers, carrying about women's garments or obsolete radios, transporting numerous Ionescoan chairs on and off, dismantling a cello, gesticulating wildly or careering about, and making nuisances of themselves in front of a backdrop alternating photographs of the composer with sheet music, ocean waves, and meaningless abstractions. They even undermine the Emerson's playing by hovering about, pretending to read the sheet music, or carrying around that deconstructed cello.

Strung out: A scene from *The Noise of Time.*

The loudspeakers blare out disconnected fragments (some of them in Russian) from an old, screechy, spotlighted radio, including bits of announcers' pontifications, snatches from Shostakovich's letters, random bursts of his Seventh Symphony, references to the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin's singing a Shostakovich patriotic ditty in outer space, frequent salvos of applause, and lots of static. This may or may not be the noise of time

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

(Aleksandr Blok's definition of history), but it certainly is the cacophony of fraud. The locus, for six performances, was the auditorium of the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, perpetrating on this occasion a hoax verging on the indictable.

NICKY SILVER'S **The Altruists** REASSERTS HIS torrential facility for spinning out absurdist fantasies about our foibles and follies. But once again, the glibness outruns the valid ideas to hurtle into a near-amorphous mush of good and bad jokes, pointed and pointless observation, cutesy titillation, and outrageous nonsense. Here we have a group of chronic East Village protesters, marching for every real or unreal cause coming down the pike or up from Tompkins Square, while leading completely selfish lives and committing injustices identical to the ones they unthinkingly march against.

I cannot begin to summarize a plot involving every kind of sexual excess including murder. Everyone sleeps with everyone else, regardless of gender, any shred of loyalty, or even recollection of the past night's copulatory tumult. David Warren has staged it at Indianapolis 500 speed, aimed to forestall the slightest chance of rational demurral. The parade of grotesqueries viewed and heard at breakneck tempo induces a hypnotic state that some audience members may mistake for an enriching experience.

It is, at any rate, well acted by Joey Slotnick, Eddie Cahill, Kali Rocha, Sam Robards, and especially Veanne Cox, though one wonders whether she could do a part not based on her trademark comic-hysteric monologues. Neil Patel's tongue-in-cheek scenery makes its farcical contribution.

In brief: JOHN LATOUCHE WROTE SOME CLEVer lyrics for many a fine musical, but perhaps not quite clever enough for a full evening, **Taking a Chance on Love**. Especially not if of the four performers only Jerry Dixon and Eddie Korbich are vocally viable; Terry Burrell is more actress than singer, and Donna English impresses more with her figure than with her voice. . . . **The Big Bang** is a two-clown musical revue tracing mankind's path from Eden to Woodstock. Sophomorically performed by the co-authors, Boyd Graham and Jed Feuer, the material is mostly hollow, unsurprising, and often tasteless, with only Edward T. Gianfrancesco's sly scenery holding one's interest. . . . At the Café Carlyle, the major singer-actress **Betty Buckley** offers a fine and various program of memorable songs, rendered with the ultimate in vocal and histrionic finesse. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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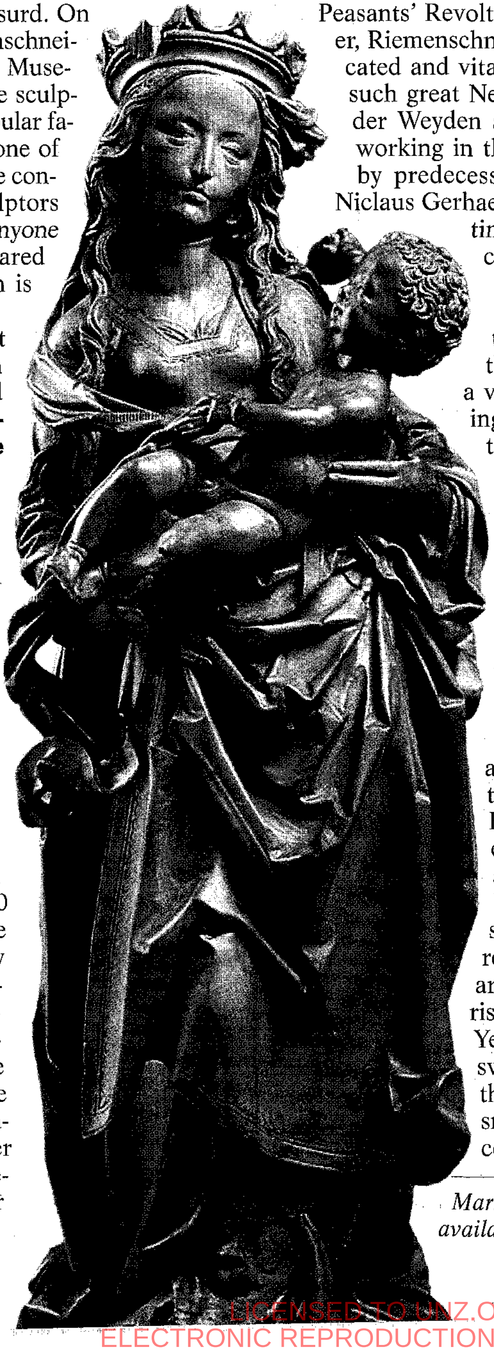
ART **MARK STEVENS**

Saints Elsewhere

The flowing lines and sweeping shapes of a little-known medieval sculptor are enough to tarnish Rodin's reputation.



Riemenschneider's *Virgin and Child on the Crescent Moon* (ca. 1495).

ANY MINOR IMPRESSIONIST IS BETTER KNOWN TO today's public than Tilman Riemenschneider (ca. 1460–1531), one of the greatest artists of the late Middle Ages. There are some obvious reasons for the oversight: Collectors have not stocked American museums with German art, and for many people, the celebration of individual artists begins with the Renaissance. Even so, the fame game in art history often seems utterly absurd. On the way to the current Riemenschneider show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, you will pass some sculptures by that celebrity and popular favorite Rodin. Rodin may be one of my blind spots, but I found the contrast between the two sculptors painfully telling. How could anyone fail to conclude that compared with Riemenschneider, Rodin is a cloddish show-off?

It speaks well of the Met and the National Gallery in Washington that they would jointly organize **Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages**, a show that's not an obvious crowd-pleaser. It speaks well of the audience too. I watched the surprising numbers of people in the galleries, and they seemed to take their time, studying the subtleties of the work with a kind of slow relish. This is one of the glories of New York—that there remain so many different crowds here, including an appreciative audience for work of sublime, brilliantly expressed religious feeling. In this show, there are about 60 pieces, many of them once part of larger ensembles; they are made from materials as diverse as lime wood, sandstone, and alabaster. Riemenschneider's virtuosity is made transparently clear in the opening room, where the curators juxtapose two alabaster *Annunciations*, one by Riemenschneider and the other by a lesser artist. The flowing, sweetly composed lines of the Riemenschneider seem to give his light-filled stone the breath of life. The other work seems static, if prettily so.

Riemenschneider spent most of his life in Würzburg, where he ran a successful workshop that created sculpture for the churches of the region; he also made smaller works for private devotion. His life probably ended badly—perhaps with torture—when he opposed the prince-bishop of Würzburg during the Peasants' Revolt of 1525. A contemporary of Dürer, Riemenschneider drew upon a highly sophisticated and vital tradition; he probably looked to such great Netherlandish masters as Roger van der Weyden and to the many strong sculptors working in the region. (The show includes art by predecessors and contemporaries such as Niclaus Gerhaert von Leiden.) The religion of the time was marked by gentle, melancholic piety, in which worshipers contemplated the lives of the great figures of Christianity as part of their practice. Riemenschneider therefore imbued his materials with a vivid and pleasing sensation of living flesh, which helped viewers identify with, say, the Virgin. At the same time, he brought an air of the detached and abstract to his work, through the careful way he composed the folds of the drapery, stretched out the figures, and played line against volume. As a result, aesthetic and religious reverie come together in Riemenschneider's art, each enhancing the other.

Riemenschneider had an unfailing ability to locate the exacting edge between the physical and the spiritual. His people are at once down to earth and elevated, of the moment and eternal. They can be reached but not possessed. In Riemenschneider's art, there is something reminiscent of a candle. His figures are elongated and vertical; as they rise, they retain their hefty presence. Yet the spiraling of the lines and the sweep of the shapes strongly evoke the flickering of flame—and the way smoke twists upward. The body becomes transcendent. ■

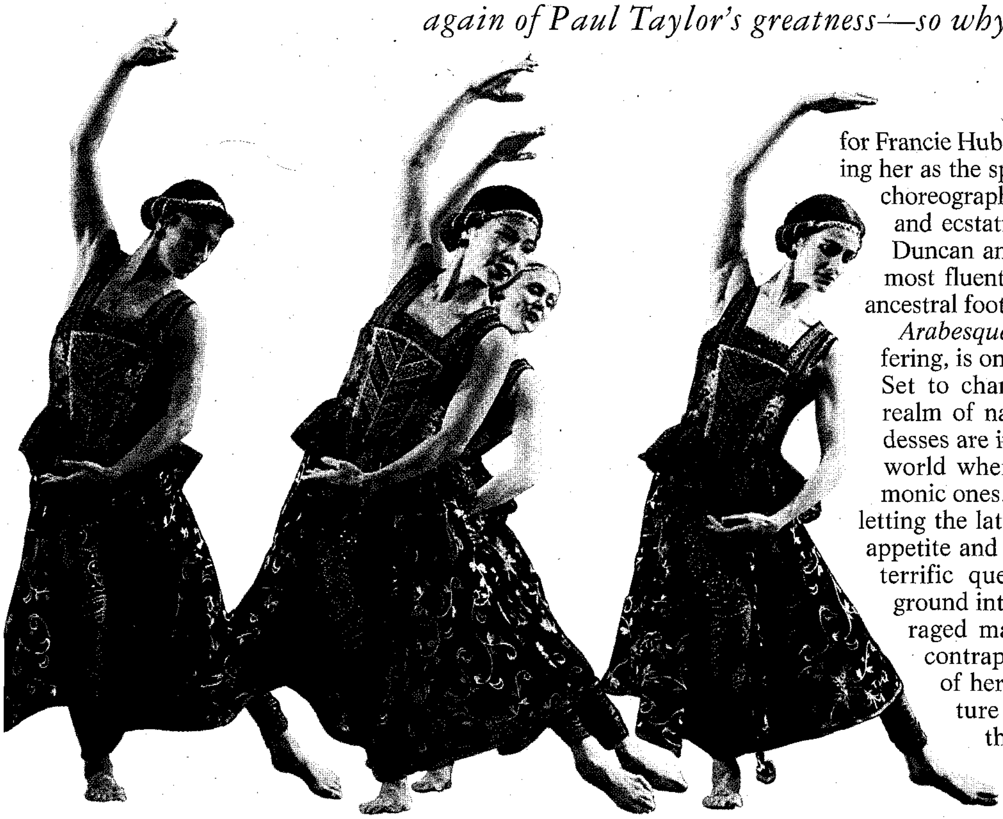
Mark Stevens's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

To Pay Paul

The uncharacteristically symmetric new 'Cascade' reminds us yet again of Paul Taylor's greatness—so why can't he afford the rent?



Fearful symmetry: Paul Taylor dancers in *Cascade*.

ANY ENGAGEMENT OF THE **Paul Taylor Dance Company**—like the recent one at City Center—elicits gratitude for Taylor's intelligence, wit, sophistication, musicality, psychological perception, and theatrical acumen. If that weren't enough, one of this season's novelties, *Cascade,* set to excerpts from Bach's Concertos for Piano and Orchestra, looks like top-drawer Taylor, destined for a long life in the repertory.

As the choreographer has persistently been instructing his interviewers, the piece is an exercise in symmetry, an element he usually ignores in favor of off-kilter designs. The symmetry of the setups—a duet, for instance, executed simultaneously by two male-female pairs—is enlarged through the constant use of movement strategies such as repetition, refraction, and echoing. As the dance progresses, it persuades you that there are only half a dozen movement phrases in the universe and that Taylor has created a modulated, eloquent language with them.

Played suavely against formal structure in *Cascade* is a mood of dark tenderness that is extremely touching, occasionally heartbreaking. Generated in a duet for Maureen Mansfield and Patrick Corbin, it seems, in retrospect, to pervade the entire piece, offering the viewpoint of someone who knows that though love is futile, inevitably thwarted by dissension or death, it remains the only thing in life worth trying for. A gorgeous solo for Francie Huber lies at the center of the piece, proposing her as the spirit animating the imaginary world the choreographer has brought into being. Voluptuous and ecstatic, it incorporates motifs from Isadora Duncan and Doris Humphrey, as if Taylor, at his most fluent moments of invention, is listening to ancestral footsteps.

Arabesque, Taylor's other new-to-New York offering, is one of his archaic Mediterranean dances. Set to chamber music by Debussy, it evokes a realm of nature in which myriad gods and goddesses are immanent. This is a primordial, amoral world where benign creatures co-exist with demonic ones. Taylor takes perverse pleasure here in letting the latter dominate. With her avid theatrical appetite and gypsy looks, Silvia Nevjinsky makes a terrific queen of this universe. She takes the ground into her confidence in a grand solo of enraged magical power, her body possessed by contrapuntal angles and curves. At the climax of her ritual, she freezes into an iconic posture that might transfix an archaeologist though it were no longer rendered in flesh but in stone.

As is reflected in the title—a reference to an elaborately twined design derived from Arab sources—the language of the piece centers on convoluted postures of eccentric elegance. These take on a bravura aspect when they're assumed—and changed—with the dancers traveling at freeway speed. Though Taylor keeps *Arabesque* essentially abstract, he incorporates a single pantomimic incident: the lethal obscuring of vision. (Imagine the Dark Angel section of Balanchine's *Serenade* followed by Oedipus' final passage in Graham's *Night Journey.*) Early in the piece, the Nevjinsky figure maims a male dancer in this way; the action is repeated, perpetrator and victim reversed, toward the end. The flaw in *Arabesque* is that only Taylor, apparently, knows what this is about.

As he approaches his 70th birthday and celebrates the 45th anniversary of his company, Taylor—like Merce Cunningham, the other great choreographer of his generation—is in a peculiar position. He has a roomful of formidable awards attesting to his indefatigable genius, among them America's National Medal of Arts and the France's order of the Legion of Honor. Yet he can't pay the rent. The cost of his company's studio is about to more than double, and a recent interview reported him openly worrying about this and hoping people would "help." Because of budget constraints, his company has capitulated to the use of canned music, which does a serious disservice to both performers and audience. His valiant dancers make a living wage but hardly one commensurate

(continued on page 64)

Photograph by Ellen Crane.

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Station Masters

The gastronomic revival of Grand Central continues apace with Pershing Square and Métrazur as the latest and worthiest additions.

NEW YORKERS REALLY ARE AN UNGRATEFUL LOT. They came from all over town and made a big deal when Grand Central Terminal was gloriously reborn last year, eagerly searching the constellations on the ceiling, turning their faces toward the warm radiance of the golden chandeliers, scampering up the new East Staircase just for fun. And they all agreed. It was hand-claspingly stunning. Then, as if this were a once-in-a-lifetime, Streep-back-at-the-Delacorte-type thing, they left and turned the place over to Metro-North commuters and whoever happens to work close by.

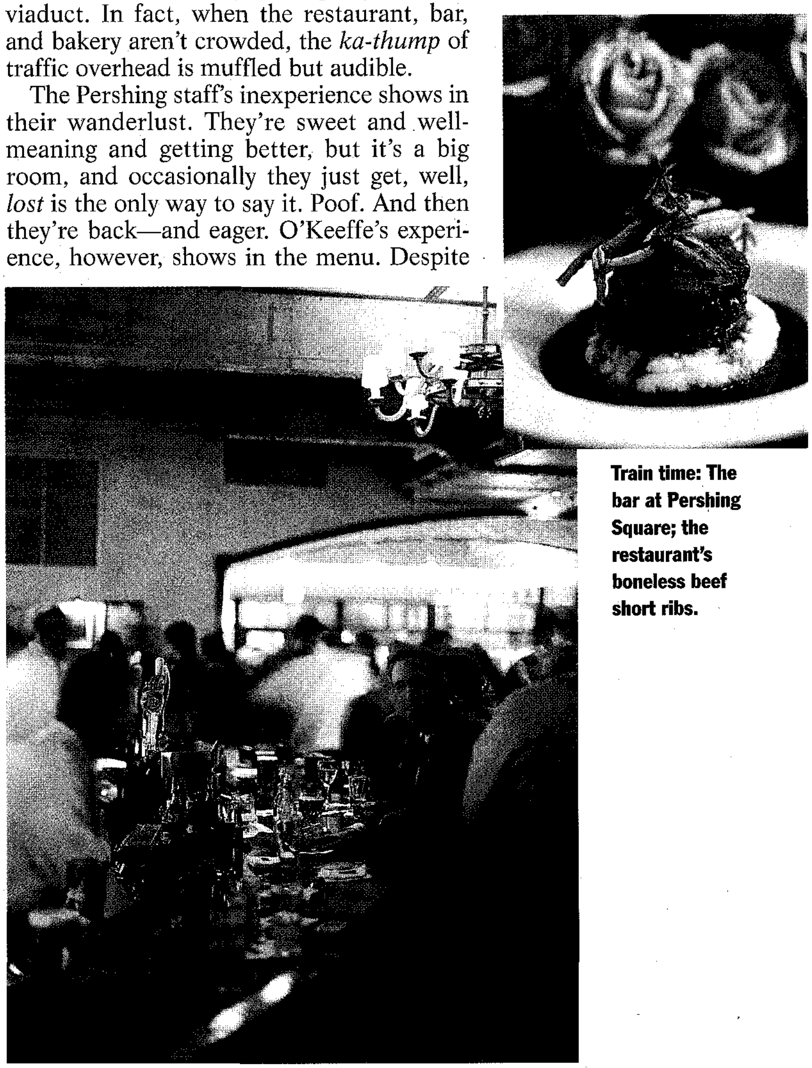
Get back here! GCT has become far more than a marvelously engineered redevelopment project. It's the most positive force of civic self-esteem this city has put forth since the original I♥NY campaign. Unlike the master planners behind the redevelopment of the west end of 42nd Street, where a grandly bland redesign will soon have those dancing feet tripping over Madame Tussaud's gallery of waxen guises (if only they had wicks) after slappin' on the feed bag at Chevys (whose sign exudes more vulgarity than any former porno shop), Grand Central's overseers decided its revitalization, and its visitors, deserved something better.

So, along with all the grime and glaring advertising, out went the acrid smell of cheap doughnuts and grim-faced vendors with their shelves of Sheetrock-tender calzone. In their place on street level is a Hudson News featuring dark wood paneling and books not written by Dean Koontz; a florist that can create a bouquet without baby's breath; shops pushing black pearls, Tumi luggage, and real Rolexes for a change; plus a handsome block-long fresh-food market selling teas, herbs, grains, New Zealand cockles, and wonderfully lean London broil.

Downstairs is even more startling. How easy it would have been to go the food-court-at-the-mall route. Except there's not a Whopper to be found. No Gordita, no Super Big Gulp; in fact, not a single store serving anything with a movie tie-in. If you trekked down to the lower level only when lost or in search of the now reopened Oyster Bar, get ready for sprightly outposts of Caviarteria, Junior's, Zõcalo, Little Pie Company, Two Boots, and more to come. Dining areas are bearably lit, winningly sleek, and surprisingly clean. Come, take a look, and if as a New Yorker you fail to find this transformation totally uplifting, then maybe those nearby tracks should be taking you someplace . . . for good. Or why not just get in line for the wax museum?

But if it does give you a sweet rush, and it will, you'll be tickled to know there's more. Directly across 42nd from Grand Central's entrance, under the Park Avenue viaduct, restaurateur Buzzy O'Keeffe has lit up a space that for decades was dark and hidden. As evidenced by his River Café and Water Club, O'Keeffe is not a man for small gestures. The Ziegfeld-like marquee fairly screeching out **Pershing Square** reminds you that this street became famous for glitz and bustle, not glut and tumult. O'Keeffe has crafted from the darkness an extraordinarily welcoming and canny space. What's most intriguing is how the illusory framework of riveted steel beams, herringboned cork-brick ceiling, and multicolored slate floor not only reinforces sepia-toned memories but doesn't let you forget you are under that viaduct. In fact, when the restaurant, bar, and bakery aren't crowded, the *ka-thump* of traffic overhead is muffled but audible.

The Pershing staff's inexperience shows in their wanderlust. They're sweet and well-meaning and getting better, but it's a big room, and occasionally they just get, well, *lost* is the only way to say it. Poof. And then they're back—and eager. O'Keeffe's experience, however, shows in the menu. Despite the trendy-brasserie menu graphics, chef Brad Steelman's selections—straightforward and unthreatening, with appealing twists usually occurring in small type—fit in this room. Proof that overreaching is hardly a crime is the sparkling cocktail of crab, scallop, and shrimp in tomato, coriander, and jalapeño; a pleasingly rugged Caesar salad; and an arugula, beet, and goat-


Train time: The bar at Pershing Square; the restaurant's boneless beef short ribs.

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

cheese salad brightened by cider vinaigrette. The tuna tartare, though, doesn't have the smack to make you want to dodge taxis for it. Onion soup is the gooey, cheesy mess it should be; baked shrimp scampi, the oily curls they shouldn't be; and the smoked-salmon tasting plate, what bialy lovers will want it to be (though be forewarned: You get toasted brioche). But the appetizer worth taking a later train for is the cracklingly fried oysters under a tart vegetable-and-sesame aïoli.

Main courses are right in rhythm with that overhead traffic. They ain't dainty. But the short ribs with carrots and dates, the roast chicken with crispy artichokes, and the seared lamb medallions in sage are the kind of solid, hearty choices that go great with a dark lager and make you talk using your fork. Chicken-and-duck potpie sounds more enticing than it tastes, not really sure whether it wants to stroke or zap, filling but hardly thrilling. A filet mignon au poivre winds up the more exotic choice, its cognac-soaked peppercorns among the menu's only spicy items. All three pastas are clogged by overthick, underseasoned sauces, and the poor li'l rainbow trout can hardly find its way clear of its phyllo crust and vegetable ragout. But the smokiness of sautéed artichokes suavely romances the seared salmon with roasted tomatoes. Scallops, oddly enough, are the bell ringers here, thick, sweet, and topped by wild mushrooms with a sheen of walnut vinaigrette.

Desserts are polite. They need more gusto. The confections in the bakery cases seem bolder choices. The baked apple financier and bananas "Foster" come off a little wussy, like the candy-colored chandelier lampshades, especially when placed in a room where the energy is already so vibrant. Like the recently discovered baguette long lost from an heirloom engagement ring, Pershing Square is a pleasing sigh of a fit. No wonder the neighborhood has embraced it more quickly than Letterman's recovery. It is exactly where it belongs.

Pershing Square, 90 East 42nd Street (212-286-9600). Monday through Friday, 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., Saturday and Sunday, 8 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Appetizers, $8 to $12; entrées, $14 to $24. All major credit cards.

THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING ON THE EAST Balcony of Grand Central before **Métrazur**. There wasn't even that staircase leading up to it. So it's a bit disconcerting to encounter a restaurant that, save for two Daughters-of-Xena-style candelabras, barely announces its presence. Its setting is even more striking when one realizes that this is the work of partners Tony Fortuna, whose Lenox Room is toniness defined, and executive chef Charles Palmer, whose original décor for Aureole bordered on assault.

Métrazur's drastic understatement threw me off at first; its neutral-hued comfort held little grandeur. Michael Jordan's, across the Concourse, had a splashier vantage point. Even the creamless cauliflower soup, though lovely, only heightened the monochromaticism. Shrimp-and-lobster spring roll was an uncharacteristically light and airy dish for Palmer; rigatoni with veal ragout and leeks, uncharacteristically uncomplicated and pleasantly haimish. The coriander-and-parsley crust on the tuna loin was nifty but never connected with the monotonous red fillet. Tender-enough-to-shred short-rib casserole was appealing, speckled with chanterelles; and artichoke-necklaced snapper was simply elegant. But I was more restless than hungry. I wasn't getting the idea here.

Well, restaurants sometimes have an off night. And sometimes diners do. This place, which previously seemed too unassuming and rootless, now feels incredibly calming, sanctuarial in its low-slung anonymity. Oh, there's a bit of a buzz at the bar. But I've come to regard the dining side as a restful perch from which to watch the rest of the world go by. To order a pot of mussels steamed in a frothy, lightly citrus-scented nage of lemongrass and read Doctorow's new book. To toy with an arugula, fennel, and blood-orange salad, enjoying each sharp ingredient as if I had nothing else to do but lick off the olive oil. To gnaw the crackling, juicy duck confit down to its teensiest bone and contemplate having another.

The overcooked and muddy tiger prawns, soppy and unbalanced shrimp-and-chorizo risotto, and bizarrely pudding-sweet lobster-and-shrimp parfait rattled my daydreams, but you can get so completely lost in sucking parts of the fire-roasted lobster in carrot reduction, and wood-grilled chicken in a not too coy parsnip-and-chive purée that you may never hear them announce your track. Who'd ever have thought that you'd go to Grand Central to get away from it all? Métrazur won't bring you nirvana. But it does offer you peace. And an excuse to reenter the most wondrous building in town. Okay, so the planetarium has those glass walls, that Zeiss projector, and Tom Hanks talking. Hungry? You might as well be on the moon. With apologies to Messrs. Muschamp and Goldberger, nothing lifts great architecture like a good meal and a real cloth napkin.

Métrazur, Grand Central Terminal (212-687-4600). Open daily, 11:30 A.M. to 11 P.M. Appetizers, $7.50 to $13; entrées, $19 to $32. All major credit cards. ▬

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Tobias *continued from page 62*

with their prodigious talents and effort. At least half their remuneration remains intangible, lying in the privilege of being in Taylor's orbit, the glory of animating his work. Taylor has always had a taste for the dark ironies of life, but I'll bet he wouldn't mind being spared our nation's scorn in terms of practical support of the artists it claims to revere.

IF YOU WERE IN A GENEROUS MOOD, YOU could say that *In a Different Light: Duke Ellington* proves that **Donald Byrd**, its choreographer, can put on a show. The three-part, program-length dance, recently on view at the Joyce, falls into the category of entertainment—a byway of the performing arts that offers respite from thinking and feeling, suspends consciousness instead of awakening and expanding it. Given its feebleness in pure dance and music terms, the piece certainly waives any claim it might have to the high-art end of lyric theater.

In a program note, Byrd declares that he wanted to open relatively unfamiliar Ellington scores to the possibilities of dance. In actuality, the music serves as nothing more than heady atmospheric background; the choreography barely acknowledges the beat, let alone the shape and texture of a phrase. Like his musical response, Byrd's dance invention is superficial. For the doomed romance of his opening section, this choreographer, like so many before him, has looked lasciviously—ah, mysterious beauty, let me possess you!—at Balanchine's *Serenade*. He has glanced at the master's haunting *La Valse* as well. Yet he creates no context for the fragments he co-opts, and he takes them nowhere. Lacking structure and development, flitting from one object of interest to another, Byrd's concoction seems to have no point.

In the second section, no doubt with the excuse of providing variety, Byrd revels in his let's-be-outrageous mode. With tinsel and flashing lightbulbs, he sets up a club scene where garishly outfitted figures, their demeanor alternately spaced-out and insolent, perform raunchy moves. It's not surprising that the effect isn't sensual; it's almost as difficult to be erotic in concert dancing as it is to be funny. Still, Byrd might have provided an attitude, like irony, to lend the material some significance. It has absolutely none in dance terms. By the time *In a Different Light* concludes with a modern-dance-meets-jazz section, a frustrated, worn-out viewer does well to take what comfort he can in the occasional colorful moments and the considerable talents of Byrd's dedicated performers. ▬

Tobi Tobias's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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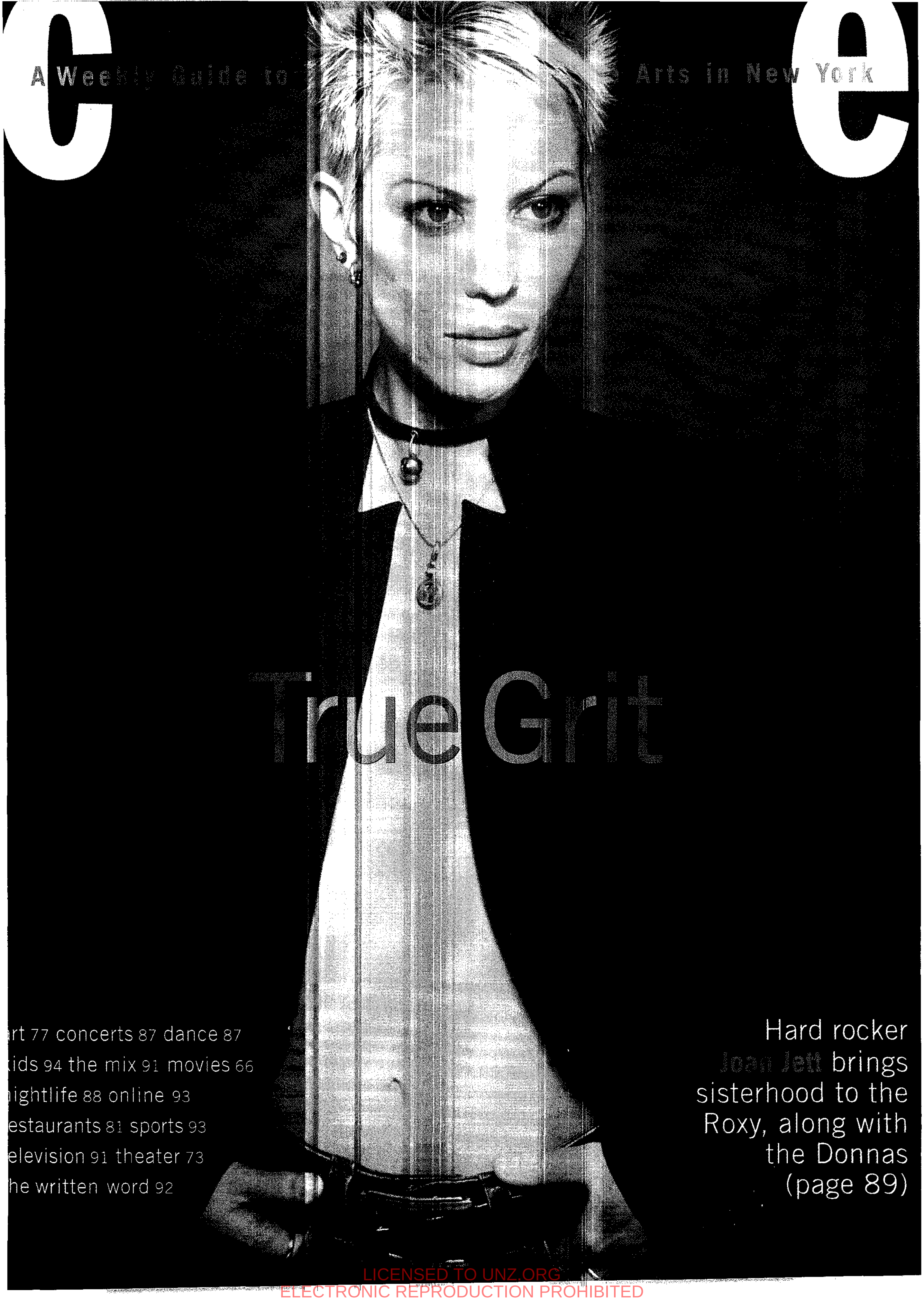
A Weekly Guide to Arts in New York



TrueGrit

rt 77 concerts 87 dance 87
ids 94 the mix 91 movies 66
ightlife 88 online 93
estaurants 81 sports 93
elevision 91 theater 73
he written word 92

Hard rocker
Joan Jett brings
sisterhood to the
Roxy, along with
the Donnas
(page 89)

movies

Erin Brockovich...Suburban Swingers...Beyond the Mat

New Films

Agnes Browne—Anjelica Huston directs and stars in this adaptation of Brendan O'Carroll's best-selling novel *The Mammy,* about a widow who struggles to make ends meet and keep her seven children from starving in late-sixties Dublin. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; UA East; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Marboro; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Previews
You *Really* Love Her

In Steven Soderbergh's latest entry, 'Erin Brockovich,' Julia Roberts (pictured) gives a winning performance as the real-life legal secretary and single mother of three who helped the good people of Hinkley, California, get $333 million from the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. that was knowingly polluting their groundwater. It's not as dour as 'Silkwood' nor as propagandizing as 'Norma Rae.' It's a serious movie about the power of persistence and sensitivity and . . . miniskirts and décolletage. Opens March 17.

Angela's Ashes—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld.*

Babymother—The story of a single mother in a housing project who starts an all-girl reggae band. (1 hr. 22 mins.; R) Opens 3/17.

The Beach—Leonardo DiCaprio's new film is a woozy piece of jungle fever about an American backpacker in Thailand who finds his way into a supposed island paradise only to find purgatory. (Rainer; 2/21/00) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Criterion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Beautiful People—The lives of several very different Londoners—an aristocratic nurse, a troubled doctor, a Serbian pianist, a shell-shocked Scottish documentarian, and a teenage heroin addict—all intertwine while the war in Bosnia rages on. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Boiler Room**—Until the heavy moralizing and Freudianizing sets in, a terrific thrill ride through the underworld of a chop-shop brokerage house and the sharks who swim through it. (Rainer; 2/28/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; North Shore Towers; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Closer You Get—Another Irish-village comedy about a host of Donegal countrymen seeking American companionship. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *UA Criterion.*

Condo Painting—A documentary about the creation of a work of art by George Condo and John McNaughton. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**The Cup**—A calm and lulling film about the vagaries of the monastic life in the Himalayas, centering on young monks obsessed with World Cup soccer. (Rainer; 2/7/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Deterrence—Snowed-in at a Colorado diner, the vice-president (Kevin Pollack) must thwart mass nuclear destruction when war breaks out with Iraq. Oh, boy. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St..*

Drowning Mona—Bette Midler plays an obnoxious woman who turns up in the local fishing hole; Danny DeVito is the small-town sheriff who is stuck investigating her supposed murder. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The End of the Affair**—Neil Jordan's adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere. Featuring Ralph Fiennes as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *UA Gemini.*

Final Destination—A young man gets a premonition and tells his friends that their plane is going to crash. They don't get on, but they die anyway. (About 1 hour 30 mins.; R) *Opens 3/17.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—See Rainer, page 57. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless.* With Winona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary's death row in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks and Michael Clarke Duncan (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria.*

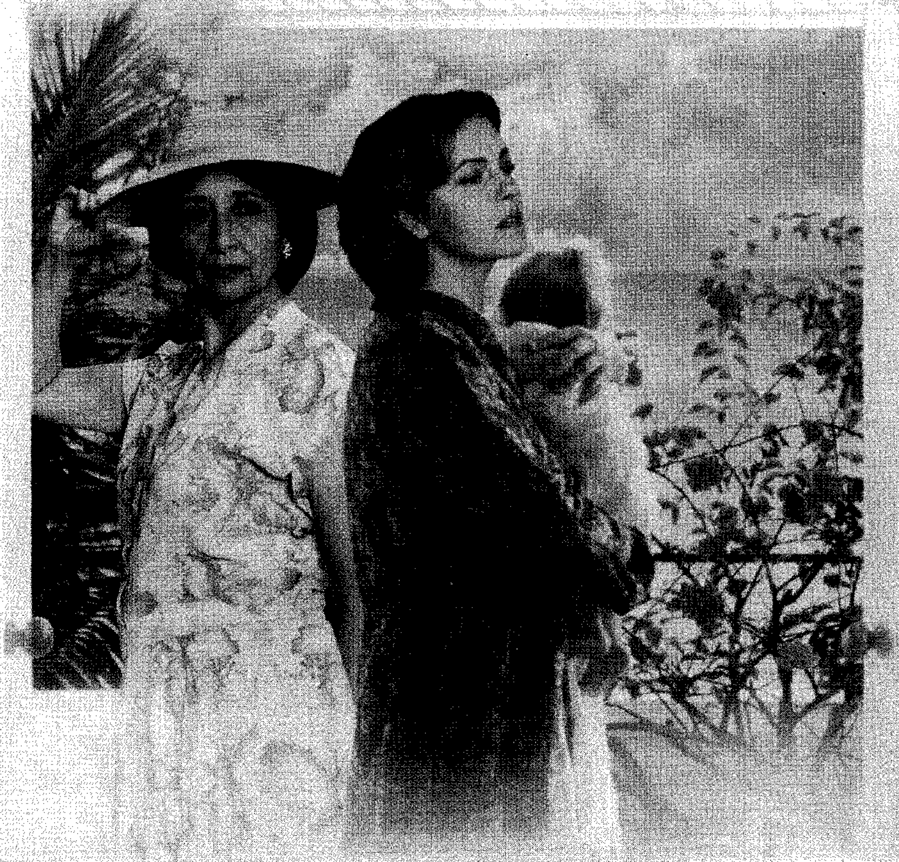
'Cue' cover photograph by Randee St. Nicholas.

"A HEART-RENDING PORTRAIT BROUGHT TO LUMINOUS LIFE BY THE MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCES OF MADHUR JAFFREY AND GRETA SCACCHI!"
-ANDREW SARRIS, THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

"OUTSTANDING...A TRIUMPH FOR DIRECTOR ISMAIL MERCHANT!"
-KAREN DURBIN, MIRABELLA

"EXTRAORDINARILY POWERFUL AND PROVOCATIVE!"
-PAUL WUNDER, WBAI

A MERCHANT IVORY PRODUCTION



GRETA SCACCHI MADHUR JAFFREY JAMES WILBY

Cotton Mary

A FILM BY ISMAIL MERCHANT

UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENT A MERCHANT IVORY PRODUCTION 'COTTON MARY' A FILM BY ISMAIL MERCHANT
STARRING GRETA SCACCHI MADHUR JAFFREY JAMES WILBY NEENA GUPTA SARAH BADEL JOANNA DAVID SAKINA JAFFREY
GEMMA JONES NADIRA PRAYAG RAJ SUREKHA SIKRI AND LAURA LUMLEY PRODUCTION DESIGN ALISON RIVA EDITOR JOHN DAVID ALLEN
COSTUMES SHEENA NAPIER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER PAUL BRADLEY PHOTOGRAPHY PIERRE LHOMME MUSIC RICHARD ROBBINS
SCREENPLAY ALEXANDRA VIETS PRODUCERS NAYEEM HAFIZKA RICHARD HAWLEY DIRECTED BY ISMAIL MERCHANT

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Hanging Up—Diane Keaton directs this comedy-drama about three warring sisters, played by Keaton, Meg Ryan, and Lisa Kudrow, and their harebrained hospitalized father, played by Walter Matthau. Most of it plays like medium-grade Neil Simon. (Rainer; 2/28/00) (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The relationship between them is like *Feminism for Dummies,* and the film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Sutton.*

★**The Hurricane**—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after being wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Criterion; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino is a producer for *60 Minutes,* and Russell Crowe is the reluctant tobacco-company whistle-blower who spills the beans on his show. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck here is worth raking. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

Judy Berlin—Edie Falco gives a touching, deliciously nutbrain performance as an aspiring actress in Long Island who works in a local historic village as an early settler in this sweet piece of little-people dramaturgy. Bob Dishy, Barbara Barrie, and Madeline Kahn, in her last role, also show up. Eric Mendelsohn wrote and directed. (Rainer; 3/6/00) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Kadosh—The story of two sisters who live in Mea Sharim, Jerusalem's ultra-Orthodox Jewish quarter, and whose lives and marriages are dictated by the strict hermetic community. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Kirikou and the Sorceress—A beautifully animated African children's folktale about a little boy who tries to stop an evil sorceress from torturing his village. (1 hr. 14 mins.; PG) *Cinema Village.*

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg—Aviva Kempner's tribute to "the baseball Moses" tells the story of Greenberg, a handsome Jewish kid from the Bronx who became a baseball legend. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Cobble Hill; North Shore Towers.*

The Little Thief—Erick Zonca (*The Dreamlife of Angels*) returns to the frustrated world of the French underclass with this story of a young baker's apprentice who joins a band of thugs who hang out at a local boxing gym. Shown with his 1996 short, *Alone.* Both in French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Louis Prima: The Wildest!—A fun and informative documentary that, through archival footage and rare interviews, follows the legendary showman's career from New Orleans to New York to Las Vegas. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Magnolia—*Boogie Nights* writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted. However, here, a remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Sutton; Clearview's Chelsea.*

Midnight—From the director of *Central Station,* Walter Salles, comes this powerful and romantic story of a convict and a suicidal young woman living in Brazil. In French with English subtitles. Shown with *Cuba 15,* a short about a Cuban girl's 15th-birthday party. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Through 3/16 at the Screening Room.*

Mifune—A strange and amusing film about a businessman who moves back to his rural hometown to care for his retarded brother. To help out, he hires an ex-hooker as a housekeeper. It's *Rain Man* meets *Pretty Woman* meets the Danish New Wave. In Danish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mission to Mars—Brian De Palma directs this futuristic space odyssey about a recovery mission that discovers traces of life on the red planet. Great effects with extra cheese. Stars Gary Sinise, Tim Robbins, Connie Neilson, and Don Cheadle. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, Frankie Muniz, and a Jack Russell terrier. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Next Best Thing—Madonna plays a yoga instructor, and Rupert Everett is her gay best friend with whom she raises their child until trouble sets in. Madonna is playing a sensitive, caring soul, and vulnerability is outside her range; she comes across mopey. Everett is an entertaining hambone. (Rainer; 3/13/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 72nd St. East; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Ninth Gate—See Rainer, page 57. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

★**Not One Less**—A small, affecting fable from Zhang Yimou about a 13-year-old substitute village schoolteacher who goes into the city to find one of her errant pupils. (Rainer; 2/21/00) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Orphans—After the death of their mother, four grown children return to their Glaswegian home to mourn and prepare for the funeral during a terrific storm. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Loews State.*

Pitch Black—Vin Diesel, Radha Mitchell, and Cole Hauser are marooned in space on a strange, hot, *seemingly* lifeless planet. Just wait until dark. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Previews

Open and Shut Case

Benoît Mariage's black-and-white and bittersweet film *The Carriers Are Waiting* was the sleeping beauty of last fall's New York Film Festival. In it, Mariage paints the portrait of a struggling Belgian family: a shy little girl, her despondent mother, her lazy brother, and her insensitive, domineering father (Benoît Poelvoorde, pictured with Morgane Simon), who makes his meager and thankless living as a newspaper photographer. When the father learns of a contest in which anyone who can set a new world record for *anything* can win a four-door sedan, he attempts to transform his son into the new world champion of door-opening. It's a stunning and funny and heartbreaking display. Opens March 15 at Film Forum.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema Village.*

★**Rear Window**—Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 classic has been wonderfully restored by Robert Harris and James Katz. James Stewart is the news photographer sidelined with his leg in a cast in his Village apartment, and Grace Kelly is his marriage-minded girlfriend. (Rainer; 1/24/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG) *The Screening Room.*

Reindeer Games—John Frankenheimer's latest caper stars Ben Affleck as an ex-con who is forced to hold up a two-bit casino in a Santa suit by a slutty Charlize Theron and a smarmy Gary Sinise. Just plain awful. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Scream 3—Neve Campbell, Courteney Cox Arquette, and David Arquette reunite with director Wes Craven for one last scream. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Sex: The Annabel Chong Story—A documentary about Grace Quek, a.k.a. Annabel Chong, a hardworking college student and self-proclaimed feminist who broke the world record for "biggest gang bang" when she had sex with 251 men in ten hours. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Snow Day—When a blizzard hits upstate New York, the students snow-plow their school shut and wreak havoc. With Chris Elliott, Chevy Chase, and Mark Webber. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Loews Orpheum 7; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Soft Fruit—An Australian film about three sisters and their ex-con bother who return home to care for their dying mother. (1 hr. 41 mins; R) *Opens 3/17.*

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother is sweet. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

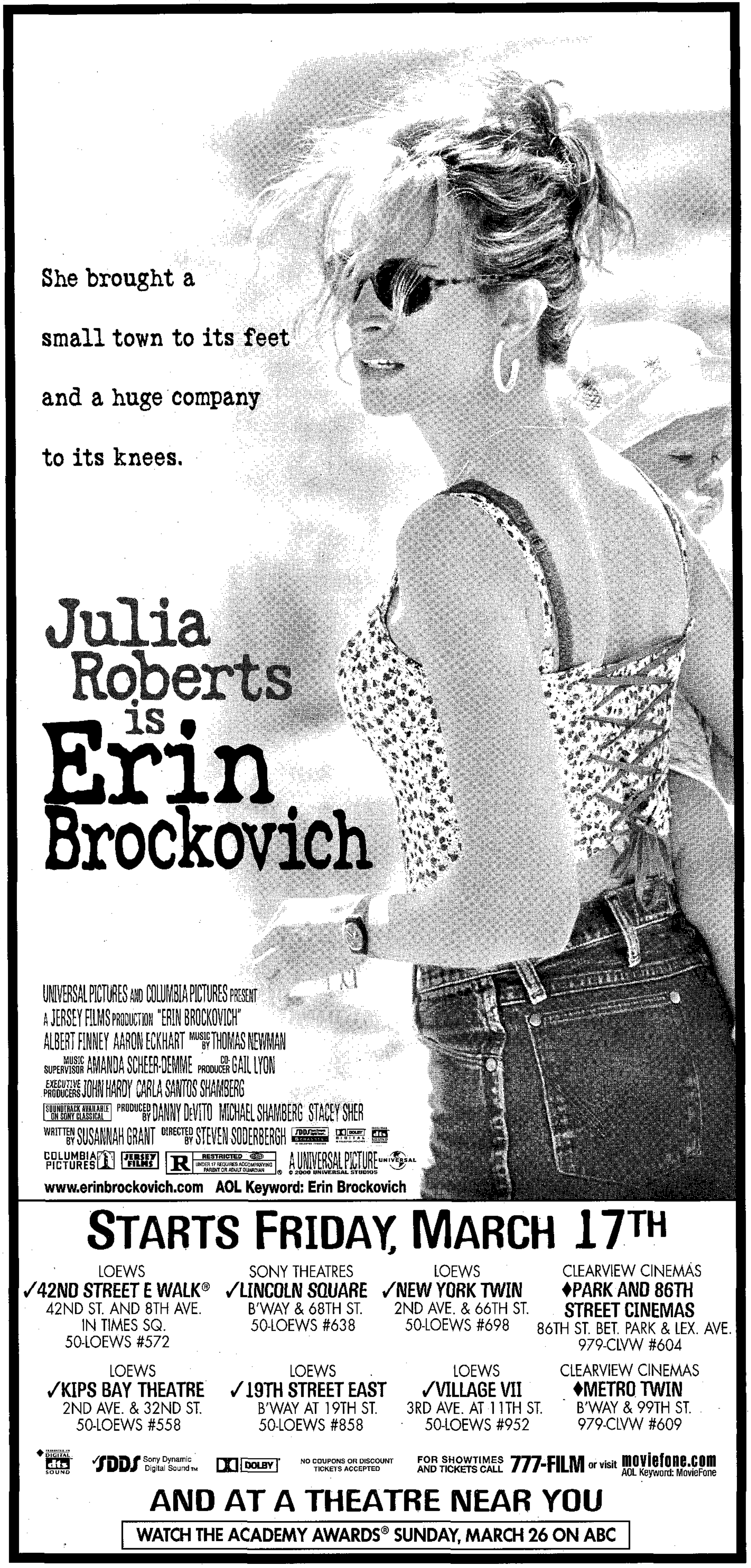
Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children's story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *Concourse Plaza; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel (also the basis for Rene Clement's *Purple Noon*) is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. With Matt Damon, Jude Law, and Gwyneth Paltrow. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Sony Lincoln Square.*

The Disappearance of Finbar—Jonathan Rhys-Myers is a charismatic boy who leaves his small Irish town for greener (actually icier) pastures. But the town mourns for him in his absence. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Opens 3/17 at the Screening Room.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.



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and a huge company
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Photograph courtesy of Merchant Ivory Productions.

Previews
Quite Contrary

If you're a filmgoer, when you think of impeccable literary adaptations you probably think of Merchant Ivory in the same automatic way people think of Q-Tips for cotton swabs or Band-Aids for adhesive strips. But 'Cotton Mary,' the latest period piece to emerge from Ismail Merchant and James Ivory's production company, is not based on an E. M. Forster novel, nor does it feature Helena Bonham Carter in full Victorian regalia. Instead, the film (written by Alexandra Viets and directed by Merchant) is reminiscent of the production team's 1965 effort, 'Shakespeare Wallah.' Set in post-colonial India, 'Cotton Mary' examines the relationship between a disfranchised Anglo-Indian wet nurse (Madhur Jaffrey—who made her debut in 'Shakespeare Wallah'—pictured) and the British family she desperately wants to become a part of. Begins March 15 at the Paris Theatre.

3 Strikes—Brian Hooks stars in this comedy about a young convict trying to avoid his third conviction, which, according to California penal codes, would result in a life sentence. With David Alan Grier. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan Plaza.*

The Tigger Movie—Winnie-the-Pooh's hyper-spastic pal Tigger bounces about in search of his ancestry. (1 hr. 16 mins.; G) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play (which she's also directed Off Broadway) is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. The feelings in this film run very deep, and Jim Broadbent's Gilbert and Allan Corduner's Sullivan are marvelously played. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Paris Theatre; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Treasure Island—A peculiar movie about code-breakers who read all the mail at a WWII military base in the San Francisco Bay. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *Opens 3/17 at Cinema Village.*

Trois—A sexual thriller about about a man torn between two women (About 1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

What Planet Are You From?—Mike Nichols directed this low-level comedy about an alien from four galaxies away, played by co-screenwriter Garry Shandling, whose mission on Earth is to impregnate a woman and thus begin colonizing us from within. Annette Bening, playing the bride who has his child, gives a touching performance that belongs in a better movie. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Whole Nine Yards—Matthew Perry is an amiable dentist; Rosanna Arquette is the wife who wants him dead; and Bruce Willis is the ex-hit man who lives next door in dubious witness protection. You do the math. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Wonder Boys**—A marvelous comedy starring Michael Douglas as a college creative-writing professor in Pittsburgh whose life unravels and ties itself up again over the course of a long weekend. The terrific cast also includes Tobey Maguire, Robert Downey Jr., and Frances McDormand. (Rainer; 3/6/00) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Mission to Mars; What Planet Are You From?*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; Condo Painting; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Holy Smoke; Mifune.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Agnes Browne; Boiler Room; Buena Vista Social Club; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Judy Berlin; Kirikou and the Sorceress; Louis Prima: The Wildest!; Princess Mononoke.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Kadosh; The Little Thief.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Drowning Mona; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; Topsy-Turvy; Wonder Boys.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Beautiful People; Boys Don't Cry; Not One Less; Sex: The Annabel Chong Story; Sweet and Lowdown.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Midnight; Rear Window.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Beach; Deterrence; Girl, Interrupted; The Insider; Magnolia; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; Pitch Black; Titus; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards.*

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Boys Don't Cry; The Insider; Reindeer Games; The Sixth Sense.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Boiler Room; Drowning Mona.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; Wonder Boys.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; Drowning Mona; The Green Mile; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; Scream 3; The Talented Mr. Ripley; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Boiler Room; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Holy Smoke; Magnolia; The Tigger Movie.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Polish Film Festival.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *American Beauty.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; Next Friday; Sleepy Hollow.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Boiler Room; Drowning Mona; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *3 Strikes.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Orphans; Scream 3; What Planet Are You From?*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; The*

Cider House Rules; The Closer You Get; The Hurricane; The Sixth Sense; Trois.

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *The Cider House Rules; Magnolia; Mission to Mars; Pitch Black; 3 Strikes; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Agnes Browne; Deterrence; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; The Insider; The Ninth Gate; Sweet and Lowdown.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *The Next Best Thing; Pitch Black.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The Next Best Thing.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Drowning Mona; Reindeer Games.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Boiler Room; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; Snow Day; 3 Strikes; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *American Beauty.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Boys Don't Cry; The End of the Affair; Hanging Up.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *The Insider.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Reindeer Games; Wonder Boys.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *American Beauty; Mission to Mars.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; Buena Vista Social Club; The Cup; Mifune; Not One Less; The Straight Story.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; 3 Strikes.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; Reindeer Games; 3 Strikes.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Reindeer Games; Snow Day; 3 Strikes.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *The Cider House Rules; Drowning Mona; Fantasia/2000; Hanging Up; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; 3 Strikes; Trois; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (718-588-8800) *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie; Trois.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Drowning Mona; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie; Trois; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; The Cup; Topsy-Turvy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Angela's Ashes; The Next Best Thing; Wonder Boys.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Mission to Mars; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; 3 Strikes.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg; Mission to Mars; Snow Day; The Whole Nine Yards.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; 3 Strikes.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Drowning Mona; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; Next Friday; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie; Trois; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Drowning Mona; Mission to Mars; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Running Time

The Golden Years

Retirement in Middle America has its privileges—or so filmmakers David Schisgall and Dan Cogan discovered when they set out to make their funny, disconcerting documentary *The Lifestyle: Group Sex in the Suburbs.* When Schisgall first learned some years back that there were thousands of American couples—many among them senior citizens—having parties and getting it on with one another's spouses, he wanted to make a movie about it, but, he says, barely containing his laughter, "you couldn't make a fiction film about this—nobody would believe it!" So after picking up research tips and interviewing tricks from friend and mentor Errol Morris, he and producer Dan Cogan began searching the heartland for swingers. For them, delving into the netherworld of sexual perversity in suburbia wasn't difficult—harder to accept was how innocuous it all was. "We were looking for the salacious side of this, the cruelty, the jealousy, the men who forced their wives to do this," explains 32-year-old Schisgall. "We half-expected to find some large minority, if not a majority, of people for whom this was totally dysfunctional, even sadomasochistic, and we looked really hard for that. But after two years, I began to realize that we weren't going to find it—these people are doctors and lawyers and schoolteachers." The real challenge, of course, was getting them to share their stories (it took months—years, in some cases—to gain the trust of their subjects), and at one party the duo even took off their clothes so people would feel comfortable speaking with them. "We had a policy: No sex with the subjects," says Cogan, "but they still asked. It certainly is interesting when a 60-year-old woman whom you know like a grandmother comes up and propositions you for sex. I bent down and I told her the truth: I was flattered, but I wasn't really ready to swing." Starts March 16 at Two Boots Pioneer Theater. **BRETT KELLY**

Photograph courtesy of Seventh Art Releasing.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; 3 Strikes.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *American Beauty; Drowning Mona; Mission to Mars; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy. off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Boiler Room; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards.*

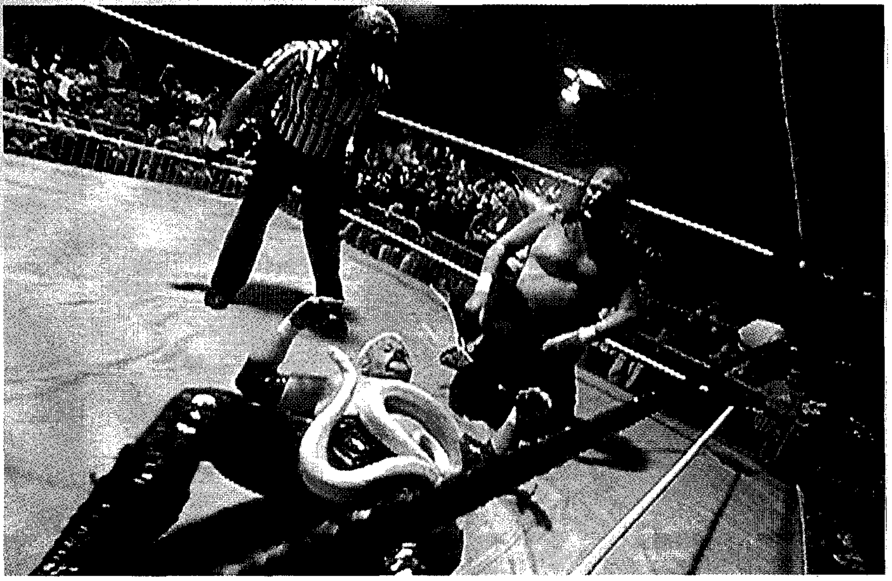
Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Cider House Rules; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; What Planet Are You From?*

Documentary

The Main Event

On the most obvious level, pro wrestling is a fake sport. But as a bizarre culture, and a phenomenally lucrative business that makes and breaks its stars, it's all too real. In his new documentary, 'Beyond the Mat,' screenwriter Barry W. Blaustein ('Boomerang,' 'The Nutty Professor') steps into the ring and takes a hard look at the pageantries and unpleasantries of professional wrestling, boldly asking WWF mastermind Vince McMahon, Terry Funk, Mick "Mankind" Foley, and "Jake the Snake" Roberts: "What kind of a man (or woman) does this for a living?" Answer: One who thrives on the rush of the crowd, can withstand the pain, and—with the exception of Jesse "the Body" Ventura—often can't do much else. Starts March 17 at UA Union Square and Loews 42nd Street E Walk Theater.



Photograph by Jake Roberts.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Cider House Rules; Mission to Mars; Pitch Black; Snow Day; 3 Strikes.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *American Beauty; The Beach; Boiler Room; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Ninth Gate; 3 Strikes.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; Drowning Mona; Kaho Na Pyar Hai; Khauff; My Dog Skip; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; Sweet and Lowdown; 3 Strikes; The Tigger Movie; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; Boys Don't Cry; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; The Ninth Gate; Sweet and Lowdown; Wonder Boys.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Cider House Rules; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; What Planet Are You From?.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Boiler Room; Hanging Up; The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Mission to Mars; Reindeer Games; Snow Day.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Green Mile; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Boiler Room; Reindeer Games.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *My Dog Skip; Pitch Black; Snow Day; 3 Strikes.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; The Beach; Drowning Mona; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Cider House Rules; The Next Best Thing; Sweet and Lowdown; Wonder Boys.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Angela's Ashes; Drowning Mona; Mission to Mars; The Next Best Thing; Reindeer Games; Snow Day; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; Drowning Mona; The Green Mile; Mission to Mars; The Ninth Gate; Reindeer Games; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; 3 Strikes; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; Drowning Mona; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; Pitch Black; Reindeer Games; Scream 3; Snow Day; What Planet Are You From?; The Whole Nine Yards; Wonder Boys.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

Anthology Film Archives—3/18–3/26: "The Havana International Film Festival in New York." 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Through 3/14: "Beyond the Eternal Road: New Voices From Israel." 3/13: *Beyond the Walls* (1984). 3/14: *A Visitor From the Living* (1997). 3/15: "Black Cinema Cafe" presents *Personals.* 3/16–3/19: *The Saragossa Manuscript* (1965). 3/20–3/22: "Philip Glass on Film." 3/20: *Candyman* (1992). 3/21: *Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters* (1985). 3/22: *The Thin Blue Line* (1988). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770). $8.50

Film Forum—Through 4/6: "Neo Noir." 3/14–3/15: *Klute* (1971); *Cruising* (1980). 3/16: *Hard 8* (1997); *House of Games* (1987). 3/17–3/18: *The Last Seduction* (1994); *Red Rock West* (1993). 3/19: *Jackie Brown* (1997). 3/20: *Dirty Harry* (1972); *Death Wish* (1974). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 3/20: "Rendez Vous With French Cinema Today." 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 members, $4.50 seniors, $3 "Movies for Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—Through 3/31: "From Automatic Vaudeville to the Seventh Art: Cinema's Silent Years." 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

Ocularis—3/19: *After Hours* (1985). 3/20: *Faust* (1926). At Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $5.

The Screening Room—Sunday Brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's.* Sunday afternoon: *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.* 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—Through 3/15: "Sex & Cinema Film Festival." 3/16–3/31: *The Lifestyle.* 3/18: *Balkan Cabaret.* 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 seniors.

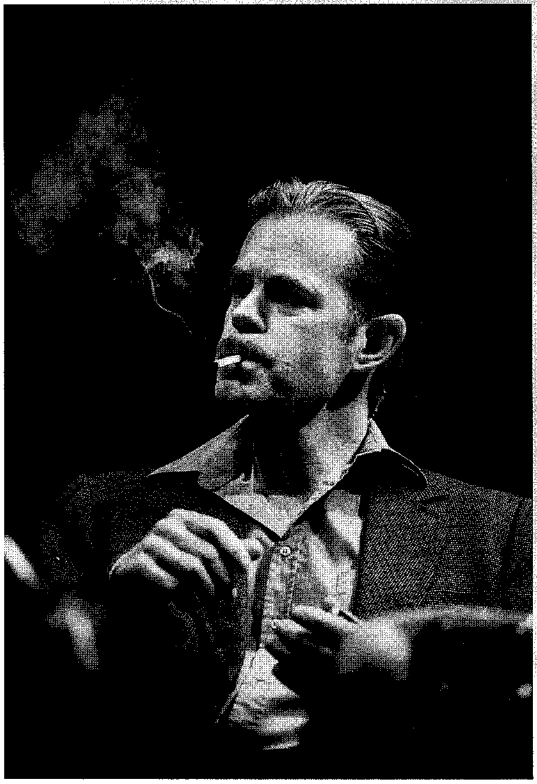
theater

Kiki & Herb . . . *American Buffalo* . . . The Kitchen

Opening
Help Yourself

William H. Macy wanted to be a veterinarian when he graduated from college but threatened to kill a dog if he didn't get his breakthrough role in *Fargo.* David Mamet, whom Macy regards as "an absolute genius," had something to do with his transformation. Macy (pictured) and Mamet met at a "hippie art school" in Vermont and founded the St. Nicholas Theater in Chicago in 1972. And Macy was an essential part of Mamet's now-classic 1975 play *American Buffalo,* a revival of which bows at the pair's Atlantic Theater Company this week. "Back in those days," Macy says, "the only two guys who had an apartment and jobs were Steven Schachter and myself. David was living in the Hotel Lincoln and he would come by every day—usually about six o'clock, around dinner time—talking about all of these projects." Mamet would "go right to the refrigerator, take out the cheese and the bread, and when it was gone, he would leave," adds Macy. "After about the fifth week of this, I said, 'Well, help yourself.' " Mamet—who, according an apocryphal tale, once decked a soused stranger because he hadn't received a royalty for the drunkard's use of profanity—"absolutely blew a gasket," remembers Macy. "He was in a rage. It took me two weeks to get him to accept my apology. And then I didn't hear about it again until I saw the line in the play." In *American Buffalo,* a raw look at three petty crooks trying to steal a coin collection, "Help yourself" is said to the explosive braggart Teach and prompts one of the most ferocious tirades in Mamet's blistering canon. Twenty-five years after being lacerated by Teach as the play's dopey gofer Bobby in the play's premiere, Macy is finally on the other end of things, dishing it out as Teach. Notwithstanding the rave reviews he won in the play's London run last month, Macy says he considers Donny, the aging junk-shop owner played by Philip Baker Hall, to be the core of the play. "Gimme ten more years," Macy jokes. "Teach is the show-off role, but the power has to rest with Donny." Opens March 16. (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL



Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aïda—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/23 opening. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/30 reopening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Wild Party—Apparently, the partying on Broadway didn't end on New Year's Eve. Toni Collette, Eartha Kitt, and Mandy Patinkin throw a Jazz Age bash in a new musical, the second this season with the same title and source, by Michael John LaChiusa and George C. Wolfe. $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/13 opening. *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!,* plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharp-shootin' gal from Cincinnati. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon; 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Eight lives and counting. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Bebe Neuwirth. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna

Photograph by Mark Douet.

Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.– Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Previews

Cabaret Is a Life

As the famously caustic, glamour-corroded Kiki and the demure piano man Herb, Justin Bond and Kenny Mellman (in tasteful jacket, with Bond) have practically reinvented downtown cabaret with twisted adaptations of Café Carlyle classics and weirdly sincere versions of slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. The duo's first open-ended show, 'Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time,' begins previews March 12. (See "Off Broadway.")

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00) $65– $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book and directs. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Squonk!—This quirky new production, which made its debut at the East Village's P.S. 122, may be a musical, but it's no *Footloose.* $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers are brought back to life by two old friends: Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, most recently spotted together in the film *Magnolia.* $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99). $25–$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

American Buffalo—William H. Macy and Philip Baker Hall play bumbling thieves in David Mamet's 1975 play. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 3/16 opening. Through 4/23. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Betwixt—David Cale opens his first duet show, a musical tale of expatriate love performed with Cara Seymour. $20–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 3/21 for a 3/30 opening. *Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

The Hologram Theory—A mystical club-kid thriller by Jessica Goldberg. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/17 for a 3/27 opening. Through 4/19. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

House Arrest—Anna Deavere Smith's latest one-woman show tracks the evolution of the American presidency. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/27 opening. Through 4/8. *The Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri–Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 3/19 opening. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

King Without a Castle—A champion chess player fights off the ghosts of his past. Directed by Michael John Garces. $15–$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-354-1293).*

Sure of This One—Michael MacCauley's new one-man show. $28. Most nights at 8. 3/9–4/8. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-532-8887).*

The Waverly Gallery—Eileen Heckert plays a Village art dealer who is forced to give up her gallery because of her age in a new play by Kenny Lonergan, author of *This Is Our Youth* and the recent *Sundance* hit *You Can Count on Me.* $40–$55 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/22 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

What You Get and What You Expect—Christopher Ashley (*The Country Club*) directs Jean-Marie Besset's play about two architects vying for the world's first extraterrestrial commision: a monument on the moon. $45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/20 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Zona, the Ghost of Greenbrier—A West Virginia courtroom drama about a newlywed's murder $15–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/19 opening. Through 4/16. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-532-8887).*

Now Playing

The Altruists—*See Simon, p. 59.* $40. Mon.–Fri. at 8 Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 4/8. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

Photograph by Kent Pell

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. Now featuring Irene Worth. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

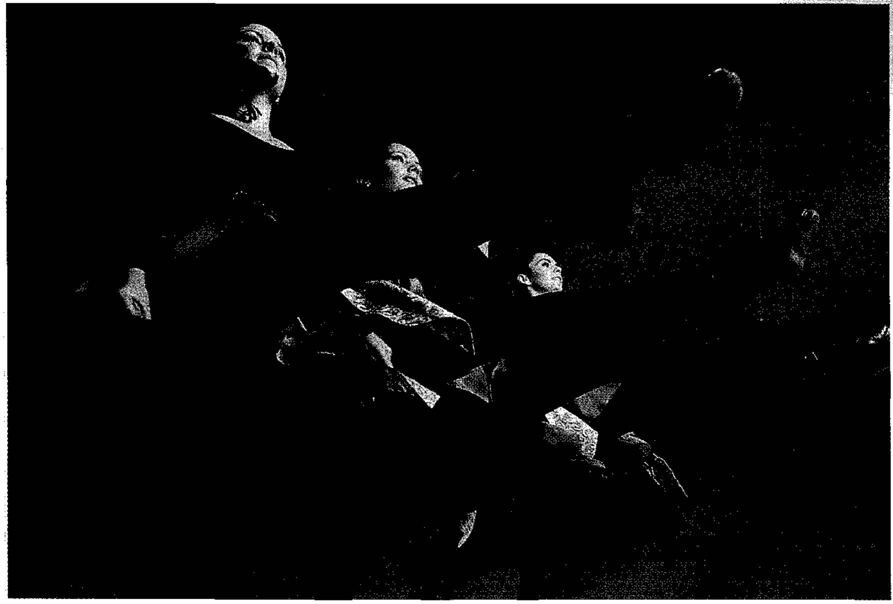
Arms and the Man—Roger Rees directs the Roundabout Theater's revival of George Bernard Shaw's comic drama of bullets and bonbons. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 4/30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Off-Off Broadway's patron devil, Richard Foreman, pays tribute to philosophy's favorite Antichrist, Friedrich Nietzsche. $15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/30. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

The Big Bang—*See Simon, p. 59.* $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-raptation" of the Bard's classic that's earned an impressive following. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*



Photograph by E. J. Camp.

Carnival Knowledge—Rob Faust and Faustwork present comic-performance pieces like the Fred Astaire–inspired "Gingerella" and the autobiographical "For True." $35. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3. Through 3/26. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-532-8887).*

Celtic Tiger (Me Arse)—In Don Creedon's new comedy, two Irish Americans return to Dublin. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/31. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (212-581-4125).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Country Boy—The Irish Rep presents John Murphy's 1959 story about an American who returns home to Ireland. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 4/2. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. Starring John Shea. $25–$35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. $35. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

An Empty Plate in the Café du Grand Boeuf—In Michael Hollinger's new play about a gourmand's hunger strike, the cast is led by George Wendt, a *Cheers* vet known best to couch potatoes and bar jockeys as "Norm!" $40. Call for schedule. Through 3/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Autobiography—Downtown diva Varla Jean Merman, who may or may not be the love child of Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman, reveals all the aorta-bursting heartache that festers behind her dazzling persona. $25. Fri. and Sat. at 11, Sun. at 7. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate. The evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by J. Smith-Cameron and others. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $19.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 at 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; now starring Matt McGrath. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening
Eire-born

You've seen the parodies, now see the show. *Riverdance* stomps back into New York with a revamped performance and new songs, featuring flamenco and South African vocalists, along with Irish pop singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. Opening March 16. (See "Broadway.")

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Imperfect Love—Screenwriter-playwright Brandon Cole's romantic farce, a tale of a bungled play and backstage love. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 4/16. *New York Performance Works, 128 Chambers St. (212-969-0166).*

It's Impossible to Sing and Play the Bass—Jay Leonhart (thrice named "Most Valuable Bassist" by the National Association of Recording Arts and Sciences) performs twenty of his songs in this new musical. $20–$40. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Jewel Box Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Joyful Noise—Tim Slover's musical play about the backstage drama behind Handel's *Messiah.* $44–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 3/25. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Moment When—James Lapine's new play about the entwined lives of a book-jacket illustrator, a novelist, and an agent's assistant. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 3/26. *Anne G. Wilder Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Monster—Eek! Frank Hertle's comic mystery about small-town insecurities. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Panache—Patronage lives! In Don Gordon's new play, a depressed, starving artist (Eric Pierpoint) is saved by an odd socialite (Lisa Pelikan). $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/26. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Saturday Night—Kathleen Marshall, artistic director of the Encores! series at City Center, directs Stephen Sondheim's first musical, a tale about a Flatbush native who craves success in the city. $61. Tues. and Thurs–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/26. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening
Singing the Body Electric

As part of the impressive lineup at the Kitchen's "@Whatstage?" conference on technology and the performing arts this week, the groundbreaking performance space presents two multimedia performances by women. Kyle deCamp (above) channels Jean Seberg in 'Out of Breath,' and Miranda July (below) explores silicon romance in 'Love Diamond.' Through March 18. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Splendora—Effeminate small-town outcast Timothy John Coldridge returns to a tiny Texas town to manage the local bookmobile and reintroduces himself as Miss Jessica Gatewood. The local pastor is shocked—and smitten. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Sueño—A new adaptation of Pedro Calderon de la Barca's classic *Life Is a Dream* by Obie-winner Jose Rivera (*Marisol* and *Cloud Techtonics*). $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/19. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

Taking a Chance on Love—*See Simon, p. 59.* $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 3/26. *Theatre at Saint Peter's, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife—Charles Busch's new play about the happy side effects of mid-life crises. Directed by Lynne Meadow. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

The Time of the Cuckoo—The classic romantic comedy about an American woman in Venice (Debra Monk) who finds love in a cute shopkeeper (Olek Krupa). By Arthur Laurents. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Try to Remember: A Look at Off Broadway—Accomplished golden gal Rita Gardner looks back on 40 years in the theater, from her recent role in *Eleanor* to her 1960 success as "the Girl" in *The Fantastics*. $30. Sat. at 10. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Two Sisters and a Piano—In Nilo Cruz's new play, a romance novelist and her sister are locked under house arrest by Castro's administration. A piano-tuner and a sympathetic guard both endanger and enliven their home. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Waste—Harley Granville Barker's 1906 political play, directed by Bartlett Sher. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Wild Party—The first of two new musicals with the same title, based on Joseph Moncure March's raucous Jazz Age poem about a soirée that ends in a police bust. Book, music, and lyrics by Andrew Lippa. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat.–Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Off–Off Broadway

Birdseed Bundles—Ain Gordon's newest play about marriage, featuring two dead grandmothers and a Vermont motel. Directed by Michael Sexton. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/2. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (212-924-0077).*

Chekhov Vaudevilles—Aaron Beall, the new director of Nada Show World, presents eleven of Chekhov's vaudevilles in the renovated porn palace. $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

Dressing Room—A new musical comedy about the backstage shenanigans of a drag queen, a diva, and a starlet. $30. Tues. at 8, Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/11 opening. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Edward II—Bertolt Brecht's tragedy. $15–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/20. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Las Horas de Belén—The 30-year old company Mabou Mines evokes the history of women imprisoned in a Mexican Roman Catholic "sanctuary." $30. 3/14–3/19 and 3/21–3/26 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

Morning Milking Evening Milking—A parody of plantation life by Jim Farmer. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. 3/15–3/19. *Currican Theater, 154 W. 29th St. (212-349-6619).*

North Atlantic—The Wooster Group's no-holds-barred satire of the absurdities of the Cold War military stars Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

Out of Breath/Love Diamond—Multimedia performances by Kyle de Camp at 8 and Miranda July at 10. $20. Through 3/18. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793).*

Please Everything Burst—Writer-performer Mike Albo's latest one-man show. $15. Thurs. and Sat. at 7:30, Fri. at 10:30. Through 4/1. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Rooms—Venezuelan company Teatro Dramma's Kafka-esque drama. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 3/19. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

Sophie, Totie, and Belle—A comic musical about actresses in the afterlife. $40–$45. Call for schedule. In previews for a 3/15 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Photographs: top, Barnaby Hall; bottom, Michael Lavine.

art

James Castle...Yoshihiro Suda

Retrospective Black Magic

'Why do you always wear black?" Medvedénko asks Masha in Chekhov's *The Seagull.* Masha replies, "I am in mourning for my life." Bereavement black is just one of the categories covered in "The Little Black Dress and Other Signs of Status," an exhibition curated by a seminar of graduate students at the Fashion Institute of Technology (Seventh Avenue at 27th Street; through April 15). Erotic black is explored as well, along with authority black, rebellion black, and renunciation black. The thoughtful premise of the show is that the color of darkness lends itself to multiple and richly layered meanings in clothing. The black veil, for instance, has served to indicate the social position of widows (marking not merely their grief and retreat from worldly affairs but also their future availability on the marriage market), of chaste brides of Christ, and of flirtatious forties-era cocktail partyers, who lifted the alluring mesh that haloed their hats only for martini-imbibing, smoking, and the furtive kiss. Authority—displayed in the robes of the university, the church, and the court of law—takes on a more threatening aspect when it turns up in the uniform, accompanied, perhaps, by some mean black boots. Despite its scholarly substance, the show offers plenty of uncomplicated visual pleasure in the objects it displays. Among them: a neat example of the generic-chic dress that Coco Chanel proposed could go anywhere; an inventory of black stockings on a Rockettes-like lineup of mannequin legs kicking skyward; and a Japanese wedding kimono that segues, shoulder to hem, from a matte black that swallows up all light to a shimmering frieze of mettlesome birds, ancient symbols of good fortune. Having been immersed for months in black apparel, three of the fledgling curators have already planned their costumes for the March 13 reception marking the opening of their show. Frederun (a Dietrich type) intends to wear turquoise, Rebecca (think Katharine Hepburn as Jo March) green, while the auburn-haired Sharon, a latter-day girl-next-door, brazenly opts for orange.

Tobi Tobias

Balenciaga, Black Dress, *1960.*

Photograph courtesy of the Museum at FIT.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Nancy Graves—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper made by the artist (1940–1995) between 1971 and 1989 and whose forms and images draw on the natural world; 3/15–4/20. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Derrick Guild—Paintings that depict loaves of bread isolated against dark, ambiguous backgrounds; through 4/22. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

Henry Lamb—A selection of watercolors and drawings by the British artist (1883–1960), who was associated with the Bloomsbury Group; through 4/15. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (212-838-0333).

Robert Morris—Four of the artist's minimalist felt works dating from 1968 to 1974, including a floor piece, a work attached to the wall with strips hanging to the floor, and two large-scale geometric works; through 3/31. Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Don Porcaro/Joseph Di Giorgio—Stone-and-metal sculptures/Paintings of New York at night. Through 4/1. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Gerhard Richter—A selection of the German artist's early paintings from the sixties and seventies; through 4/22. Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

Tony Scherman—Large-scale encaustic paintings that depict enlarged faces of political figures ranging from Robespierre to Himmler; through 4/1. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Carole Seborovksi—New collage drawings; through 4/1. Mitchell-Inness & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Esteban Vicente—Drawings and collages from the fifties and sixties by the artist, who is now 97 and one of the last surviving members of the New York School; through 4/15. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

57th Street Area

Marco Arce—Cartoonlike drawings on the theme of the contemporary art world; through 4/1. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

Stephen Brown—Recent paintings, including portraits of artists, nudes of the artist's wife, still-lifes, and landscapes; through 4/8. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Tacita Dean/Maurizio Cattelan—Two new 16-mm. films, *Banewl* (1999), showing the last year's total eclipse of the sun in Cornwall, England, and *Sound Mirrors* (1999), which was filmed on the edge of the Romney Marsh in Kent, England, and whose subject is three massive, derelict concrete structures built between 1919 and 1920 that were designed to reflect the sound of enemy aircraft taking off on the other side of the English Channel but became obsolete after the invention of radar a few years later/New work by the Italian artist. Through 3/25. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Sidney Goodman—Figurative paintings from the past three years; through 4/8. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-8300).

Philip Guston—Small paintings on panel from the seventies; through 4/5. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

Yvonne Jacquette—Recent paintings of aerial views of New York and Chicago; through 4/8. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

Michael Mazur—New abstract paintings and works on paper; through 4/4. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

Lika Mutal—New stone sculptures; through 4/8. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550).

David Novros—Recent paintings on sheets of copper; through 4/1. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).

Dorothea Rockburne—Works on paper and panel from 1990 to the present that reflect the artist's interest in cosmological phenomena; through 4/1. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

William Stewart—Paintings that depict figures in deep introspection; through 4/8. Wright, 41 E. 57th St. (212-702-0132).

Ursula Von Rydingsvard—New sculptures made of laminated cedar; through 4/29. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Paul Waldman—New paintings and sculpture inspired by a trip to India; through 4/1. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888).

Andy Warhol and Cecil Beaton—Fashion illustrations and other drawings by Warhol from the fifties and sixties and drawings for stage designs by Beaton from the same period; through 5/20. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Bill Beckley—Photo-text works from the late seventies to the present; through 4/8. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Christine Borland—A video projection, sculptures, and photographs that examine issues of genetic research, human engineering, and mortality, by the Scottish-born artist; through 4/15. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

David Bunn—"Double Monster," a new work from an ongoing project for which the artist has paired catalogue cards from the Los Angeles Central Library with the obsolete card catalogue from the Mutter Museum in Philadelphia, a nineteenth-century medical museum of pathological specimens; through 4/22. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

Chuck Close—New paintings; 3/17–4/29. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224).

John Dilg—Abstract paintings; through 4/1. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Lucio Fontana—Paintings made by the Italian artist (1899–1968) during the early sixties, including works from his "Buchi" (holes) and "Tagli" (cuts) series; two works in metal and a rare oil painting with Murano glass stones added to the surface; through 4/1. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Simon Frost—Drawings in graphite, ink, watercolor, or gouache that depict intricate compositions of shapes; through 4/1. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Eberhard Havekost—Paintings that depict fragments of views of walls, windows, and doorways as they might be observed by a surveillance camera; through 4/22. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Shigeko Kubota—Recent site-specific video sculptures by the Fluxus artist; through 4/1. Fung, 537 Broadway (212-334-6242).

Kelly E. Lamb—New video and photographic works; through 4/1. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

John Mullen—Recent abstract paintings that depict diagrammatic systems; through 4/1. M-13, 72 Greene St. (212-925-3007).

Catherine Opie—An edition of photogravures from the artist's "O" portfolio, which draws on Robert Mapplethorpe's controversial "X" portfolio but depicts female instead of male protagonists; through 4/1. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (212-343-0573).

Carolanna Parlato—New paintings; through 4/29. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Orit Raff—An installation of photographs and sculptures that transforms the gallery into a classroom; through 4/8. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Mark Tansey—New graphite drawings; through 4/1. Marcus, 578 Broadway (212-226-3200).

Rebecca Welz—New Plexiglas constructions; through 3/29. Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Chelsea

Matt Baumgardner—Paintings that depict grids of luminous boxes superimposed on cloudlike layers of plastery paint; through 4/1. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (212-741-1149).

Martha Benzing/Richard Klein—Paintings that depict stars in various stages of formation/Sculptures that transform ordinary eyeglasses into complex biomorphic sculptures. Through 4/1. Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Alighiero e Boetti—A survey of the Arte Povera artist's works on paper, including his largest watercolor, *Da Mille a Mille,* a mathematical work based on the laws of numerical progression; through 4/8. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

John Descarfino—Recent paintings and works on paper; through 4/8. Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Alexandra Feit—Wall sculptures that reference food and the body; through 4/1. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

David Ivie—Small paintings that use a pale palette of colors to depict mysterious events; through 4/1. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Jay Kelly—Reductive images of landscape and architecture in pastel and graphite on vellum; through 4/16. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (212-206-6872).

Kocheisen + Hullmann—Collaborative paintings of subject matter drawn from everyday life; through 4/6. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Paul Etienne Lincoln—An installation titled *Ignisfatuus* that takes its inspiration from the opera soprano Rosa Ponselle (1897–1981) and incorporates acoustic, mechanical, and chemical activity determined by lunar cycles, through 4/15, at Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474), and mechanized characters from the artist's ongoing series, "The World and Its Inhabitants," through 4/22, at Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2668).

Tracey Moffatt—"Invocations," a group of photo-silkscreen images shot on location in New York City for which the artist used a stage set and actors; through 4/8. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Ellen Phelan—Recent still-life paintings and works on paper; through 4/1. Senior & Shopmaker, 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

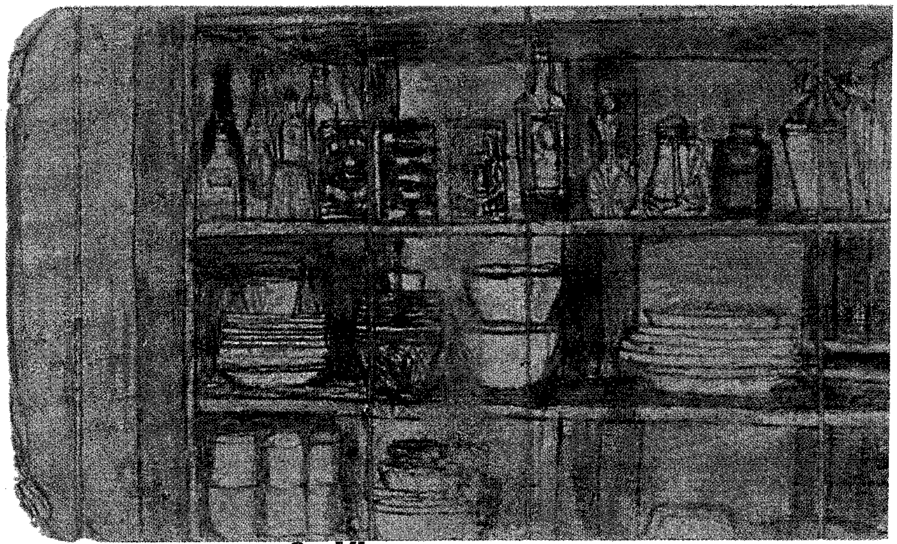
Tim Rollins & K.O.S.—New large-scale paintings inspired by classic works of literature, by the artist-teacher and his student team; through 4/15. Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276).

Ugo Rondinone—"Target" paintings, a film installation, and large-scale color photographs, by the Swiss artist; through 4/15. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

Marina Temka—A video and photographs made in rural France, where the artist lived with her fiancé in the summer of 1999; through 4/8. Lynch, 147 W. 29th St. (212-967-7584).

Tim White—Video projections and cibachrome prints; through 4/1. Folin/Riva, 529 W. 20th St. (212-242-3434).

Otto Zitko—An on-site wall drawing and paintings on aluminum panels; through 4/15. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).



On View

Stick Figures

"James Castle: House Drawings" gathers the rarely seen work of the self-taught Idaho artist (1900–1977), who was born deaf and mute and communicated largely through drawings of his surroundings, in particular the homes in Garden Valley and Boise he shared with family members. Those drawings, usually executed on found paper (in saliva and soot with a sharpened stick) and ranging in subject matter from panoramic outdoor views to such everyday interior staples as doorknobs and light switches, not only reflect Castle's fascination with his own environment but constitute an extraordinary visual diary of American vernacular architecture. At the Drawing Center, 40 Wooster Street; through May 4.

Photograph courtesy of the Drawing Center

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (212-879-0500). Still-life compositions by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, among them Bonnard, Braque, Gauguin, Leger, Morisot, Vuillard; through 4/1.

57th Street Area

Babcock—724 Fifth Ave. (212-767-1852). "Aspects of White," paintings, sculpture, and works on paper made with white materials, by Ajay, Grausman, Lipton, McLaughlin, Nevelson, Pavia, Ryman, Segal, others; through 3/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). New mixed-media assemblages by Bettye Saar; "True Grit," paintings, drawings, and assemblages dating from the fifties through the early seventies, by Bourgeois, Bontecue, DeFeo, Falkenstein, Grossman, Nevelson, Spero; through 5/9.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208). "America Gone Modern: From the Twenties Through the Sixties," works by Avery, Bisttram, Calder, Marin, Morris, Sheeler, Tobey, others; through 4/29.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Manly," works by nineteen artists that look at the current state of masculinity, through 4/1; window installation by Nancy Klotz, through 4/1.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170). Drawings, maquettes, and other artworks relating to environmental sculptures, by Goldsworthy, Long Nash, Nemitz, Sonfist, Zimmerman; through 4/29.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "The End," a survey of Exit Art's eighteen-year exhibition history, featuring works by more than 100 artists; through 4/1.

Chelsea

Cacciola—501 W. 23rd St. (212-462-4646). "OK," paintings and sculptures by four artists currently working in Oklahoma; through 3/31.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (212-727-0767). "Translation/Seduction/Displacement," works by contemporary artists from southern Africa; through 4/1.

Zarre—515 W. 20th St. (212-255-0202). A twenty-fifth-anniversary exhibition featuring works by Borstein, Daphnis, Lanyon, Ohlson, Remington, Strider, Zapkus, others; through 3/30.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766). "Wall Street: A Journal," a survey of photographs of New York's financial district taken between 1916 and the present by Abbott, Baril, Feininger, Newman, others; through 4/8.

Ellen Brooks—Large color photographs of shelter-like constructions created by the artist; through 4/1. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Walter Chappell—Photographs taken between 1964 and 1978 that follow in the modernist tradition of Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Weston, and Ansel Adams by the photographer, who was chief curator of the George Eastman House in Rochester for many years; through 4/1. Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Chuck Close—New work, including color digital ink-jet portraits of artists, black-and-white digital ink-jet prints of actors, and daguerreotype self-portraits and diptychs of nude torsos; 3/16–4/22. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Margi Geerlinks/Andrea Frank—Large-scale color photographs of surreal staged scenes/Paintings on photographs. Through 4/1. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

David Goberman—Photographs of now-vanished Jewish cemeteries in the "Pale" of Russia and the Ukraine; through 4/2. SoHo Triad, 107 Grand St. (212-965-9500).

Stanley Greenberg/Julius Shulman—Large format black-and-white photographs of New York's infrastructure/Architectural photographs taken in Los Angeles between 1958 and 1960 that draw attention to the photographer's use of people to define a building's scale. Through 4/8. Richardson, 560 Broadway (212-343-1255).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution from 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Picturing Business: The Photography of *Fortune,* 1930–1965." Photographs by Margaret Bourke-White, Walker Evans, Robert Frank, and others that were commissioned for the magazine founded by Henry R. Luce in 1930; through 4/9. . . . "Gary Schneider: Genetic Self-Portrait." A series of fourteen works comprising 55 photographs that depict the artist's transformations of X-ray images of his own genetic materials; through 4/9.

Antonio Lopez—Fashion drawings and photographs by the Puerto Rican–born fashion illustrator (1943–1987) who worked for *Women's Wear Daily,* the New York *Times, Harper's Bazaar,* and other publications; through 4/15. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Danny Lyon—Vintage prints from the photographer's "Texas Prison Series" of the late sixties; through 4/22. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Mary Ellen Mark—Images of idiosyncratic moments drawn from the last 35 years of the photographer's work; through 4/22. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

Fred W. McDarrah—Portraits of politicians and others from the sixties to the present; through 4/23. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (212-242-2581).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "Beyond the Fall," photographs by Anthony Suau depicting life in eastern Europe since 1989; through 6/3.

David Plowden/Zeke Berman—A survey of the photographer's images of American cityscapes, small towns, steam engines, and bridges/Early still-life compositions by the conceptual artist. Through 4/29. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Louis Robert—The French photographer's portraits and and views of landscape and architecture from the early 1850s; through 4/15. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Gary Schneider—"Specimen Drawings," large prints made from microscope slides; through 4/22. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

Joseph Sudek—Works by the Czech master from the Brumlik Collection, including landscapes, tree studies, modernist still-lifes, the interior of St. Vitus Cathedral under reconstruction, and images of his garden shot from his studio window; through 4/15. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211).

Simon Watson—Images of an abandoned nineteenth-century interior and an Alaskan forest; through 4/8. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Defining Craft 1: Collecting for the New Millennium." A selection of works from the museum's permanent collection and works that have been promised as gifts; through 5/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York *Times* that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Realm of Marvels: Building Collections for the Future." Works from almost every major area of the museum's holdings, representing nearly every culture and almost all of recorded time; 3/17–6/18. . . . "The Guennol Collection: Cabinet of Wonders." Olmec jade carvings, pre-Columbian textiles, American folk art, and works by de Kooning, Cornell, and other twentieth-century artists that were given to the museum by Alastair Bradley Martin and his wife, Edith Park Martin; through 5/7. . . . "One Hundred Famous Views of Edo." An exhibition of a rare complete set of Utagawa Hiroshige's 1856–58 wood-block-print series from the museum's permanent collection; through 4/23. . . . "Artists Books." Fifty books made in the nineties by Brooklyn-based artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Doug Beube, and Janet Zweig; through 4/16. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

China Institute—"Dawn of the Yellow Earth: Ancient Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Sixty-three works from Chinese cultures dating from the Neolithic period to the Warring States (5000–300 B.C.E.); 3/21–6/18. 125 E. 65th St. (212-744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; free.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 4/2. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled,* 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 4/2. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"James Castle: House Drawings." The first New York exhibition of drawings and paper constructions by the self-taught artist from Idaho; through 5/4. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec.19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Sheer Realities: Power and Clothing in the Nineteenth-Century Philippines." An exhibition organized by the Asia Society of clothing, accessories, paintings, lithographs, drawings, and photographs that reflect the external and indigenous cultural influences in the Philippines over the past century; through 4/22. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5: $2.50 suggested donation.

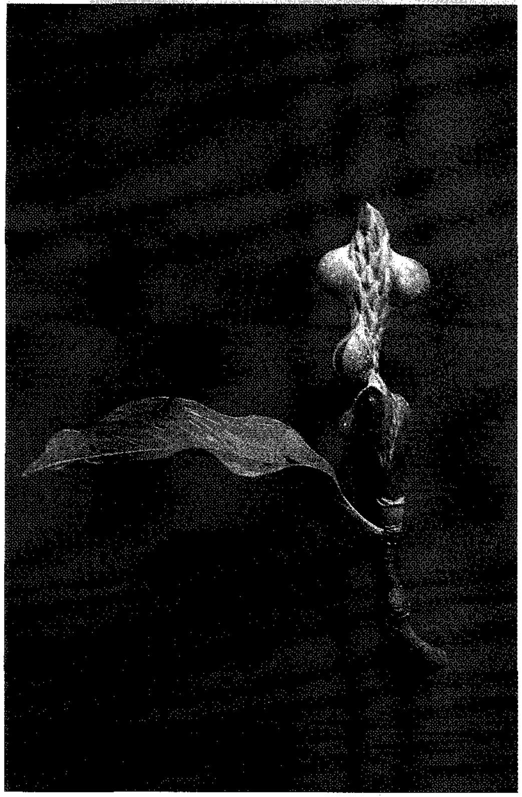
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Nam June Paik." The first American retrospective of the Korean-born multimedia artist since 1982, including sculptures, installations, videotapes, and projects for television; through 4/26. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Paris in New York: French Jewish Artists in Private Collections." Paintings and sculpture by Jewish artists working in Paris from 1907 to 1939, among them Marc Chagall, Sonia Delaunay, Jacques Lipchitz, Amedeo Modigliani, Chaim Soutine, and Max Weber; through 6/25. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Walker Evans." A retrospective of the American photographer (1903–1975) comprising some 175 vintage prints from public and private collections throughout the U.S. and Canada as well as from the photographer's archive, which was acquired by the Metropolitan in 1994; through 5/14. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. . . . "Northern Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection." French, German, and Netherlandish drawings and illuminations; through 5/21. . . . "Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages." An international loan exhibition of carved-wood and stone works by the German sculptor (1460–1531); through 5/14. . . . "Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits From Roman Egypt." Painted panel portraits made in Egypt from the first to third century A.D.; through 5/7. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "Korean Ceramics From the Museum of Oriental Ceramics, Osaka." Forty-eight ceramic works dating from the twelfth to the nineteenth century; through 6/4. . . . "Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Celebrating the American Wing: Notable Acquisitions, 1980-1999"; through 11/12. . . . "Masterpieces of Photography From the Gilman Paper Company Collection"; through 5/23. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

Morgan Library—"From Bruegel to Rubens: Netherlandish and Flemish Drawings." Northern European master drawings spanning the Gothic through the Flemish Baroque periods from the Morgan Library's collection, and a selection of works by artists working in the tradition of Van Eyck and Van der Goes; through 4/30. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 5/14. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Talent **While New York seems to have given up on the idea of a bona fide flower show, New York galleries have embraced artists who take their cues from horticulture. The latest to ply this fertile territory is Japanese sculptor Yoshihiro Suda, whose installations of hyper-realistic, life-size carved-wood sculptures of flowers trace their development from seedling to full bloom. At D'Amelio Terras, 525 West 22nd Street; through March 25.**



Photograph courtesy of D'Amelio Terras.

El Museo del Barrio—"Latin American Still Life: Reflections of Time and Place." Paintings, sculptures, and other works depicting still-life by twentieth-century Caribbean, Central American, and South American artists, among them Diego Rivera, Rufino Tamayo, and Wilfredo Lam; through 5/21. . . . "Franco Mondini Ruíz: *Mexic.*" A site-specific installation depicting a romanticized, miniature cityscape of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City; through 5/21. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Hair in African Sculpture and Art." An exhibition exploring the significance of hair in African society through masks and figures, combs, beads, headrests, and an actual Ghanaian barber shop; through 5/28. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices: The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dali, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; 3/16–7/26. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Contructivist movements; 3/16–7/26. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; 3/16–7/26. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Feud, Hopper, Rivera, others; 3/16–7/26. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; 3/16–7/26. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings." Etchings spanning 1912 to 1949; 3/16–7/26. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; 3/16–7/26. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s." Works by Herbert Bayer, El Lissitzky, László Moholy-Nagy, Aleksandr Rodchenko, and others; 3/16–7/26. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. . . . "This Land Is Your Land: The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie." An exhibition chronicling the life of the folksinger; through 4/23. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The Little Black Dress and Other Signs of Status." An exhibition exploring the meaning behind a range of iconic black objects, from the little black dress to combat boots; through 4/15. . . . "The Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; through 4/22. . . . "Girlfriend! The Barbie Sessions by David Levinthal." Forty large-format Polaroid photographs of the doll that return her to her fashion model roots; through 4/15. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"175th Annual Exhibition." America's oldest, continuously held juried art competition, featuring paintings, sculpture, watercolors, and prints by more than 160 artists; through 3/26. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, 4.50 students and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Without Sanctuary" Lynching Photography in America"; 3/16–7/9. . . . "New York on the Brink! The Fiscal Crisis of the 1970s." Documentary photographs, newspaper headlines, political cartoons, and objects relating to New York's notorious fiscal crisis; through 5/7. . . . "John James Audubon: The Birds of Winter." Fifteen original watercolor paintings by the naturalist (1785–1851) depicting birds that can be found in New York during the winter months; through 4/30. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30/01. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Greater New York." The first significant collaboration between P.S.1 and MOMA, an exhibition of works by more than 140 artists who have emerged as vital voices over the past five years; through 5/16. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"New York Noir: Crime Photographs From the *Daily News* Archive"; through 4/30. . . . "William Glackens: A Journey From Realism to Impressionism." A selection of paintings, works on paper, and notebooks by the Philadelphia-born artist, who became one of the Eight and worked in Paris, New York, and Cape Cod, most of them drawn from the Glackens family bequest to the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale; through 4/30. . . . "Queens Focus: Installation by Leung Chi Wo"; through 4/30. . . . "Community Space: Silk Paintings by Dr. Rikki Asher"; through 4/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Collection in Context." A selection of paintings, photographs, sculpture, and works other media from the museum's permanent collection; through 5/21. . . . "Images of Harlem: Selected Photographs of James VanDerZee." Images of Harlem in its heyday by the Massachusetts-born photographer, who moved to New York in 1906; through 5/21. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs, Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Highlights From the Permanent Collection"; through 6/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Correspondences: Isamu Noguchi and Ellsworth Kelly." Sculptures and drawings by both from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; through 4/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 3/21 at 10 and 2: "Chinese Works of Art." On view from 3/18. 3/21 at 5: "Single Owner Sale of Snuff Bottles." On view from 3/18.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 3/20 at 10 and 2: "Asian Decorative Arts." On view from 3/18.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 3/20 at 2: "Asian Works of Art." On view from 3/17.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 3/15 at 10:15: "American Paintings." On view from 3/11. 3/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Art Nouveau." On view from 3/11. 3/21 at 10:15 and 2 "Japanese and Korean Works of Art." On view from 3/18.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710) 3/16 at 10:30: "Art and Architecture Books." On view from 3/11.

restaurants

Wine Breathing Room...Family Men...B³

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

igino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

he Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. *179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

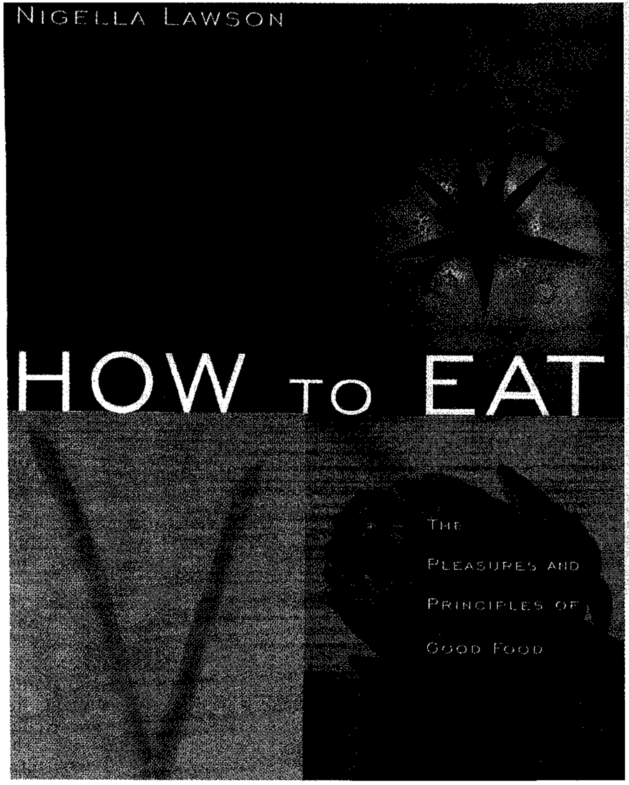
Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse in sides like creamed spinach



In Print **Nigella Lawson, literary journalist and influential food writer for *British Vogue,* gained critical acclaim in the U.K. with her first book, *How to Eat: The Pleasures and Principles of Good Food,* just published in the U.S. (John Wiley & Sons; $35). This personal collection of simple and down-to-earth yet delicious recipes gathered throughout her life starts with memories of making mayonnaise and roasting a chicken with her mother and progresses to the whimsical Peter Rabbit in Mr. McGregor's salad, and the oddly named Pig's Bum, a stodgy rhubarb pudding inspired by English chef Antony Worrall Thompson's days at prep school. The book is compelling reading and full of fascinating insights and enlightening advice, all of which makes one want to get in the kitchen and practice what Lawson is preaching.** GILLIAN DUFFY

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

and butternut-squash hash. His flair for hearty he-man food like char-broiled strip steak and lamb T-bone chops still allows for subtle seasoning and artful presentations. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. The staff is that elusive combination of proficient and accommodating, and the extensive wine selection, by the glass and the bottle, is refreshingly user-friendly. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Elephant & Castle—For more than a quarter of a century, as the city's kitchens went pan-Asian and pan-Latino around it, this West Village landmark has satisfied cravings for basic American fare like burgers, omelettes, and Caesar salad. Sliced steak with Merlot sauce is about as highfalutin as the friendly spot gets. *68 Greenwich Ave. (212-243-1400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—An ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

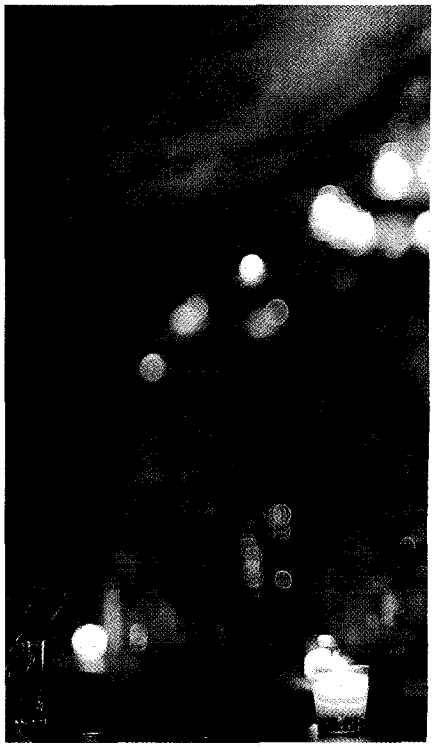
Meli Melo—A pioneer of the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses, all night (including Sunday). The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy b night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drin made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20t St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*



Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scal dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisin make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *2 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisin is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; th room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feelin luxurious and minimalist at the same time. Th menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, an meats—with such appealing entries as butternu squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rac of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454, (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Lon Island chain—brings a full roster of pastram corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening B Listless

Judging by the popularity of lounges, today's young'uns can't muster the strength to sit up straight while they eat and drink. B^3, the latest capitulation to the lolling craze, has opened on the same Alphabet City block as Guernica, another of its groovy ilk. The basement-level "Kitten" lounge has its own menu of tidbits like grilled sausages and zucchini fritters, while upstairs, chef John Marmann cooks southern-accented American food like blackstrap-molasses salmon, Chesapeake Bay crab cakes, and crawfish étouffée. Entrées, $10 to $19. (33 Avenue B; 212-614-9755.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Askew—Free French fries! For some, that's reason enough to visit this cheerful little restaurant where virtually everything else conforms to the intriguing theme of marinated meat on a stick. There's skewered chicken and mango, beef au poivre, and panko-crusted salmon, plus stickless soups, salads, and vegetable sides. *1004 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (212-421-8742). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening
Raising the Bar

The Upper East Side's 30-seat Etats-Unis has always been too popular for its own good. Now father-and-son team Tom and Jonathan Rapp have taken over a storefront across the street to build the wine bar they never had room for. They've christened it, sensibly enough, The Bar @ Etats-Unis. Far more than a holding pen for pre-meal cocktails, the bar is very much its own elegant entity, with Honduran mahogany, bronze-mesh ceiling panels, a cluster of Japanese lanterns, and an eclectic list of wines by the glass—in this case, the graceful Riedel burgundy glass. Cheese and charcuterie served with Sullivan Street Bakery bread are perfect wine accessories, but no reason to forsake daily-changing offerings like rustic fish chowder with braised vegetables, or roast-leg-of-lamb sandwich with slow-roasted peppers, olive purée, and chèvre. The chocolate soufflé and date pudding must—repeat, must*—be ordered in advance. (247 East 81st Street; 212-396-9928.)*

Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Quantum 56—The restaurant at the Drake Swissotel that used to be Lafayette has finally reopened, this time as a New American dining room and cocktail lounge under the culinary direction of chef Joseph Fortunato. His menu ranges from the familiar to the less so, in dishes like shepherd's pie, seafood hot pot, and buffalo carpaccio with horseradish aioli. *65 E. 56th St. (212-756-3800). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe—The inspired idea behind this unique restaurant (adjacent to the relocated Morrell wine shop) is to serve a menu that integrates perfectly with the wine list—no small feat, since the inventory runs to 1,000 different bottles and a hundred by-the-glass selections. The kitchen incorporates vino into the victuals, as in Barolo-braised lamb shank with chestnut-flour polenta, and the foie gras club sandwich with *porto* marmalade. Seating is at the serpentine bar, behind it, and on a mezzanine level. *1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

St. Andrews—In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor consists of wine cabinets, old Scottish Rail posters, and pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features dishes like rack of lamb, tenderloin, and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. *120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

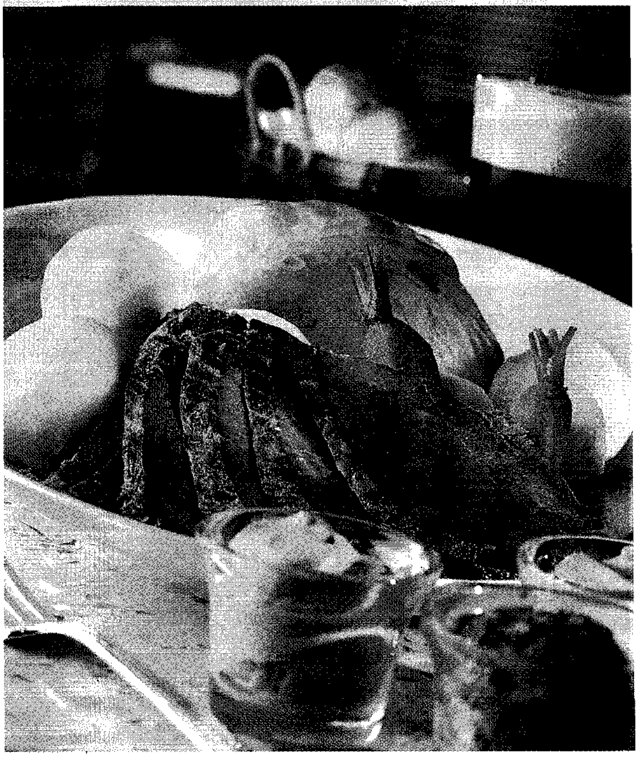
Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled

Object of Desire

Potluck o' the Irish

If green beer and mass inebriation don't do it for you, consider observing Saint Patrick's Day at comparatively sedate City Hall, where chef-owner Henry Meer slow-simmers brisket for eight hours in a court-bouillon enriched with Sierra Nevada Pale Ale to make his signature corned beef and cabbage, the Irish answer to pot-au-feu. "It's all in the cutting," he says about the lusciously tender lean meat, which he serves with potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and a trio of mustards in varying, sinus-clearing strengths. (131 Duane Street; 212-227-7777.)



Photograph by Adrienne Helé.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S STRICTLY PERSONALS

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dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

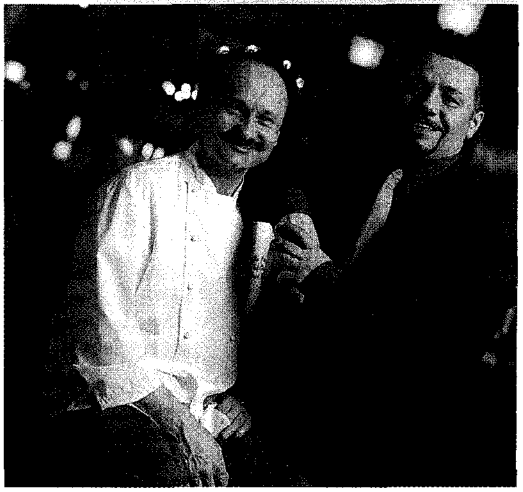
Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd S (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Opening
Brother Act 2

For six years, chef Pascal Bettig and his brother Jacques (below, left to right) kept a grateful Bay Ridge clientele well fed with escargots, onion soup, and steak au poivre at their cozy bistro, St. Michel. Now they've brought those classics—plus more-up-to-date innovations like sea scallops in a leek fondue with truffle emulsion, and Chilean sea bass with artichoke hearts à la barigoule—to Frère Jacques, their new restaurant on the former Murray Hill premises of Le Grenadin. Entrées, $16 to $23. (13 East 37th Street; 212-679-9355.)



Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensation antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-23 0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak f four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your ow house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Photograph by Bruce Kat

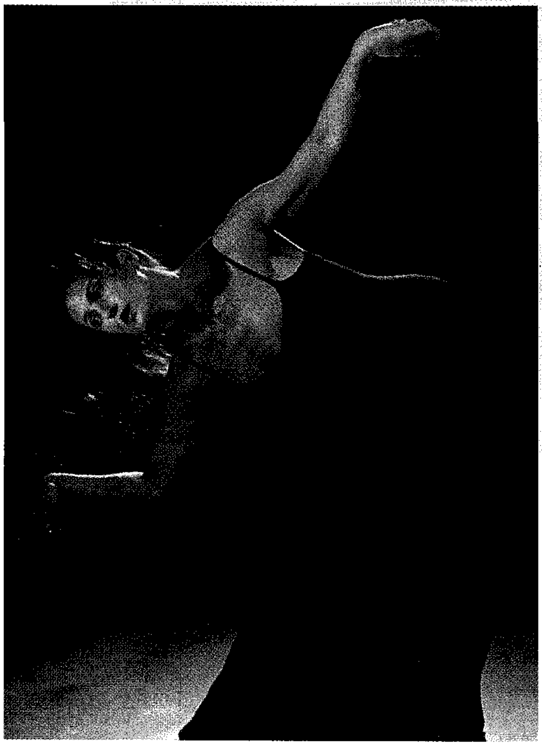
in concert

Louis Armstrong...Il Barbiere di Saviglia

Ground Rules:
This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Preview
Fall to Grace

Since she was a child, Margie Gillis has been applauded for falling out of trees and jumping off roofs. "How did *that* feel?" her mother, an Olympic skier, would ask excitedly. Now 46, the Canadian dancer and choreographer still loves taking risks. "I create solos because I want a vulnerable person onstage," she says, "and have felt that I can't ask that of anyone else." Gillis, who has often been compared to Isadora Duncan, is dyslexic and has never been able to master counting in the way most dancers are required to, so she creates movement for herself (and only recently for others) that's guided by emotion—especially her own. Her experiences, from the most joyous to the excruciatingly painful, inspire her to dance the solos for which she is internationally recognized—like *Torn Roots Broken Branches,* which she created last year in memory of her brother, Chris, a principal dancer with the Paul Taylor Dance Company (where Margie has been a guest performer) who died of AIDS in 1993. This week at the Joyce, she'll premiere another emotionally charged piece (among five others), *Voyage,* a 25-minute solo that she calls "an allegory for the voyage of life." She says it's about "missing my brother and being exhausted from grief" as well as feeling grateful for the fast-paced, full life she leads, touring her work around the world. Though she's at an age where most dancers have retired, Gillis says, "the dance just seems to still want to move through me." (See "Dance.") **ROSE-ANNE CLERMONT**



hotograph by Michael Slobodian.

Classical Music

Valery Gergiev, Guest Conductor and New York Philharmonic—Works by Hindemith, Beethoven, Scriabin, Prokofiev, and Tchaikovsky, 3/15–3/28, call for times. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $!3–$77.*

Sylvia McNair, Soprano—Premieres John Corigliano's *Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Songs of Bob Dylan;* accompanied by Martin Katz, pianist, 3/15 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $17–$61.*

Bachmann–Klibonoff–Fridman Trio—Performs Beethoven's *Opus 97*, 3/15 at 1. *Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008, ext. 347); $5.*

Jon Faddis, Conductor, and Carnegie Hall Jazz Band—Celebrate Louis Armstrong's centenary, 3/16 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$56.*

David Holzman, Piano—Performs works composed in the last century, in "Crossing the Millennium: Landmarks and Arrivals." *Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (212-663-6620); $12, students and seniors $8.*

Making Music: 2000, Gyorgy Kurtag—Musicians including Kim Kashkashian, Robert Levin and Susan Narucki play in a concert devoted to the music of the contemporary Hungarian composer, 3/16 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $26.*

The Canticum Novum Singers—Present all six Bach motets; led by Harold Rosenbaum, 3/18 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $20, students and seniors $10.*

eipzig Quartet—Performs works by Beethoven, Brahms, Eisler, and Webern, 3/18 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $25.*

Meliset Abreu, Classical Guitar—Performs works by Barrios, Bach, Albeniz, and others in the "Aranjuez Guitar" series , 3/18 at 8:30. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $20.*

oseph Kalichstein, Piano, and New York Chamber Symphony—Perform works by Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Shostakovich, led by Gerard Schwarz, 3/18 at 8 and 3/19 at 2. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $35.*

ucian Rinando, Flute; Samuel Magill, Cello; and Irina Morozova, Piano—Works by Hadley, Griffes, and Riegger, 3/19 at 5. *New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. (212-642-0142); free.*

ew England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Thompson's *Frostiana;* Rutter's *Requiem*; and Schubert's Mass No.2 in G Major, led by Jonathan Griffith Lee Kjelsonled and Dale Miller respectively. 3/19 at 2. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $16–$68.*

Maurizio Pollini, Piano—Performs works by Debussy and Boulez as part of his "Perspectives: Maurizio Pollini" series, 3/20 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$61.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*Il Barberiere di Siviglia,* 3/13, 3/17 and 3/20 at 8; *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk,* 3/14 at 8, 3/17 at 1:30, and 3/21 at 8; *The Merry Widow,* 3/16 and 3/18 at 8, *La Cenerentola,* 3/15 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

New York City Opera—*Porgy and Bess, 3/16 at 7:30,* 3/17 and 3/18 at 8; *Tosca,* 3/15 at 7:30, 3/18 at 1:30; *The Mother of Us All,* 3/19 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $22–$95.*

Dance

Margie Gillis—Premieres six new works, including *Voyage,* a 25-minute solo exploring travel, 3/14–3/18 at 8 and 3/19 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $32.*

Ballet Contemporaneo de Caracas—Perform *Carmina Burana*; choreographed by John Butler, 3/18 at 3 and 8 and 3/19 at 3. *Queens Theatre in the Park, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, near Shea Stadium; (718-760-0064); $24, seniors $22, students $15.*

Trinity Irish Dance Company—Collaborate with choreographer Seán Curran in premiere of *Curran Event,* 3/17–3/26, call for times. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42 St. (212-239-6200);$10–$20.*

Urban Bush Women —Premieres *Soul Deep,* a collaboration featuring music by David Murray Quartet and poetry by Ntzoke Shange and Langston Hughes, 3/17–3/18 at 8. *Aaron Davis Hall, Convent Ave. at W. 135th St. (212-650-7289); $22.*

nightlife

Joan Jett...Kittie...Pat Metheny

Concerts

The Allman Brothers Band—3/13–3/14, 3/16–3/18, and 3/20 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 72nd St. and Broadway (212-307-7171), $65.99, $45.99.*

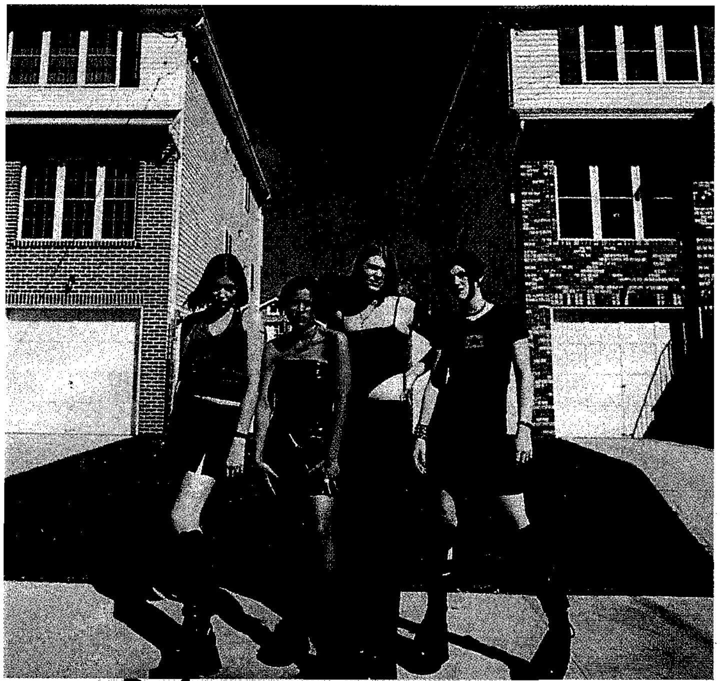
The Irish Tenors—Featuring John McDermott, Finbar Wright, Anthony Kearns, Ronan Tynan, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. 3/17 at 8. *Nassau Coliseum, 1255 Hempstead Tpk., Uniondale (212-307-7171). $51, $36.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—3/14–3/18: "St. Patty's Jam 2000." *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—3/17: Coco Montoya. 3/18: The November Project. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—3/16: Warren Zevon; Jill Sobule. 3/18: Great Big Sea. 3/20–3/21: Cracker. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*



Performance
Cat Power

Still on the young side of 20, Kittie (pictured) is fast enough to tour with this summer's Ozzfest and loud enough to make the Runaways ask their kids to turn the music down. The Canadian foursome will bring the noise to Irving Plaza on March 15. (See "Small Stages.")

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—3/16: Curtis Salgado. 3/17: Big Jack Johnson. 3/18: Alberta Adams. 3/19: Richie Gonzalez Quintet. 3/20: Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (212-924-9755).*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat's "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 3/13: Stella "Holiday Shorts" Film Festival. 3/14: Ronny Jordan. 3/15: The Derek Trucks Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—All shows begin at 10 and admission is free. 3/14: Record-release party for Dusty Wright. 3/15: Howard Fishman Quartet. 3/16: Lee Ann Westover and Strange Cargo. 3/17: The Lustre Kings. 3/18: The Niagras. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th and 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).*

Irving Plaza—3/15: Kittie. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—3/15: Paulette McWilliams. 3/16: Anthony & the Johnsons; "Personality D.J. Series." 3/17–3/18: Marc Ribot y Los Cubans Postizos. 3/19: Cat & Edie. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—3/14: Vespertine; Dopo Yume. 3/15: Pat Metheny Trio; Avram Fefer; Aloha Steamtrain; Kenny Wessel Quartet. 3/16: Pat Metheny Trio; Jason Moran Trio; Brilliant Coroners. 3/17: Pat Metheny Trio; Jason Moran Trio; Terry Dame and the Monkey on a Rail Orchestra; Mika Pohjola Sound of Village Duo; Drums & Tuba. 3/18: Pat Metheny Trio; Jason Moran Trio; Steve Dalichinsky and David Liebman; Schleigho. 3/19: Metropolitan Klezmer; Jason Moran Trio. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—3/14: Victoria Hana's Pure & Red; Pharaoh's Daughter. 3/15: Yossi Fine Jazz Ensemble. 3/16: Yossi Fine's Ex-Centric Sound System. 3/18: Klezmatics. *35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).*

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Adam Roth. Sundays: Anna. Tuesdays: "Hardcore," with hosts Mistress Formika and Candis Cayne. 3/15: The Supertones. 3/16: "Chick Rock Night." 3/17: Johnnie Chan and the New Dynasty. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—3/14: "Kick Out the Jams" D.J. series with Todd-O-Phonic Todd. 3/15: The Donnas; the Smugglers; the Plus Ones. 3/16: Alpha Cat; Dorothy Scott. 3/17: Chris Harford; the Selzers; Evelyn Forever; Adam Green. 3/18: Project Object Feat. Ike Willis performing the music of Frank Zappa. 3/19: The Promise Ring; Pelé; the Ivory Coast. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—3/13: Glen Hansard; Jim Kremens. 3/14: Primitive Reasons; Queen Adreena. 3/15: Skywriter; the Blue Benn; Bill Popp and the Tapes. 3/16: Health and Happiness Show; Rogue's March. 3/17: Rogue's March. 3/18: The Derek Trucks Band. 3/19: W.E. R.I.S.E. 3/20 Martha Wainwright. *217 E. Houston St. (212 260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—3/13: Western Caravan. 3/14: Milkweed. 3/15: Lucky 7. 3/16: L'il Mo. 3/17: Hugl Pool. 3/18: King Memphis. 3/19: The Flying Neutrinos. 3/20: Western Caravan. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 3/14 "Spring Reggae Festival"; Songs of Solomon; Selassiel Soldier. 3/15: Indigenous People, featurin Marc Cary. 3/16: Frank McComb. 3/17: Flox Bee; Sweet Micky. 3/18: Silvana Magda; Karnival 3/20: Luis Damon and Orchestra; Grupo Niche *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 3/17 Ron Sunshine and Full Swing. 3/18: Indig Swing. *240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 3/17: Blac 47. 3/20: Inasense. *161 Hudson St. (212-386 3600). $.*

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great house-musi party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvi Moore and Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez vous") and producer Matthias Heilbronn. *104 Av C (212-780-0202).*

Baby Jupiter—3/13: Rick Shapiro; Ben Eyler Tric 3/14: Industrial Tepee; Clark Gayton. 3/15: "Pant Party." 3/16: Rha Goddess. 3/17: Skol Patrol; Va Ness. 3/18: Colossus; Indigo. *170 Orchard St. (212 780-0287).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host t some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious clu nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night calle "Nice & Easy." Wednesdays: "Soons," an eclecti night of music with D.J.'s Jaymz Nylon an Gamall. Alternate Fridays: loved-up house musi from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; th friendly, long-running house-music party "Ban the Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictl drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seou Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log o to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *41 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightspot i Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Ja on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays anything with a groove from Afro-Cuban jazz t sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn (71 599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. The owne have managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big beat promoters "Plant" for Saturday nights ar the "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo (and plenty of D.J. royalty like Armand va Helden and "Little" Louie Vega as special guest for Thursdays. The last Saturday of every mont Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Rog Sanchez (no relation), two of New York hou music's finest. Sundays: dressed-up hip-hop wi "VIP Sundays," featuring D.J. Max Glazer ar Jessica Rosenblum. *45 W. 21st St. (212-80 7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea–Flatiron district nightsp has suddenly become a great dance-music dest

Photograph by Michael McLaughli

nation, thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network" and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy afterwork party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: soulful house provided by D.J. Adam Scott at "Legends" *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Flamingo—This East Village nightspot was once called Flamingo East. The club now has a hipper, more futuristic bent, thanks to parties like Saturday's techno-dominated "Tru Skul." 3/18: Robert Hood. *219 Second Ave. (212-533-2860).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender-straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. 3/17: Joan Jett and the Blackhearts; the Donnas. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like "Giant Step Mondays" and the Friday-night hip-hop-meets-beautiful-people affair "Hello 2000." 3/13: Ron Trent; Nickodemus. *285 West Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 3/15: Adam Freeland; Groove Armada. 3/17: "Respect Is Burning," with Dimitri From Paris; D.J. Cam; Boris D'lugosch. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

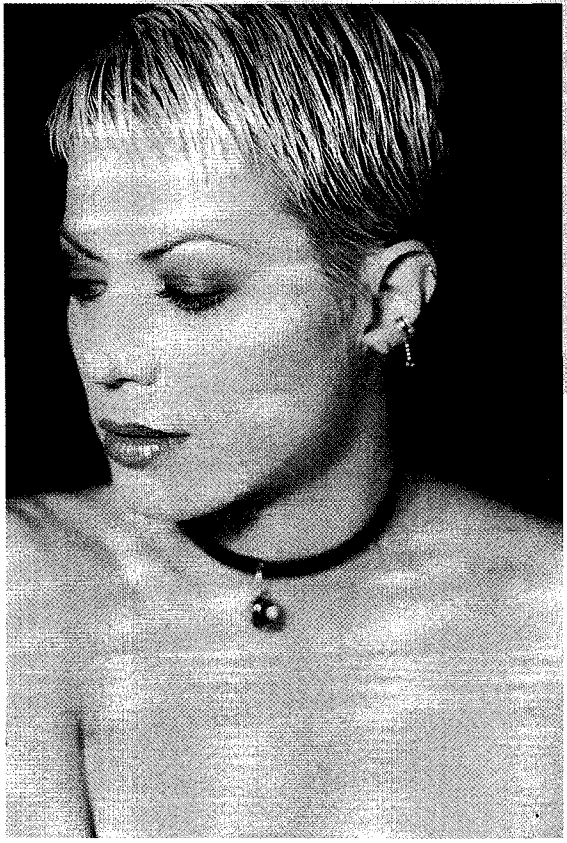
Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Performance

Runaway Success

Back in 1980, long before inner-city entrepreneurs like Master P were selling records out of their trunks, a former member of the seventies girl-punk band the Runaways named Joan Jett (pictured) was running her own street team. "I shopped my album *Bad Reputation* and the demos for "Crimson and Clover" and "I Love Rock 'n' Roll" to 23 record labels, and all them rejected me," says Jett in her deep tough-gal voice. "So I did what I had to: I created my own label"—Blackheart Records—"and sold records wherever I could." Thanks to songs like "Cherry Bomb," the Runaways were popular in Scandinavia and Japan, "but in the States we were these total freaks, and when we broke up, the attitude in the business toward us was 'See, I told you it wouldn't work.' " But Jett and business partner Kenny Laguna were intent on making it work, and their true grit helped turn songs like "I Love Rock 'n' Roll" and "Do You Wanna Touch Me?" into hits to whose master recordings Jett retained the lucrative publishing rights. (*Billboard* estimates the rights to "I Love . . . " to be worth at least $20 million.) For her part, Jett doesn't want to be remembered as an inspiration for financially savvy independent musicians but as an inspiration to young women in rock. "I think it's great that there are bands like the Donnas," she says, referring to the four Berkeley teenage girls who formed their own punk band, "but I don't understand why there aren't more." March 17 at the Roxy, Jett will confront her potent legacy—the Donnas will open for her—as well as continue it for the next generation. (See "Clubland.")

ETHAN BROWN



Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 3/15: Rachel Z. 3/16–3/18: John Abercrombie Trio. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 3/14–3/19: Roy Haynes 75th Birthday Celebration, featuring Chick Corea, Kenny Garrett, and Christian McBride. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 3/13: Adam Kolker Quartet. 3/14: Swing Set. 3/15: Matt Shulman Trio. 3/16: Elvis Sinatra. 3/17: Mike Magilligan. 3/18: Anne Correa & Friends. 3/20: Matt Wilson. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

"Hoagy Carmichael Centennial Celebration"—3/15 at 7:30. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-997-1003). $42.50, $37.50, $35, $27.50.*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. 3/14–3/19: Ron Carter Quintet. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 3/15–3/19: Don Sickler's Trumpet Tribute to Miles Davis. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The

Photograph by Randee St. Nicholas.

museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 3/16 and 3/18: Vincent Velega and Friends. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band, featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Roulette—A TriBeCa performance space featuring experimental and adventurous music—basically, a miniature Knitting Factory. Shows at 9. 3/16: Keith Connolly and David Nuss. 3/17: Joe Fonda and From the Source. 3/18: Christina Wheeler. 3/19: Kato Hideki. *228 W. Broadway (212-219-8242).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 3/14–3/19: Michele Rosewoman; Quintessence. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).*

Performance
Metheny Man

His expressive mixture of jazz and rock epitomized the seventies "fusion" scene—and earned him the ire of jazz purists in the process. But times have changed, and Pat Metheny (pictured) should receive a hero's welcome at his March 15–18 stint at the Knitting Factory, his first New York appearance with a trio since 1984. (See "Small Stages.")

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

The Afro-Cuban All-Stars—3/18 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-997-1003). $45, $37.50*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: "Klezmer Sundays." 3/14: Major Stars; High Rise. 3/16: Arto Lindsay plus Hiroshi Sunairi, Jonathan Bepler & Friends; Joey Baron's Killer Joey. 3/17: Lee Ranaldo and David Watson; Jeff Williams's Circadian Rhythms. 3/18: Karl Berger and Friends; Reid Anderson Quintet. 3/19: Charm City Klezmer Klezmer Brunch. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 3/14–3/19: Tommy Flanagan Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

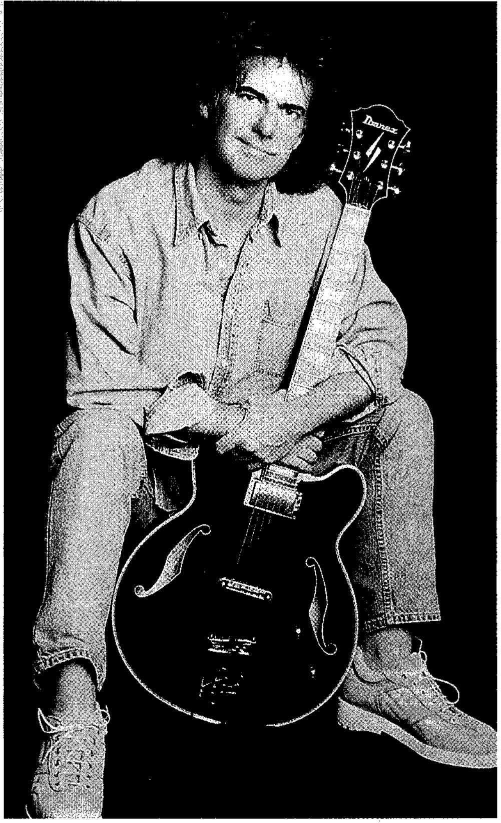
Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/13: Mario Cantone. 3/14: Mark Harris; John Rubin's "Just Friends." 3/15: Monteria Ivey. 3/16–3/19: Brian Regan. 3/17–3/19: Paul Mooney. 3/20: Julie Halston's "Women in Heat." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 3/13–3/19: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Greg Giraldo; Kevin Brennan; Wanda Sykes. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*



Photograph by Deborah Feingold

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., "New Talent Showcase." Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 3/16: "Girls, Girls, Girls." 3/17–3/18: Judy Gold; Jim Gaffigan; Wali Collins. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. $5 cover. *KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 3/14–4/1: Lilias White in "From Brooklyn to Broadway." *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tuesday–Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. Through 3/17: Betty Buckley previews her new CD, *Heart to Heart* Through 5/6: Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tuesday–Saturday from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. $10 .*Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. a 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St (212-957-9676).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrough Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Saturdays through 3/26: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" $10 cover two-drink minimum. Sundays through 3/19: "Bacall by Herself," with James Bea man. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Fein stein's cabaret space at the Regency Hote shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60, and there is a $50 food and drink minimum. 3/14–3/25: Linda Ed er. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-410 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clea of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Wed.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 mini mum. Wednesdays Through 3/17: "Glam orous Night": Lorna Dallas sings the musi of Kern & Novello. *365 W. 46th St. (212 586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar feature two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a week ly gig by Judy herself. 3/13: Renee Smith in "I My Life." 3/14: Judi Mark in "Show and Tell. 3/15: Thayer in "Strangers Here Ourselves." 3/16 Susan Speidel. 3/18: David Lahm and Judy Kre ston in "Keep It in the Family." 3/19: Susan Baum "Bottoms Up!" 3/19: "Bottoms Up!" 3/20: Bar bara Zucker-Pynchoff. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18t and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

the mix

Stephen Sondheim...Paul Prudhomme...Jonathan Kozol

John Leonard's TV Notes

Farscape (3/17; 8 to 9 P.M.; Sci-Fi) wormholes into a second fraught season with astronaut John Crichton still kicking (after being severely tortured), although marooned (in a deep-space dump of asteroids), with the vengeful Crais and the malevolent Scorpius after him. But the more interesting pursuit is that of Moya for Talyn. Moya, you'll remember, is a living vehicle, a "bio-mechanoid" Titanic in which our castaways and renegades—kick-ass Aeryn, brutish D'Argo, sexy Chiana, the extremely short Rygel, the Blue Priestess Zhaan—surf the intergalactic wastes in search of their various homeworlds. Talyn is Moya's lost child, a sort of living lifeboat. This gives new meaning to the idea of a Mother Ship.

Maternity Ward (3/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; TLC) launches a series on everything that can and does go wrong in labor and delivery rooms in hospitals all over the country. We are not surprised to learn in the first two back-to-back hours, "Young and Scared" and "Hard Labor," that birth and death are chancier in an inner-city hospital in New Orleans, where most of the mothers are under 20 and very poor, than in Silicon Valley, where Stanford University Medical Center Hospital specializes in costly and complex in vitro fertilization procedures. In both places, the residents are impressive, the environments mesmerizing, and the C-sections scary.

The Color of Love: Jacey's Story (3/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks us to believe that Gena Rowlands's daughter and Louis Gossett Jr.'s son ran away from a small, bigoted and violent Southern town to an interracial marriage in Los Angeles that resulted in 6-year-old daughter Penny Bae Bridges, who is all of a sudden an orphan because of a car crash. When Gossett is immobilized by both a diabetic shock and an ulcerous foot, he will even end up moving into the white-columned mansion of the widow Rowlands. And so, in the place where it all the began, the past has to see if it can heal itself in time for a livable future. Not bad, and also exactly what we expect on Sunday nights from CBS. Of course, once we meet Penny Bae Bridges, we all want her.

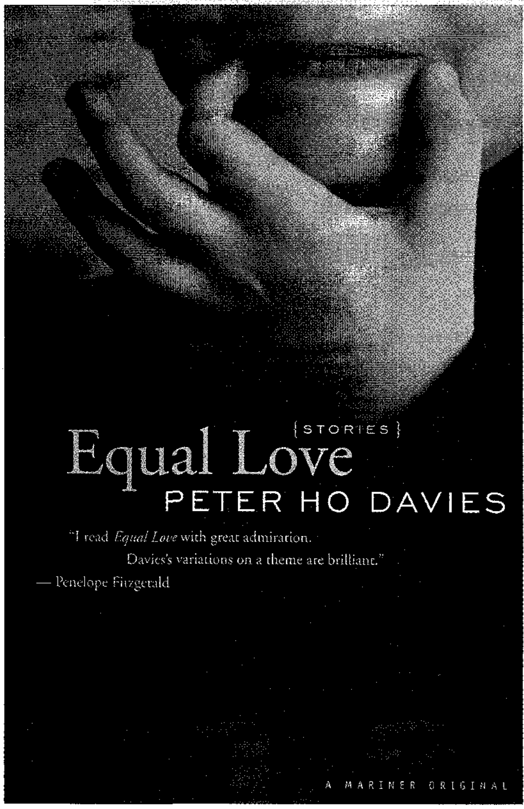
A Tale of Two Bunnies (3/20; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC), in which two comely young women from the boondocks, Marina Black and Julie Condra, arrive in Chicago in 1961 seeking careers and romance and end up as Playboy bunnies in Hugh Hefner's empire of postadolescent eroticism. It should have been a musical—it's got a musical's build-up and stage setting, cartoon innocence, and wacky sense of timing. It's got Marilu Henner as the Bunny Mother who works their tails off, and Rhea Perlman as the seamstress who stitches them for peekaboo cocktail-waitress duty, and the sort of big-hearted yearn that cries out for show-stopping production numbers. Of course, it's also got alcohol, cads, pills, and disappointment. Likable but half-baked.

nvestigative Reports: Playing to Extremes (3/20; 9 to 10 P.M.; A&E) lets Bill Kurtis worry for an hour about the American obsession with winning as it shapes and distorts the lives of our children. See kids spend as many as 30 hours every week practicing and competing in one or another organized sport, none of them playful. See money spent, trophies won, values skewed, scholarships scrambled for, and children driven to a joyless frazzle. Related A&E "Investigative Reports" follow at the same time the rest of the week— on child care, campus security, juvenile crime, and teen troubles. Nobody is having fun.

In Print
Family Man

'What's autobiographical is fear," says Peter Ho Davies in a Gaelic-tinged BBC British accent, by way of explaining his second short-story collection, *Equal Love.* He's known for his extraordinary cultural range—as a Welsh-Chinese writer who grew up in Britain, worked in Southeast Asia, and lives in the U.S.—and his first story collection, *The Ugliest House in the World,* spanned 100 years and four continents. *Love's* twelve tales of family ties that bind too tightly or unravel altogether hit much closer to home—just not Davies's. "As a child of a happy marriage," he says, "I was still nonetheless strangely obsessed by what divorce might mean for me or for my peers." Davies has been writing about families—happy and otherwise—for years. He'd already finished two thirds of the stories in *Equal Love* before coming across E. M. Forster's observation that "a wonderful physical tie binds the parents to the children, and—by some sad, strange irony—it does not bind us children to our parents." It became the collection's epigraph as well as the inspiration behind the remaining stories, which involve characters making dire decisions (for instance, a recovering addict choosing among her drug-addled boyfriend, her ailing mother, and her baby). "For me, what's really going on in the broader sense is a struggle between the individual and duties to others—between selfishness and selflessness," Davies explains. "Does one stay within a family or does one put oneself first and pull away from it?" And therein lies the more personal anxiety at the heart of his work. "You try to imagine the worst," he says, "as a way of exorcising it." Davies will be reading at Barnes & Noble Chelsea (675 Sixth Avenue, at 22nd Street) on March 15 at 7:30 P.M. and at KGB (85 East 4th Street) on March 19 at 7 P.M.

BORIS KACHKA


{STORIES}
Equal Love
PETER HO DAVIES
"I read Equal Love with great admiration. Davies's variations on a theme are brilliant."
— Penelope Fitzgerald
A MARINER ORIGINAL

Lectures and Panels

"The Basics of Self Care"—3/14 at 7:15 P.M., 3/16 at 1 P.M., 3/23 at 7:15 P.M., and 3/29 at 6:30 P.M.: A 90-minute workshop on alternative medicine. Midtown Center for Complimentary Care, 635 Madison Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts., fifth floor (212-750-6700); free.

"Constructing the Future of Photography"—3/14 at 6 P.M.: Orit Raff honors Berenice Abbott's pioneering spirit and passion for the photographic medium. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5488); $5.

"The View"—3/14 at 6 P.M.: Joy Behar, Star Jones, Lisa Ling, Meredith Vieira, and Barbara Walters talk about the process of putting together their popular daytime talk show on ABC. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $10.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS		HOU MSG 8 P.M.			CHA MSG 7:30 P.M.		LAL NBC NOON
NETS						MIL MSG 1 P.M.	UTA TBA 1 P.M.
DEVILS	PIT FSNY 7:30 P.M.		DAL FSNY 7 P.M.		TAM FSNY 7:30 P.M.		FLA FSNY 7:30 P.M.
ISLANDERS			WAS METRO 7 P.M.	ATL FSNY 7:30 P.M.		FLA FSNY 7 P.M.	
RANGERS	DAL MSG 7:30 P.M.		TAM MSG 7:30 P.M.			PHI MSG 3 P.M.	PIT ESPN 8 P.M.
	3/13	3/14	3/15	3/16	3/17	3/18	3/19

"Poetry Criticism: What Is It For?"—3/15 at 7 P.M.: Marjorie Perloff, Helen Vendler, Michael Scharf, and Stephen Burt discuss the critical issues that define, inspire, and sometimes divide contemporary poetry and poets. Wollman Auditorium at the Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. (212-254-9628); $8.

The Power of Global Media Empires—3/15 at 6 P.M.: A lecture on the power of global media empires, as part of the World Policy Institute lecture series. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5808, ext. 101); free.

"Taking Control: A Financial Management Workshop for Women"—3/15 at 5:45 P.M.: A workshop that focuses on women's financial needs, designed to benefit both new and seasoned investors. The Tower 49, 12 E. 49th St., 26th floor (212-317-4741); $49.

A Conversation With Stephen Sondheim—3/16 at 6 P.M.: The composer-lyricist discusses his long relationship with television as a composer, performer, writer of sitcoms and drama, and subject of interviews and documentaries. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $10.

Great Women of the Twentieth Century—3/19 at 7:30 P.M.: Lesley Stahl, Wendy Wasserstein, Karenna Gore Schiff, Danyel Smith, and Marie Brenner discuss the changing roles of women over the course of the twentieth century. 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (212-996-1100); $20.

The Written Word

Beth Gutcheon—3/14 at 7 P.M.: Reading from her book *More Than You Know* at the Lenox Hill Bookstore, 1018 Lexington Ave., bet. 72nd and 73rd Sts. (212-472-7170); free.

David Knowles—3/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his new book *The Third Eye* at Barnes & Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., at 6th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

Mark Danielewski—3/14 at 7:30 P.M.: In a joint reading with Donald Antrim and Colson Whitehead, Danielewski reads from *House of Leaves* at Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

David Wong Louie—3/15 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his new work *The Barbarians Are Coming*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

Plays and Playwrights for the New Millennium—3/16 at 5 P.M.: Readings from Kirk Wood Bromley's *Midnight Brainwash Revival*, Robert Simonson's *Cafe Society*, and Gary Ruderman and David Summers's *So I Killed a Few People . . .* at Drama Book Shop, 723 Seventh Ave. (212-307-1118); free.

Erica Hunt on Nathaniel Mackey—3/16 at 7 P.M.: Erica Hunt focuses on the counterpoint Mackey's poetry and prose create together, a "multiphasic" and unified body of work that maps a multicultural stream in American life. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (212-431-7920); $7.

Paul Prudhomme—3/18 at 3 P.M.: Demonstrating exciting flavors from his new cookbook *Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Tastes*, backed by music from Cajun cellist Sean Grissom. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

Marilyn Hacker and Gerrit Henry—3/20 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their poetry at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Tours

Hidden Irish Treasures of Chinatown—3/17 at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., 3/18 at 2 P.M.: This former Irish neighborhood is more than just a great place to eat Chinese food. See where Al Smith grew up, and the birthplace of the Hibernians; hear the story of Cuban-born Father De Varela, who ministered to incoming Irish immigrants. Meet at the northwest corner of Bowery and Canal St. at the Petrella newsstand (718-591-4741); $12.

The Irish and the Brooklyn Bridge—3/18 at 3:30 P.M. and 3/19 at 1 P.M.: A walk across the bridge with a discussion of Irish contributions to its construction and history. Call 212-465-3331 for reservation and meeting place; $12.

The Annual Pre-Purim Jewish Lower East Side Tour—3/19 at 1 P.M.: A holiday walking tour through more than 150 years of Jewish settlement on the Lower East Side. Stops include the Eldridge Street Synagogue, the Jewish Daily Forward Building and the founding sites of the B'nai B'rith and HIAS. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. in front of the Olympic Restaurant (212-439-1090); $10 adults, $8 students.

Benefits

Gala 2000—3/13 at 6:30 P.M.: The Joseph Papp Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival honor Mandy Patinkin with the Susan Stein Shiv Award. Chaired by Tina Brown and Bob Pittman the event will raise money for the Public Theater Includes cocktails, dinner, and performance; festiv attire. Pier 60, Chelsea Piers, 23rd St. at the Hudson River (212-245-6570); $600–$1,000; table are $6,000, $10,000, and $25,000.

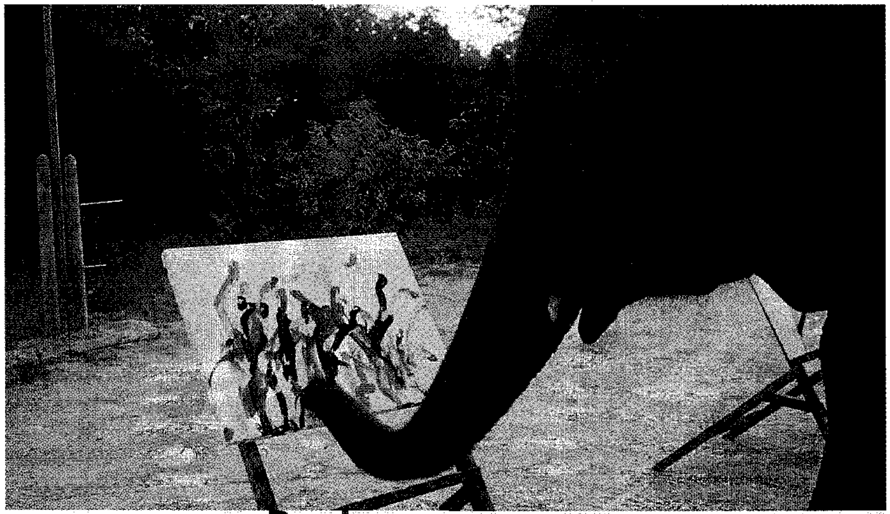
Events

African American Women in Cinema Conference—3/16–3/18: The premiere is on 3/16, the film festival on 3/17, and the conference, which include workshops on independent producing, documentary filmmaking, and screenwriting, on 3/18 Opening night is at the BAM Rose Cinema an Natman Room, 30 Lafayette Ave. at Ashlan Place; the film festival will be held at New Yor Film Academy, 100 E. 17th St.; the conferenc will be at LIU's Brooklyn campus, Spike Le Screening Room, 1 University Plaza (718-488 1052); $50 for all three events, $40 for two, an $25 for one.

Triple Pier Expo—3/18 and 3/25, 9 A.M.–6 P.M., 3/1 and 3/26, 11 A.M.–7 P.M.: A showcase of the late "must have" antiques and collectibles. Piers 88, 9 and 92, Twelfth Ave. bet. 48th and 52nd Sts. (212 255-0020); $12.

Children's International Book Fair—3/18, 1 A.M.–4:30 P.M.: The event includes more tha 1,000 children's titles, craft activities, lunch an snacks, storytelling, and a talent show. Unite Nations International School, 2450 FDR Dr bet 23rd and 25th Sts. (212-584-3079); $4 adult free to children.

"Jonathan Kozol and 'Mr.' Fred Rogers: A Conversation"—3/18 at 10 A.M.: The American Montesso Society National Seminar kicks off by honorin "Mr. Rogers" and Jonathan Kozol, author of numerous award-winning books. Marriott Marqui Broadway Ballroom, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th an 46th Sts., sixth floor (212-358-1250, ext. 208 free.



Previews

Trunk Show

Remember what happened the last time an artist worked with elephant products in New York? This time it's for a cause Rudy can get behind—the endangered elephants themselves. Vitaly Komar and Alex Melamid, the post-Soviet conceptual artists who recently commissioned paintings based on opinion polls, began the Asian Elephant Art & Conservation Project to train elephants to paint. Their Pollockesque creations go on sale at a Christie's benefit auction on Tuesday, March 21.

Happening **After getting Naomi Wolf onto Dad's payroll, Karenna Gore Schiff seems to have earned her pundit credentials on women's issues. Along with Lesley Stahl, Danyel Smith, Gwen Ifill and Wendy Wasserstein (pictured), she'll participate in "Great Women of the 20th Century," a panel on how feminine roles have changed, at the 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Avenue (212-996-1100) on March 19 at 7:30 P.M.; $20.**

Exhibitions

'The Little Black Dress and Other Signs of Status"—3/14–4/15: The exhibition explores the meaning behind a range of iconic black objects from the little black cocktail dress to mourning garments, from combat boots to tuxedos. The Museum at FIT, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-5800); free.

'Something for Everyone: Sondheim Tonight!"—3/17–3/19: The Museum of Television & Radio presents a retrospective of the work of Stephen Sondheim, in commemoration of his 70th birthday. Daily screening packages take place at 2 P.M.; evening screenings take place at 6:30 P.M. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); free with museum admission.

Online

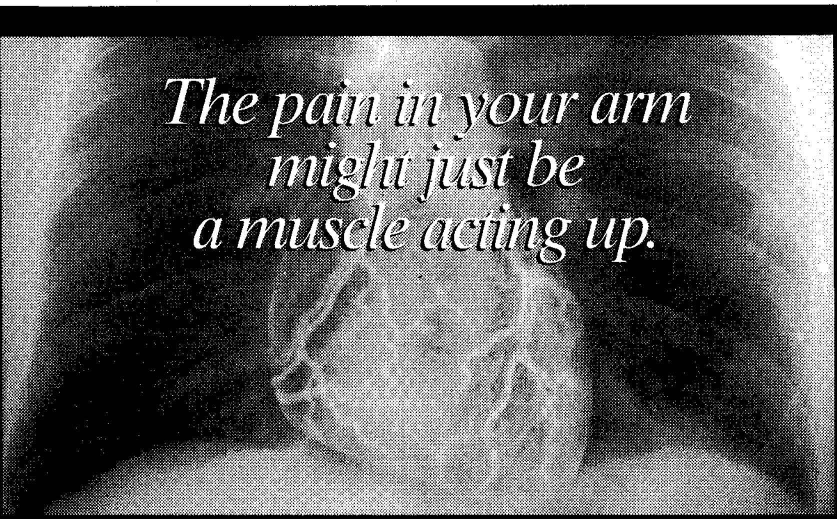
***lew York* on the Web**—At www.nymag.com, "52 Weekends" has now been serialized; check out a new weekend getaway every week online. Also on the Web: the Surf Report reviews all the best sites, and our Gift Guide helps shoppers find the right present at the right price. And as always, selected content from our current issue is available.

Sports

pring Fever Four-Miler—3/18 at 9:15 A.M.: Spring must be here: The New York Road Runners Club is distributing short- instead of long-sleeved shirts for this event. Race starts and finishes in Central Park at East Drive and 81st St. Numbers and shirts can be picked up 3/16–3/17 from noon to 7 P.M. and on race day from 7 to 8:45 A.M. at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day entries $22. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

000 New York City Spring Bicycle Racing Series—3/19 at 6:30 A.M.: Grassroots Racing hosts the largest cycling series on the East Coast; professionals and amateurs from across the U.S. compete. The third installment starts at Central Park, near Rambles Parking Lot at E. 79th St. Entry fee $17; $23 on race day. Call 718-522-7390 for information.

otograph by Martha Swope.



Could be the muscle known as your heart. Fact is, pain in your arm, especially with chest pain, nausea and lightheadedness may signal a heart attack. Instead of making excuses, make a call to 9-1-1. Learn more at www.americanheart.org or call 1-800-AHA-USA1.

American Heart Association

Fighting Heart Disease and Stroke

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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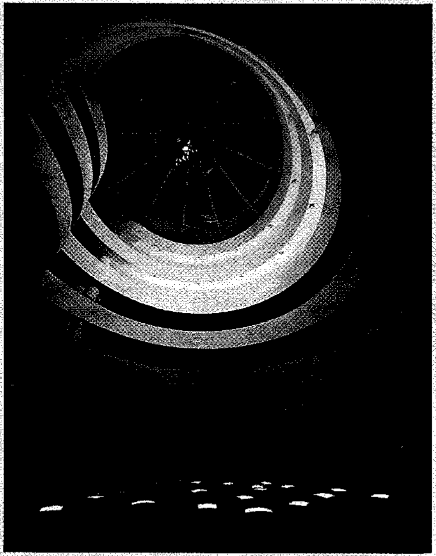
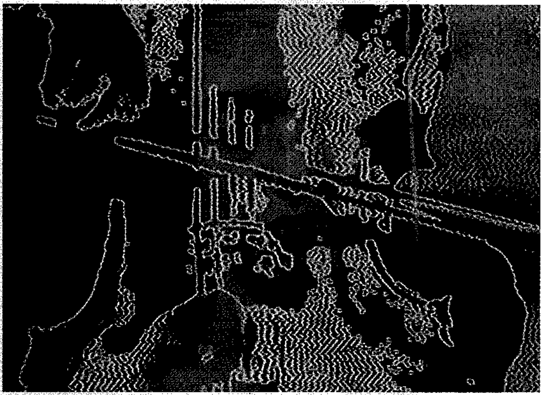
kids

Foreign Fare...Arthur...Potatoes

Happening
Paik's Peak

If attempting to open your child's mind to fine art has elicited groans and eye rolls, then a trip to the Guggenheim will guarantee you a far cooler rep. And even if you're unsure whether Nam June Paik is a man, woman, or bridge, it doesn't matter. Your kid will be impressed. His exhibit is chock full of blaring monitors showing MTV-style quick-change videos and a seven-story laser-lit waterfall, which completes its descent into a sea of even more monitors. And that's just the lobby. The 67-year-old Paik (sounds like "cake" if you're hanging with the artist in his native Korea; everywhere else it's "pike") began his career as a composer and in 1957 made his first audiotape collages. In the sixties, he moved into the world of video-as-art and became known as the master among a new generation of artists who redefine aesthetics from the moving image.





Four years ago, Paik's mobility was significantly impaired after he suffered a stroke. But you wouldn't know it from the exhibit, which was specially designed for the curving ramps of the museum. On an upper level, there's a lineup of 54 aquariums, filled with live goldfish and guppies, sitting in front of 54 monitors playing a wild array of images. In *Video Buddha,* the bronze god is watching himself projected into a monitor covered in dirt. *Participation TV* and *Random Access* allow kids to create their own video patterns and sound bytes. "New media tends to appeal to children," says assistant curator Jon Ippolito. "It's nature and technology combined, and they perceive it somewhat abstractly." While the exhibit is ideal for older kids, preschoolers may not be as open to the sensory overdrive. My own 4-year-old grabbed my leg when she heard the Thompson Twins screeching "Hold Me Now." Side gallery visits to the mute Picassos and Chagalls, however, allowed her to take in Paik in smaller doses. See "Children's Events."

SUSAN AVERY

Children's Events

Video Master—Multimedia artist **NAM JUNE PAIK** treats the electronic moving image as his paint. A retrospective of his work over the course of four decades combines video, sculpture, music, lasers, and swimming fish to reinvent the language of art-making. Through 4/26 at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tickets are $12 for adults, $7 for students and seniors, free for children 12 and younger. (212-423-3500).

Worldly Fare—Teach kids about global diversity at the **CHILDREN'S INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR**. More than 1,000 titles in many foreign languages will be available, alongside software and science and craft-making kits. The day's includes a student talent show, arts-and-crafts activities, Indian henna painting, and an international food court with dishes from around the world. 3/18, 11 A.M.–4:30 P.M. at the United Nations International School, FDR Drive at 25th St. Admission is $4; children admitted free. Food and some activities are additional (212-684-7400).●

Anxious Aardvark—Called the Woody Allen of the picture-book set by his creator, Arthur, the anxiety-filled yet lovable aardvark of PBS, joins his friends and family in their first stage show. In the 90-minute musical, fashioned after the No. 1 kids' show, Arthur attributes his good fortune to a lucky pencil. On the day of a big test, the beloved pencil is gone. Creator Marc Brown kept his hand in the production in an effort to make it palatable for grown-ups. "I didn't want parents feeling like they want to be somewhere else," he said. **ARTHUR: A LIVE ADVENTURE** runs from 3/22–4/2 Tickets are $22.50–$40 through Ticketmaster o at Radio City and Madison Square Garden box offices. At Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (212-307-7171).

Meet and Potatoes—Bring grandpa back to the old neighborhood and le him enjoy a free art class with hi grandchildren. The **EDUCATIONAL AL LIANCE ART SCHOOL** offers a class o potato prints, an easy and fun way t create art. A cookie-and-juice snack i included. 3/19 at 1 P.M. and 2:30 P.M Reservations are suggested. 197 E Broadway (212-780-2300).●●

Mischievous Monkey—**CURIOUS GEORGE** the well-meaning but overambitiou monkey, finds himself in hot wate again. After George meets the girlfriend of the Man in the Yellow Hat the monkey runs away, and the adventures begin. 3/18, 19, 25, 26 a 12:30 P.M. Tickets are $19. Theatreworks/USA is at the Auditorium a Equitable, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51s St. (212-627-7373).

Island Girl—Follow the Caribbean retelling of Han Christian Andersen's *The Little Mermaid* as it i performed by New York Youth Theater, a multiracial, multigenerational company. **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND** plays on the seventh floor of the Centra Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St. through 4/8. Tickets are $12. (212-888-0696).

Earth Day—Think spring. Rebirth and renewal ar back on the agenda with **THE EARTH & ME**, a people and-puppets production by Shadow Box Theatr about a child's understanding of our planet and i inhabitants. The story includes a blend of dance, music, screen projections, colorful puppets, and a multiethnic cast. Through 3/24 at 10:30 A.M. Brookly YMCA, 30 Third Ave., at Atlantic Ave. Tickets ar $6. For more information, call 212-724-0677.

Haman the Horrible—Celebrate Jewish heritage wit **A POPPY SEED PURIM**, a musical retelling of th story that shows how one woman changed th course of history. The audience is encouraged t come in costume. 3/19 at 11 A.M. Tickets ar $12. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212 501-3330.) Follow it up with a **PURIM PAGEAN** which includes a parade, craft-making, and liv klezmer music. 3/19 from 1 to 4 P.M. Tickets ar $3. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92n St. (212-423-3225).●

cue

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Ethan Brown
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Rose-Anne Clermont
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Logan Hill
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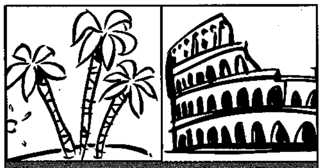

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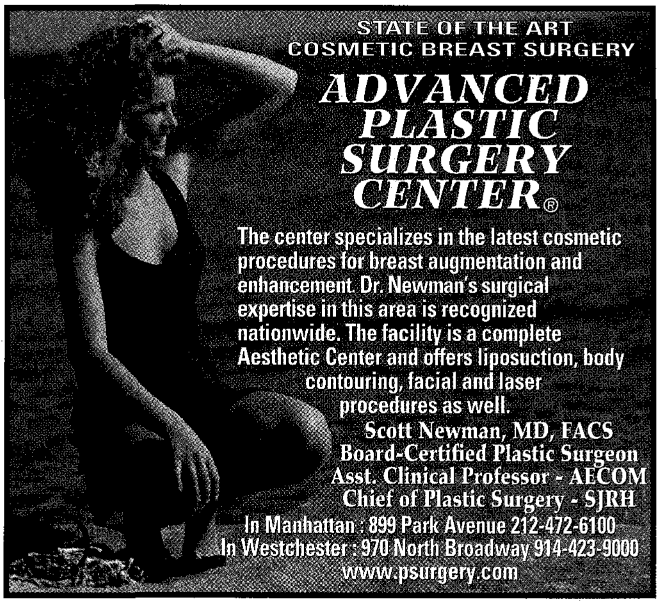

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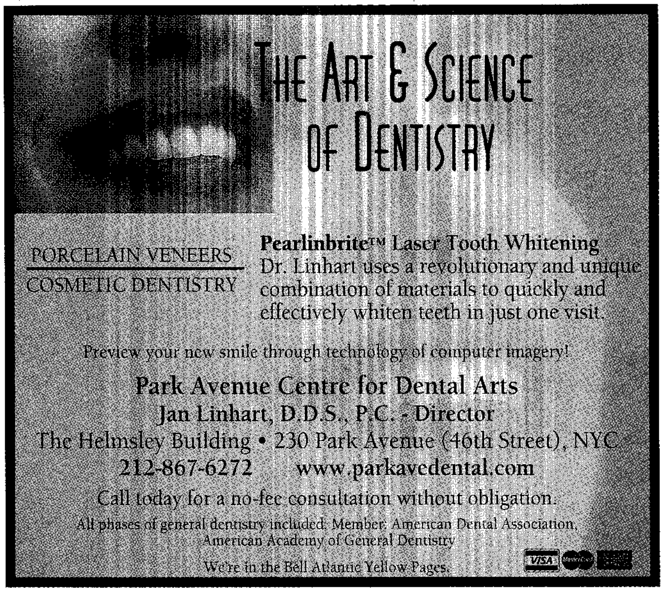

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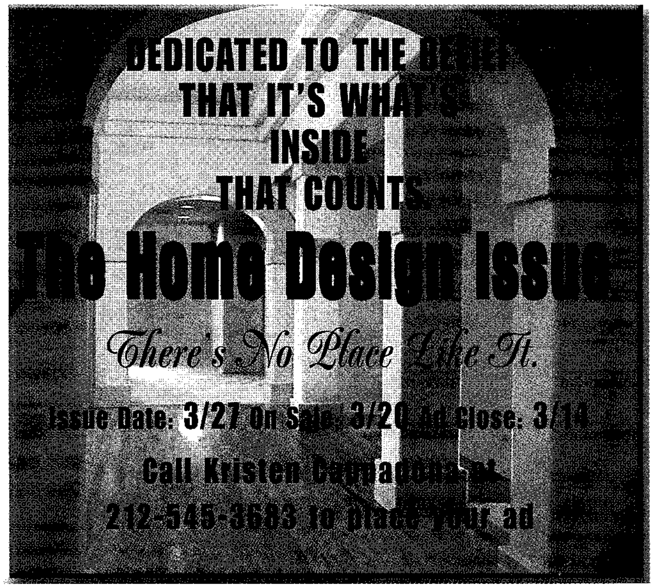
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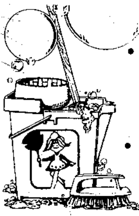

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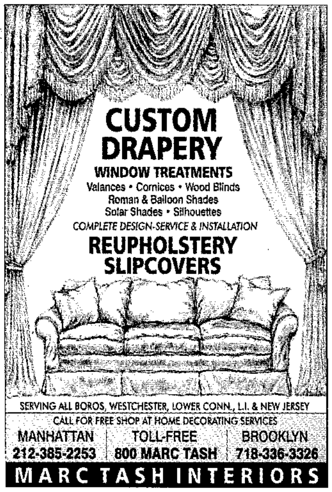

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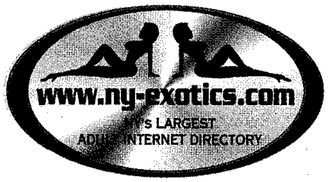

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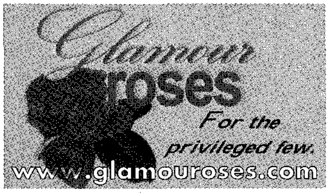

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Tall, Attractive 50ish Redhead—With long legs, a warm heart and lots of personality and style - many interests from the theater to tennis, from the city to the country. Looking for down-to-earth, smart, successful guy who's missing only that one special woman. Please send note/photo/phone. 3457 ✉☎

Millennium Catch—I'm tall, handsome (really), very successful, generous, Jewish, 50, divorced, athletic, easygoing. I love to laugh and believe a positive attitude is the key to life. You are a pretty, shapely blond or redhead, under 45, looking for a partner. Photo/note, please. 3510 ✉☎

Adorable, Playful—45, widow/lawyer, city loving and city dwelling, lover of world travel, loving mom, looking for love and laughter with kind, fun-loving, successful professional who is warm of heart and soul, someone who enjoys all of life's pleasures, great and small. Picture. 3526✉

Seeking Rare Love Connection—Male, 40s, intelligent, fit, good-looking, Jewish, emotionally and financially secure, seeks whole package in attractive, quick-witted, intelligent woman (religion not important, heart is) for that real and elusive special chemistry and mind connection. Love films, travel, music, fine food, creativity, learning. Photo/note, please. 3467 ✉☎

Fun NJ Male—53, 5'7", fit, Jewish, divorced, lawyer, cute, nonsmoker. Likes: spur-of-the-moment fun, beaches/travel, noodling around the Village/Soho, movies (Casablanca, of course, and offbeat, film noir...), my kids (25 and 23), street fairs, jeans on weekends, Times crossword (still not really good on Fridays), New Republic, Rolling Stone (still), dance music. Seeking upbeat, fit, cute, slightly whimsical, warm, bright woman, 39-54, Jewish, who is intrigued, I hope, by at least some of the above. Photo/phone, please. Email/write: FunNJMale@aol.com. 3481✉

Friends Describe Me As—Vivacious, intelligent, attractive and caring. Seek partner, 60 plus, for warm and loving relationship and to enjoy travel, cultural events, dining, plus. 5'5", slim blond, blue-eyed and professionally active, Jewish, nonreligious, widowed. 3509 ✉☎

Charismatic, GQ Looks, Affluent—Corporate president, 40s, 6' tall, blue-eyed, fit, worldly, witty, secure and passionate. I seek a beautiful, willowy, independent counterpart, late 20s-30s, for intimacy/marriage. Photo a must - will reciprocate. 3531 ✉ ☎

Woman Seeks Woman—In late 40s, who is educated, feminist, pretty, slim - for creative dialog and romance. 3469 ✉☎

Gay, Super-Successful—Charming, good-looking 65 male seeks sophisticated, cultured, attractive European in 40s, to share extraordinary lifestyle, country, city, travel. Photo needed. 3534 ✉

A Passion For Life!—A kind, optimistic CEO/inventor with boyish looks, funny, 5'10", slim, 43 - loves fitness, culture. Dreams of bright lady under 37 for mutual magic. Phone/photo necessary. 3468✉☎

Seeking Loving, Loyal, Happy—Handsome, magnetic man (45-51). I love to laugh, explore the world, speak French, read, listen to music, dance, write, watch old movies, play table tennis and tennis, ski. I am a pretty, young-at-heart 48-year-old romantic, a slim 5'6", down-to-earth, vivacious, passionate, inquisitive, politically conservative, a good mother of a 14-year-old boy, former history teacher, nationally ranked athlete for 30 years. My philosophy - happiness: focus on and appreciate the positive. Live each day to the fullest. Note/photo/phone. 3463✉☎

Ballads, Beaches, Boats—Cute LI female in great shape seeks 50-60ish male, to be her friend/lover. Note/photo. 3480 ✉

Share The Joys—Of a romantic country inn, a picnic by a waterfall. I have written numerous articles on how to enjoy places close to NY. Due to an eye problem, I can no longer drive. I am looking for a young lady in her 50s, who likes to drive and explore. I am 58 years old, Jewish, a widower. 3524 ✉☎

Sensually Cerebral—Genuinel handsome, warmly humorous, seriousl professional Jewish male, 40, with passion for: travel (ever tried the Venice Istanbul indirect?), the beach (prefe the Hamptons without the Hamptons) theater (regularly), movies ("Anni Hall"/"Lawrence of Arabia"), sport (Knicks, always), and a desire to share lif with a truly smart, pretty, genuine, witt Jewish woman, 28-38. Photo. 3479 ✉

Caring, Cerebral Ivy MD/PhD—Upbeat handsome, Renaissance man, funny, 5'10" muscular, mid 40s, seeks bright, adventurous lady, under 38, for shared magic romance. Phone/photo a must. 3552 ✉☎

Style, Substance, Passion—Attractive feminine, petite, leggy, blue eyes, blon hair, radiant smile, successful and athleti psychologist/educator/author. Playful adventurous, witty, gregarious, upbeat irreverent, emotionally grounded an extremely caring. Seeks fit, handsome highly accomplished, cerebral an motivated man (from 40 to very youthf 55), who is sincere and happy and love sports, music, dancing, laughing romance, spontaneity and has the sel confidence to occasionally color outsid the lines. Nonsmoker. Recent photo substantive note, please. No xeroxe replies. 3484 ✉☎

Attractive CT Teacher—Single femal 34, athletic, in great shape, tradition values. Seeks gentleman, 26-40, f marriage and family. Photo a mus Mwrite1765@aol.com. 3543 ✉☎

North Shore Widower—Jewish bus nessman, attractive, well-versed, seekin attractive woman, 60 and under, for trave friendship. Note/photo. 3485 ✉

Latin Lady - Technology Professional– Very fit, works out regularly, 5'5", 11 lbs, 40 - looks 30s, wide range of interest Seeks successful professional, very fi white or Hispanic male, 5'9" or ove Photo/note a must. 3506 ✉☎

Vivacious, Classy Filipina—Outgoin compassionate, cultured, educated, impeccable background, seeking to mar nonsmoking, personable gentleman who financially comfortable, 58-68. 3461✉☎

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Looking For That Click—Single white male, 40, reasonably fit, successful attorney, energetic, sensitive and warm, seeks that special woman who'll make it click. Please be 25-34, sensible, sensual, sensitive, single, sexy, slim, indulgent, independent and curious. Photo/note/phone. 3498 ✉

Cute, Feisty Jewish Brit—40, great sense of humor, seeks sensitive, stable professional guy, 35-48. Photo. 3431 ✉☎

Westchester Bachelor—38 years old, seeks a female, 35-40. Enjoys to listen to rock 'n' roll music, travel, movies, museums, Broadway shows, gambling. His favorite place to go to gamble: Las Vegas. Please - note/phone/photo. 3496 ✉

Delightful, Very Attractive—Intelligent, slim, cultured professional woman of color and considerable means, seeks well-educated, financially successful male over 40, who enjoys world travel, Lincoln Center, city and country life. 3523 ✉

Tall, Attractive Dental Specialist—Living in picturesque upstate NY (Albany area), Jewish, 41, 6'1", 178 lbs. I enjoy biking, hiking, skiing, traveling, dining, movies, reading, theater, working out. I'm seeking a health-conscious, 30-something, single Jewish female, fit, slim, pretty soul mate who's kind, easygoing and ready to co-author our new life chapter together. Note/photo. 3437 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking Woman, 60—Feels 20 years younger. Searching for man to share travel, cultural activities, romantic walks, dinner for two. 3494 ✉

Successful NY/NJ Attorney—30, 6'3", seeks Jewish, college-educated lady. 3497✉

Down-To-Earth Female—World traveler and successful marketing maven admits to being attractive, 50, romantic, kind and a gourmet cook. Seeks a successful, decent and gentle Jewish man looking for a long-term relationship. Phone/photo. 3423 ✉☎

Wealthy And Witty—Very cute, fit, giving Jewish male, 33, seeks very fit, smart, sexy lady to spoil for life. Photo. 3541 ✉☎

Beautiful Italian-American Female, 36—Down-to-earth, smoker, seeks gentleman for good times/romance. Photo. 3548 ✉☎

Sparkling—Bright, pretty, witty (212) Jewish widow seeks gem, 60 plus. 3537✉☎

Handsome, Ivy-Educated Male—34, 5'10", successful entrepreneur, fun-loving and sensuous yet serious, seeks unattached, pretty female, 25-30, for committed relationship. 3441 ✉ ☎

Chamber Music Anyone?—Musician seeks talented male for beautiful duet. Educated, successful and charming men should apply. Foreign films and tennis a plus. I am 5'8", blond/green - a cute gal. Lawyer by day, cellist by night. E-mail: CelloLaw@aol.com or 3503 ✉☎

Jewish Professional Guy—In NJ and NYC, handsome, athletic type in mid 50s, three advanced degrees and much stock-market success. Would love to date a woman, 36-43, wanting marriage/children. MD, PhD, JD types a plus. 3550 ✉☎

Great Guy—51, looks 41, this former pro athlete is still in great shape, looking for great-looking, slender, fun-to-be-with woman for great times together. Photo/phone/note. 3444 ✉☎

Attention!—European Juliet, 32, 5'10", pretty, shapely, educated, selective, classy, seeking Romeo, 6' plus, handsome gentleman, 30-45, honest, warm, sense of humor, to rescue her from the meat market. 3440 ✉☎

Tall, Handsome Mensch—Art director, 49, seeks tall Jewish lady soul mate, 40s, for life's celebration. Photo. 3443✉☎

Charming Developer From Boston—Male, 44, witty, handsome, giving, highly successful, wants to share an interesting life with a bright, pretty, energetic, warm woman in early 30s. I am athletic and enjoy the ocean, interior design, travel and entertaining. Please tell me about yourself, along with a picture. 3532 ✉

Unique Combination—Of passion and intellect. Attractive woman, divorced with two grown children, interested in art, theater, movies, literature, elegant with the instincts of a beachcomber. Seeking man, successful, physically fit, interested in the arts and a zest for life, 58-70. 3546✉☎

Pretty Artist—Youthful, educated, fun and fit, seeks easygoing, accomplished male, 59 plus. Bonus for humor, tennis and love of travel. 3470 ✉☎

Exotic Long-Haired Beauty—Seeks lifetime partner, lover and best friend. Me: affectionate, 5'2", size 8, shapely, sexy, sincere, well-traveled, classy Asian entrepreneur with diverse interests. Healthy lifestyle and good genes helps me keep my 30s youthful look, even at 48. You: romantic, single white male, slim, 40-55, financially and emotionally secure, funny, sensual nonsmoker who appreciates an independent lady with brains. Note/photo/telephone. 3492 ✉☎

$100,000 REWARD!

My client is offering a **$100,000** reward. If you submit the picture and bio of the woman he marries he will pay you one hundred thousand dollars. She could be your daughter, your best friend or just an acquaintance.

This successful Wall Street executive, 40s, is a true gentleman: generous, kind and loyal, with a strong belief that a woman should be treated like a lady. He is outgoing, active (scuba, rollerblading, snow skiing), flexible (happy in a tux, happier in jeans), spontaneous, passionate, smart and very handsome. He loves life, travel, fine wines, exotic cars, antiques, great restaurants (especially new discoveries), and he even enjoys shopping! All he is missing is that final piece – the right woman to share a loving and committed life.

The woman he wants to marry is smart, sexy, sassy, spirited, witty and bold. She is adventurous, outgoing, playful and beautiful outside and in. She is almost literally bursting with natural energy and she sparkles in every setting. She is someone who speaks up when things aren't going well and shouts from the rooftops when things are great. She is a city girl, but craves the ocean and greenery as well. She is spontaneous with eclectic tastes, the kind of woman who is happy on the couch with a video one night, then hopping a flight to Paris on a whim the next. She is open and affectionate, someone who likes to hold hands on the street and snuggle on long car trips. She has a happy and fulfilled life, but like him is missing that one essential piece; a loving relationship based on honesty, trust and communication.

If you are, or know, the woman for this phenomenal man please submit a recent photo and bio. NYM, #3530, PO BOX 4600, NY NY 10163-4600 or email **NYCmatchmaker@aol.com**

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Attractive, Sexy, Smart—(No hyperbole) white female, mid 40s, looking for single, emotionally available, clever, very successful, Ted Turner physical type male, 50 plus. All we need is just a click. Note, please. 3542 ✉

Positive, Multifaceted Woman—Attractive, creative, tall, blond/blue, 40s, fit, western transplant, Ivy grad, professional. Seeks smart, outdoorsy, tall, fit, arts-minded, spiritual, sensuous guy for loving relationship/best friend. Kids okay. Race unimportant. Photo reciprocated. 3433✉☎

Sweet Brown Eyes—Female professional, attractive, considerate, stunning and full of life, seeks nonreligious Jewish professional male, 50s. 3487 ✉ ☎

Ex-Montreal Jewish Female—(Yekke), 39, 5'5"/138, overeducated humanist, beautiful, loving, playful, seeks warm, positive, clever, complex-free man. 3448 ✉☎

Sexy, Sassy, Smart Brunette—(5'4", slim and fit, Jewish), whose beauty is only matched by her wit, charm and cosmopolitan air, seeks highly accomplished CEO/JD/MD type (40-55), who enjoys high-energy sports and prefers an effervescent, leggy companion at his side to spice up his life. Note and photo to: Sparkle56789@aol.com or 3511 ✉☎

Very Handsome—Fit, cerebral, self-made millionaire (30s) seeks classy, fun soul mate for romance (exotic a plus). Photo a must! 3521 ✉

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Tall, Blond And Very Attractive—Successful professionally, with a wide range of interests. Seeking a man, 49-58, who is also accomplished, intellectual, capable of intimacy and, like me, is passionate about hiking, biking, the arts, music, travel, great restaurants and Italian cooking. Would also like someone who can kick back and relax. Note/photo appreciated - but will also respond to phone messages. 3416 ☒☎

Daily Planet Extra—Clark seeks Lois. Tall, thin, athletic, street-savvied Superman seeks physically strong, mentally awake, keenly-sensed, wistfully wild Wonder Woman with whom to embrace the intoxication of spring fever. 3475 ☒☎

Not Just Beautiful—But sexy, head-turning strawberry blond. Funny and soulful, with an appreciation for what's important in life. I am kind and loving, loyal and affectionate, young-looking 30s, 5'6" and in shape. The man I'd like to meet should be 34-48, kind, very handsome, funny and successful. Looking for something real and lasting yet exciting, with lots of chemistry. Please be serious. Photo important; I will reciprocate. 3547☒

Sexy, Charming Blond—Financially and emotionally secure, seeks male counterpart, 45-57, to grow happily together. 3538 ☒☎

Romeo Seeks Juliet—For (212) romance and more. Me: 40s, sparkling, witty, handsome, fit professional. You: gorgeous, vivacious, passionate and ready. Picture and note helpful. 3471 ☒☎

Very Attractive, Intelligent, Caring—Successful, athletic, widowed man, Christian (56), is looking for very attractive woman, 35-50, to share time with in a long term relationship. 3465 ☒☎

A Wonderful Guy—Romance, excitement, love - we can have it all. Single white male, 52, attractive, nonsmoker, financially secure, honest and down-to-earth, in search of female, 28-early 40s, for long-term relationship. Note/phone/photo, please. 3488 ☒

Retired Lawyer—69, truly looks younger, slim, fit, good-looking, warm, witty, wealthy. Seeks pretty, slim, well-educated woman with time to travel, etc., 58-60, nonsmoker. Clear, current, full, up-close photo a must, plus note. No response without. 3518 ☒☎

You've Seen Ads Like This Before—But never from me. Very attractive, slim, fit, Jewish white female, seeks 50-60-year-old, Jewish white male - kind, fun-loving, fit, financially secure, who is looking to enjoy the second half of life with a real partner. Photo/note. 3514 ☒☎

Beautiful, Sophisticated, Sensual—And very successful professional lady - travels the world for business and pleasure, who's also content to enjoy a romantic weekend at home in the city, is passionate about opera, Mozart, film and charitable work... seeks Catholic gentleman who is fit, nonsmoker and passionate, as above, 47-60. Please send photo. 3442 ☒☎

Gay Country (914) Innkeeper—Boyish 44, seeks one truly special guy to share contentedly simple life. 3522 ☒☎

Sensitive, Affectionate, Conscious—Music lover in Westchester. Single dad, "actually" handsome, 6' tall, with artistic pursuits. 50 years of wisdom and still learning. Youthful in mind and body. Looking for woman who is beautiful inside and out. Photo, please. 3453 ☒☎

Handsome, 49, Fit—Intelligent, athletic, well-traveled, humorous, giving, secure male seeking soul mate - 35-45, very pretty, fit, intelligent, health-conscious female who is giving, adventurous and optimistic. Note/photo/phone. 3513☒☎

Handsome, Well-Built Executive—47, 5'9", salt/pepper, urban dweller - seeks slim, attractive, bright and curious female, 34-45, impassioned by art, film, travel and music. Appreciates someone who laughs easily and knows what she wants in a relationship. Open to commitment and am a good commuincator. Let's start the new year on a fresh note; send one along with recent photo. 3519 ☒

Shakespeare In Love—Handsome, successful, romantic, spiritual, divorced white male, well-educated in alternative health, professional, brown hair and eyes, 5'10", 47, slim, athletic, sensual, unpretentious, compassionate, secure and affectionate, with dry, quick wit. Enjoys theater, sports, meditation, poetry, reading, museums, dancing, dining, movies, music and quiet evenings. Comfortable in jeans or suit. Seeks pretty, intelligent, down-to-earth female, 33-50, thin, in-shape, sexy, passionate, health-conscious, emotionally available, sophisticated yet silly, with sense of humor, likes animals, nonsmoker, with similar qualities and interests, for kindred relationship, best friend, companion, lover. Note/photo/phone a must. Prefer LI/NYC. 3540 ☒

Free Juice Or Drink—Tall, job, handsome male seeks late-30s woman - smart, feminine, downtown (or any two okay). We prefer low-fat, never deep-fried, scuba to snorkeling, indies to multiplex. Good kisser, listener, with comfortable West Side living. Upper East-Siders, please skip to next ad. Fun, fit, fifty. World-traveled for work but wishes it was with you to Fairway or the Himalayas. Send press clippings with photo. Posture counts! 3508 ☒

I'm Looking For—A tall, trim, handsome, smart, sexy and successful guy, 48-58. I am a tall, slim, exotic, sophisticated and sensual female with dark hair and eyes, and all the above qualities. I would love to meet my male counterpart and lover for life. Note and photo, please. 3489 ☒☎

Cut-Above Teutonic Knight—PhD, 60, seeks tall, slim, leggy lady, high heels, short skirt. Photo/note. 3535 ☒

Professional, Attractive, Feminine—Single white female seeks same to share similar interest. Interested? Let's compare notes. 3533 ☒

Adventurous, Petite Blond—Beautiful, Jewish professional female, 37, loves sports, theater, music and everything NYC has to offer. Great shape. Looking for professional Jewish male, 35-45, who likes interesting conversation - insightful, intelligent, loving, with a great sense of humor, who wants to participate in the adventures life has to offer. Note/photo/phone. 3544 ☒

Looking For The Right Man—Brown hair, brown eyes, 5'2", good-looking, seeks male counterpart, 50-63, with human integrity, financially secure, Jewish upbringing, looking for companionship/friendship leading to a serious relationship. Letter/photo. 3482 ☒☎

You Can Count On Me—Energetic, loyal, loving white woman, 5'2", own business; love ballroom dancing, golf, travel, theater, love of life and awareness, with strong intuitive qualities. Seeking man for friendship and more, 50 plus. 3456 ☒☎

Looking—For a man who wants so much more than my beautiful face and great body! Jewish female with no children (that I know of), who is loving, fun, creative, intelligent, passionate, adventuresome, energetic and humble, seeking serious relationship with man, 40-52, with a few of the qualities mentioned above. Note/photo; will reciprocate. 3426 ☒☎

Asian Admirer—White male, 36, 5'10", good-looking, athletic, financially successful and outgoing. Would like meet an Asian woman who's pretty, compassionate and fun to be with. Photo a must. 3502☒

Extremely Beautiful—Very attractive Asian model, young, never married, seeks highly successful, healthy white gentleman, 36 plus, 5'10" plus. 3434 ☒☎

Silly, Buff, Sensitive, Brainy—Very attractive female, 41, who can't take life too seriously, is looking for a serious relationship with an emotionally available, humorous, sensitive, professional male, 35-50. Note/photo. 3551 ☒☎

Handsome World Traveler—Successful psychologist, 40s. Interests include the arts, working out, film. Looking for right woman for friendship, romance and hopefully future. Photo/phone. 3527 ☒☎

Handsome Jewish MD—54, loves life, is warm, kind and witty. Seeks same in an attractive Italian or Latin lady, 44-49, to bring out the best in each other. Phone/photo, please. 3520 ☒

Good-Looking Guy—Affluent, bright, creative, witty, artistic, generous, well-traveled. Jewish, divorced, 60, 5'9". You love the arts and are gorgeous. Photo/phone. 3516 ☒☎

Hello—Would you like to meet a nice suburban guy, Christian, handsome, financially secure, friendly, initially shy, a self-made type, smart, intuitive and funny? I enjoy a beautiful pool home, boating, tropical vacations and many of the finer things in life. Most important to me are my two children, 21 and 24, however, there is room for one more, maybe you and yours. You should be over 39 plus, sincere, playful, very thin, cute, and have no agenda other than finding and sharing a great life with an unpretentious regular guy. Note/photo necessary. Thanks. 3504☒

Tall Jewish Lawyer—45, seeks a woman with a bright mind and a strong body for a romantic relationship. If you beat me at arm wrestling, I'm yours. 3528 ☒☎

Understated—Tall, sensitive, intelligent, successful professional man, early 60s, seeks a bright, available, pretty woman who likes movies, dogs and quiet evenings - for a serious, meaningful relationship. Note/photo/phone. 3499 ☒

Educated, Sexy Woman—51, seeks warm, witty, charming, cultured male for special relationship. 3476 ☒☎

Sumptuous, Intelligent—54-year-old white female, well-educated and traveled, seeks good-looking, upscale, educated man with wit, charm and integrity. Note and photo. 3486 ☒☎

Smart, Intelligent—Fun-loving and Catholic. You are a sensuous, decent, sincere, adventurous woman with a sense of humor, a kind heart, gentle spirit and no children, yet. Photo/phone. 3545☒☎

Tall, Attractive Jewish Male—41, 6'1", 195 lbs, bright, honest, successful, with a good sense of humor. I enjoy museums, theater, yoga, good food and quiet times. Seeking same qualities and shared interests in a professional Jewish woman, 5'7" or taller, slender, under 36. 3439 ☒☎

Beautiful Bi-Racial Businesswoman—Early 30s, financially secure single mom, seeks companion for leisure time. 3436☒☎

Beauty, Brains And Success—Petite, accomplished, athletic, Jewish, NYC business owner seeks Jewish soul mate, 32-45, for marriage and family. 3452 ☒☎

Nautical Dad, 45—Has one son, living at the shore. Enjoys NYC, water sports, yoga, tennis and film. Seeks creative, active and humorous Asian/white female, 30-40, for unsinkable relationship, new family and travel. 3549 ☒☎

Excellent References—Wonderful...? Confidant, friend, total fun, successful, kindhearted, beautiful inside/out, Jewish female, just 50, loves sports, movies, laughter. Seeks financially secure guy, 47 plus, loves himself, happy, looking to share quality lifestyle. Note/photo. 3495 ☒

LI Widow—Brunette, 40, children, independent, caring, loving, passionate, romantic, sincere, pretty, petite. Looking for long-lasting relationship with successful and secure white male, 40-50. 3438☒☎

Millennium 2000, New Beginning—Widow, very attractive, blond/blue-eyed 5'3", Jewish, 46, movie-star look-alike successful, bright, caring, looking for counterpart. Interests: opera, theater, fine dining and travel. Must be very sweet 5'9"-5'11", no smokers, age 45-55. 3515☒

laymate Needed—Warm, wealthy, kind, right, ruggedly handsome, engaging 0-plus attorney/author/producer seeks orgeous babe, 22-41, over 5'5", with ound mind, fair skin, hard bod, soft eart. I am, and you should be, open, onsiderate, confident, happy, reasonable, eliable, friendly, adventurous, worldly, ositive and sensual. No psychos, phonies r princesses. Photo essential. Phone. 505 ✉

ensual, Attractive—Independent rofessional woman, 56, seeks warm, oving, honest, unpretentious and ee man. 3493 ✉

all, Handsome MD—46, Jewish, enjoys kiing, bicycle riding. Seeks attractive emale for romance, fun and possibly rever. Photo appreciated. 3517 ✉☎

Pretty, Petite And Polished—From CT, 35, Christian, shapely blond with hazel eyes, winning smile and a positive attitude. Enjoy scuba, tennis, golf, boating and I love to travel. I don't believe in "soul mates". I think that good matches are the result of good choices. I'm looking for a chivalrous man (35-50) for fun, romance and a future family. I have a great job, but would trade it all for the love of and a life with a man of character. Please be comfortable with your career and your appearance. No smokers, please. Your photo and a note is a must. 3501 ✉☎

Tall, Blond, Classy—German artist, very good-looking, 40, sensitive, independent, multifaceted, seeks intelligent, accomplished man (38-48), who is communicative and warm. Race unimportant. Note/photo. 3539 ✉

Southern, Red-Headed Businesswoman—Likes adventure, travel, eclectic music, attractive, 38, 5'5", caring and sensitive. Seeking a serious relationship with a 40-50-year-old, kind, considerate, mature white male who enjoys hiking, museums and the arts. 3430 ✉☎

Groom Seeks Bride—Tall, attractive, blue-eyed, never-married, white Christian male, 38, seeks single/divorced, white Christian female best friend forever. Westchester a plus. 3529 ✉☎

Handsome, Strong, Successful—Well-traveled exec, who is kind, sensitive and warm, 33, 5'10", enjoys skiing, the ocean, wine and fine dining, would like to meet attractive, bright, traditional yet adventurous Jewish woman, 24-33. Photo a must. 3536 ✉☎

NYMessage

Retired Male Teacher—58, seeks people interested in enjoying the myriad cultural activities available in Manhattan. Sense of humor and openness to new ideas desirable. 3525 ✉☎

And Now For Something Completely—Different... A good-looking male, caring, sensitive, intelligent, introspective, devoted educator, 41, who enjoys hiking, book-browsing, good sense of humor, and especially kids - looking for a fit, slim, pretty woman with same interests, 30ish. Note/photo. 3424 ✉☎

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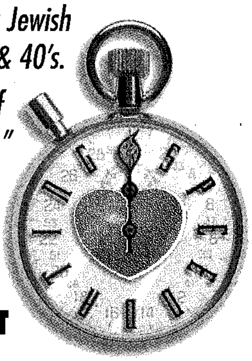

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MARY ANN MADDEN #966

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

olfactory—fr. Norse *Olaf,* patron saint of theater, plus *-actory.* To be overemotive, thus to perform badly (colloq. to stink); hence anything to do with sense of smell.

origami—fr. English-French abbr., *original or first* plus *friend.* Any presidential crony employed doing office work in the White House; thus the process of folding paper.

Above, O tempora O definitions. Competitors are invited to invent the fanciful derivation for an existing word beginning with the letter *O.*

Results of Competition 963, in which you were asked for dud poetry, rhyming or not but devoid of emotion. (Six lines or fewer.)

Report: Flat is not to say bad. If one had to pick a word, it would be "bleak." But delicious. Overlong Ogden Nash fourth line doesn't ensure it. Some verse truncated here by us. All in the spirit of having room for more, and of savoring what is said in less. Good job. Thanks.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

The honor guard was up from Fort Knox
Seven men, three shots apiece
The sound echoes off the hill across from the family graveyard.
Later their sergeant looked down the river
And asked me about the fishing.
Nick Stamp, Louisville, Ky.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

IN A STATION OF THE SUBWAY
All these faces in the crowd look like
A bunch of spots on a thing.
Joe Latona, Bayport, N.Y.

The office fridge is full of little jars of stuff.
Are they being taken care of?
Yogurts, applesauces, puddings, and the like.
Are they being taken care of?
Will they spoil, are they marked, are they in the back?
Little jars of stuff.
Steve Recchia, Oak Brook, Ill.

Those old Italian movies;
Their plots were all alike:
"I lost my job this morning,
and someone stole my Vespa."
Joel Darrow, Ramsey, N.J.

The branches on the tree droop with the weight of snow.
Four of five inches fell last night, I don't know
How I missed the Weather Channel report.
The Knicks were on, Patrick is back,
I watched sports.
Joseph J. Jaffa, Baltimore, Md.

And Honorable Mention to:

You are the hunk I've been waiting for
Harrison Ford
You are the companion I've been waiting for
Harrison Ford
You have no competition
Harrison Ford—man of my dreams
Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

Vesuvius erupted. I saw it from afar.
A lot of people died. I don't know who they are.
The area around the place was all destroyed by lava.
I had some time to watch, I drank some wine.
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

Birthday after birthday, I would part the tissue-paper sheath
to find a pair of chinos or a madras shirt.
All I ever wanted was a big box of Crayolas
with the sharpener built in . . .
Jane Feirman, Jericho, N.Y.

I once won a lottery prize,
It wasn't real big dough;
I just don't remember how much—
Like, forty bucks or so.
Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

I'd like to play golf like Tiger Woods.
He hits the ball so far.
If I ever won a tournament
I think I'd buy a car.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

I just want you to know
That I ate all the kumquats
That you were saving
For the fruit salad.
They weren't that sweet
And were kind of pulpy.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

He called her on the telephone and asked
what's up?
nothing she said and asked
what's up with you?
nothing he said
that's cool she said.
Bryan Black, N.Y.C.

We took the Staten Island Ferry
Back and forth. It wasn't very
Moving. On the way we did see, yes,
The Statue of Liberty, no b.s.
Al Hattal, Marina del Rey, Calif.

He said he would rather drink Belvedere martinis.
He'd rented a video—one of Fellini's.
He said, come on over when yoga is done.
By then I'll have opened the Ketel One.
Laura Bender, Mill Valley, Calif.

It's as if my heart
has a skin problem and itches.
Or maybe it's my brain.
Kittens, puppies, bunnies, even
a big glass of orange juice or some soup
don't provide the answer I'd prefer.
C. R. Roberts, Tacoma, Wash.

From the promontory we could see the great bridge,
A huge metal clamp that pinioned the river.
And when we got home, we raided the fridge.
We found cheese and a bowl of chopped liver.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

If you should chance to feel real low
Climb a mountain very slow,
Toss a rock from off the summit
(No one there to say you done it),
Then if you're still feeling queer
Set right down there and have a beer.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

In country skies, one can see Mars,
A planet that's red and fiery.
In city skies, one can't see stars,
That's why I don't have a diary.
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

The TV set is always on.
The pretty kitty-cat won't purr.
The radiator hisses.
Winter in New York is nearly gone.
There was nothing special about her.
Once more Cupid's arrow misses.
J. A. Landers, N.Y.C.

In our senior year, we shared a class.
She was a beauty, but I was so shy.
We didn't meet, and time went by
For a decade at least, till we met at last.
By then she was married, and so was I.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

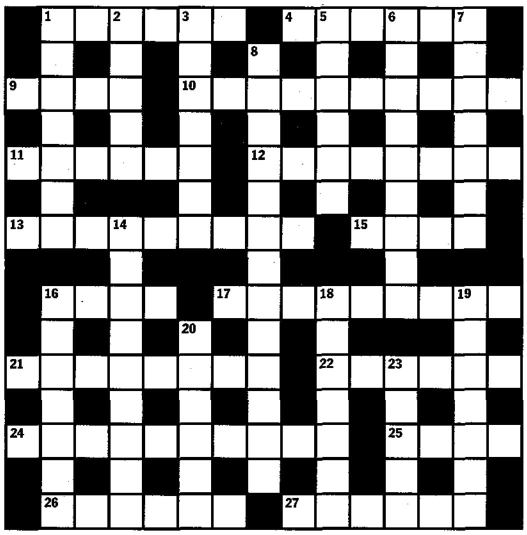
The roach upon my kitchen floor
Is hardly moving anymore.
Is he lost in insect dreams,
Or merely dead, as he now seems?
Douglas Braverman, West Bloomfield, Mich.

Regrets. I've had a few.
Tourette's. I've had that too.
I did it my way, all right.
I just refuse to get uptight.
Kyle McAdams, San Francisco, Calif.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 966, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by March 24. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the April 17 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Mum is spinning 16 across, perhaps. (6)
4 To take on water, possibly, is sailor's sphere. (6)
9 Cunning as a 16 down, perhaps. (4)
10 Worryingly, poison present at a very high level. (10)
11 I infer the Church is savage. (6)
12 Cold in central Italy comes from northern England. (8)
13 Silver girl gridlocked and upset. (9)
15 Girl runs into another. (4)
16 Secure, as wrapped in newspaper. (4)
17 US military order for a fight at the front. (5,4)
21 Furious if centre's vandalised. (8)
22 Shop for a year and one dies for a cause. (6)
24 Order of beetles, cabbage stew or pâté? (10)
25 Hussy wants animals for 16 down, we hear? (4)
26 Amin's arrest by Heath is ordered. (6)
27 Position achieved by difficult ascent. (6)

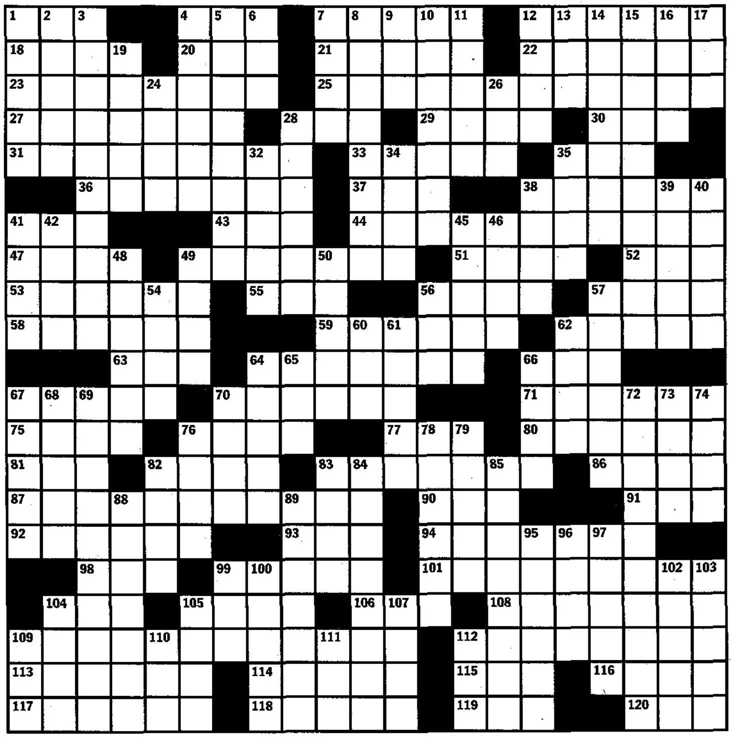


DOWN
1 This produces noxious clouds suffocating those nearest, perhaps? (7)
2 Chicken skin, possibly? (5)
3 I've innate ingenuousness. (7)
5 Buxom, so Paul's after top half of body. (6)
6 Partner of the King, Prince seized. (5,4)
7 Nursery rhyme for money granted at school. (7)
8 Glory of the short trouser? (13)
14 Smelly plant has awfully weird nose. (9)
16 Many will die for a rich woman's warmth. (3,4)
18 Shamefully mate with nun by mistake. (7)
19 Longing to have corporal punishment without capital in South America. (7)
20 Connects paper plates, petals or pleats, possibly? (6)
23 Capitalist managed to keep order. (5)

'Name-droppers': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Biblical day of rest: abbr.
4 N.Y.C. subway line
7 "Comin' In on —— and a Prayer"
12 Fled with a lover
18 Lump of earth
20 Milne marsupial
21 Goof
22 Make fizzy
23 Mad dog's condition
25 Born Harold Lloyd Jenkins
27 Italian novelist Eco
28 Timothy Leary's turn-on
29 Becomes extinct
30 That, to Juanita
31 Born George Alan O'Dowd
33 Property claims
35 —— port in a storm
36 Famed London street
37 Palindromic Oklahoma city
38 Evening TV staple
41 Fitness facility
43 America's uncle
44 Born Helen Porter Mitchell
47 Capri coin
49 Is present at
51 Ripens, as cheese
52 Charged particle
53 Relative scale of C Major
55 ——-Cat (winter vehicle)
56 Partner of ever
57 Scottish singles
58 Kind of paper
59 More greasy
62 Far from slim
63 Fairyland queen
64 Occupation of this puzzle's name-droppers
66 Reproductive cells
67 Capital of Jordan
70 Vicar
71 Cleared after taxes
75 Jezebel's deity
76 Abbey denizen
77 Jolson's dropped first name
80 Certain Louisianian
81 Reckon wrongly
82 Sentry's order
83 Be a spectator
86 Quick cut
87 Born Vincent Furnier
90 Feel remorse
91 Mouth: slang
92 Demi's family
93 Inlet
94 David's errant son
98 Indy 500 segment
99 Swim sites
101 Born Clara Ann Fowler
104 Wok
105 Angel's instrument
106 Polar abundance
108 Having a gauge
109 Born Roberta Joan Anderson
112 Took umbrage at
113 "Down Under" G.I.'s
114 High residence
115 "Carpenter" bug
116 "Positively!" in Ponce
117 Domains
118 Sauna feature
119 Gym classes: abbr.
120 Born

DOWN
1 Wash energetically
2 San Antonio shrine
3 Born Walden Robert Cassotto
4 Englander
5 Driver
6 F.A.O. Schwarz buy
7 Primer lessons
8 Forest
9 Motel's forerunner
10 1930's recovery program
11 Wheat, for one
12 Beanery sign
13 Abdul-Jabbar's dropped first name
14 Province of eastern Cuba
15 Born Virginia Patterson Hensley
16 Kett of old comics
17 "L.A. Law" actress Susan
19 Muralist Rivera
24 Sketched
26 Toady's reply
28 Errand runners
32 Mosquitoes' kin
34 Caesar's bad day
35 Sights a gun
38 "Much have I —— and known": Tennyson
39 Double-reed woodwinds
40 Home for 70-Across
41 Bridge coup
42 Sturdy cotton cloth
45 Bowlers' aisles
46 "Young Frankenstein" flunky
48 "20 Questions" category
49 Part of U.A.R.
50 Middays
54 "The Good Earth" heroine
56 Ventilate
57 Lets up
60 Billy Joel's "—— to Extremes"
61 Olin and Horne
62 Done with
64 —— Domingo
65 Rub the wrong way
66 Grimm beginning
67 Crosswise to the keel
68 One of the Thomases
69 Born Alfredo Cocozz
70 Hockey on horseback
72 Born Alfred Norris Jr.
73 Director Kazan
74 Johnny who played Edward Scissorhands
76 Apple computers
78 Pancho's poncho
79 Neighbor of Curaçao
82 'Umble Uriah
83 Trompe l'—— (visual deception)
84 South American capital
85 Rite garb
88 Of the skull
89 Seer
95 Nuke tryouts
96 Low-fat, in adspeak
97 Has a premiere
99 Butter square
100 Killer whales
102 Gaggle members
103 Cantor, born Iskowit
104 Cornmeal bread
105 Greeting for the villai
107 Skelton's Kadiddlehopper
109 Glass vessel
110 1900, Roman style
111 "—— he drove out o sight . . ."
112 Ice T's music



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 9